





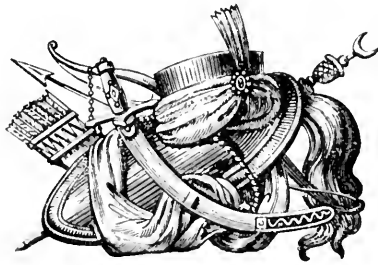


TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

*IN THE ORIGINAL FORMS*

With Introduction, Biographical Notices, and Notes

BY



LONDON

GLASGOW

1882

EX BIBLIOTHECA  
FRANC. DABINGER

EDITION :

345 Copies, of which 45 (numbered) Copies are  
*printed on Dutch hand-made paper.*

271  
E3935

TO

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL  
SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, ETC.,

I DEDICATE THESE PAGES.

DSW

15650





## P R E F A C E.

THE object of the following pages is to place within the reach of English readers a concise account of the poetic art as cultivated by the Ottoman Turks. No work on the subject existed in the English language till 1879, when Mr. Redhouse published his *Essay On the History, System, and Varieties of Turkish Poetry*. That little treatise, excellent so far as it goes, is, unfortunately, very brief; and lack of space precludes that amount of detail necessary to enable the non-Orientalist reader to form a clear idea of the structure and scope of Eastern verse. Indeed, such was not the purpose of the little book, which was written at a time of wild and unreasoning feeling against the Ottomans, to show how far removed from truth were the fulminations of certain excited orators who denounced the Turks as being, amongst other things, illiterate barbarians.

Some of the poems translated in the present volume are to be found in German, in the Baron Von Hammer-Purgstall's magnificent work, *Die Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst*; a few in M. Servan de Sugny's *Muse Ottomane* (which is merely a selection of Von Hammer's translations rendered into French verse); but the majority have never before been, so far as I know, presented in any European language.

I am well aware that some apology is necessary for the form in which

these translations appear: it may seem presumptuous that one who has no claim to be a poet should take upon himself to offer in verse the poetry of a foreign people: and had I been unable to reproduce a form of versification similar to that which holds in Turkish, I should either have presented the translations in prose, or left them alone altogether. My object in reproducing, as closely as possible, the metres and rhyme-movements of the originals has been to give the reader, unacquainted with Eastern languages, a distinct idea of the construction and sound which prevail in Turkish verse. While so doing, I have endeavoured not to allow translation to degenerate into paraphrase: I have rendered line for line as well as rhyme for rhyme, and, never, when I could help it, omitted an expression which occurred in the Turkish text, or added one which was not to be found there. I have, further, preserved the Oriental metaphors and similes without modification: some of these may appear startling, even repulsive, to the purely English reader; others will be unintelligible without the aid of notes, so widely do Eastern customs and Eastern lore differ from those of the West. It will thus be seen that my aim has simply been to present accurate translations thrown into versified forms, approaching, as nearly as may be, those of the originals.

The Turkish of most of the poems translated in the following pages will be found in Ziyā Beg's *Kharābāt*, Wickerhauser's *Wegweiser zum Verständniß der Türkischen Sprache*, Mr. Redhouse's *Turkish Poetry*, or the fourth volume of the *Tarikh-i 'Atā*; the poems by the Sultans are, for the most part, taken from the last-mentioned work.

The Introduction consists of three Sections; the First of which treats of the general character of Ottoman Poetry; the Second, of the various forms in which it finds expression; and the Third, very briefly, of its history. The Biographical Notices of the Poets represented by translations are intended to supplement the Third Section of the Introduction; the Notes, to serve as a sort of commentary to the poems.

It is my pleasing duty gratefully to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. J. W. Redhouse for much valuable assistance most kindly given; also to Mr. W. A. Clouston, editor of *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*, for his courtesy in seeing my work through the press.

I have only to add that I would fain hope that the present little work may induce other and more gifted students to labour in the same field, and, in the meantime, perhaps tend, in some small measure, to dissipate the dark cloud of ignorance and prejudice, and secure, if not respect and esteem, at least justice, for a noble and gifted nation.

E. J. W. GIBB.

LOCHWOOD, LANARKSHIRE,

May, 1882.

## ORIENTAL WORDS.

AN approximately correct pronunciation of the Turkish words will be attained by attending to the following observations. The Ottoman vowel-system is extremely elaborate; but it is needless to enter into it in a work like the present.

a and ā	may be pronounced as	a	in “father,”	the latter rather longer than the former.
e	„	„	e	in “when.”
î	„	„	i	in “thin.”
î	„	„	i	in “ravine.”
o	„	„	o	in “go.”
u and ū	„	„	oo	in “good,” the latter rather longer.
ay	„	„		the word “eye.”
ey	„	„	ey	in “they.”
ch	is to	„	ch	in “church.”
g	„	„		in “get;” never soft, as in “gem.”
kh	„	„	ch	in the German word “Nacht.” Until the true pronunciation is acquired, it is better to pronounce this letter (it is a single letter in Turkish) as a single h than as a k; thus “han” is a better pronunciation for “ <i>khan</i> ” than “kan.”
q	„	„	k.	It is used here to replace the Semitic <i>Qāf</i> , of which it is the lineal descendant, cf. <i>Qarashat</i> and Q R S T.
s	„	„		sharp, as in “set;” never soft like z, as in “reason.”
sh	„	„		in “shall.”

‘ represents the Arabic letter *‘Ayn*; and ’ the sign *Hemza*, or (in Arabic compound names) an elided *Elij*. These are not sounded in the language of Constantinople.

The other letters present no difficulty, they are to be pronounced as in English.

## SULTANS OF THE HOUSE OF 'OSMAN.

'OSMĀN succeeded his father Er Togrul, son of Suleymān Shah, as Chief of his tribe in 687 (1288); he became an independent sovereign on the dissolution of the Seljūqī Empire in 699 (1299).

A star (\*) before a Sultan's name indicates that verses written by him are extant.

A word in italics after a Sultan's name is his *takhallus* or *nom de plume*.

The dates are those of the sovereign's accession, according to the Muslim and Christian eras.

			A.H.	A.D.
1	'OSMĀN I.	... son of Er Togrul ..	699	1299
2	ORKHAN	... son of 'Osmān I.	720	1325
3	MURĀD I.	... son of Orkhan	701	1359
4	BĀYEZĪD I.	... son of Murād I.	791	1389
	Interregnum. (The Princes Suleymān, 'Isa, Mūsa, and Muhammed, sons of Bāyezīd I., fight for the throne)		804	1402
5	MUHAMMED I.	... son of Bāyezīd I.	816	1413
6	*MURĀD II., <i>Murādī</i> ,	... son of Muhammed I.	824	1421
7	*MUHAMMED II., <i>'Avnī</i> ,	son of Murād II.	855	1451
8	*BĀYEZĪD II., <i>'Adlī</i> ,	son of Muhammed II.	886	1481
9	*SELĪM I., <i>Selīmī</i> ,	son of Bāyezīd II.	918	1512
10	*SULEYMĀN I., <i>Muhibbī</i> ,	son of Selīm I.	926	1520
11	*SELĪM II., <i>Selīmī</i> ,	son of Suleymān I.	971	1569
12	*MURĀD III., <i>Murādī</i> ,	son of Selīm II.	982	1574
13	*MUHAMMED III., <i>'Adlī</i> ,	son of Murād III.	1003	1595
14	*AHMED I., <i>Bakhtī</i> ,	son of Muhammed III.	1011	1603
15	*MUSTAFA I.	son of Muhammed III.	1020	1607
16	*'OSMĀN II., <i>Fārisī</i> ,	son of Ahmed I.	1027	1608
	MUSTAFA I.	(restored)	1031	1622
17	*MURĀD IV., <i>Murādī</i> ,	son of Ahmed I.	1032	1623
18	IBRĀHĪM	son of Ahmed I.	1049	1640
19	MUHAMMED IV.	son of Ibrāhīm	1058	1648
20	SULEYMĀN II.	son of Ibrāhīm	1068	1657
21	AHMED II.	son of Ibrāhīm	1102	1691
22	*MUSTAFA II., <i>Tqbālī</i> ,	son of Muhammed IV.	1100	1695
23	*AHMED III.	son of Muhammed IV.	1115	1703
24	*MAHMŪD I., <i>Sabqatī</i> ,	son of Mustafa II.	1143	1730
25	'OSMĀN III.	son of Mustafa II.	1168	1751
26	*MUSTAFA III.	son of Ahmed III.	1171	1757
27	'ABDU-'L-HAMĪD I.	son of Ahmed III.	1187	1773
28	*SELĪM III., <i>Ilhāmī</i> ,	son of Mustafa III.	1203	1789
29	MUSTAFA IV.	son of 'Abdu-'l-Hamīd I.	1222	1807
30	*MAHMŪD II., <i>'Adlī</i> ,	son of 'Abdu-'l-Hamīd I.	1223	1808
31	'ABDU-'L-MEJĪD	son of Mahmūd II.	1255	1839
32	'ABDU-'L-'AZĪZ	son of Mahmūd II.	1277	1861
33	*MURĀD V.	son of 'Abdu-'l-Mejīd	1293	1876
34	'ABDU-'L-HAMĪD II.	son of 'Abdu-'l-Mejīd	1293	1876

## THE PLATES.

THE ingenious *gazel*, the original of which, in the shape of a sort of wheel, forms the FRONTISPECT to this volume, was contributed by Mr. Reshous to the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (Vol. xviii, *New Series*, 1801). The poem, as figured in the plate, is thus described: "The letter at the centre is the first and last letter of every distich; the letters in the radii are the penultimates of each distich, and, read inversely, follow the initial in the next succeeding distich. The words in the inter-sectional compartments are common to each of the intersecting verses. The ode begins and ends at the centre, though the radius which points directly upwards." The following is a transliteration of this curious composition; a translation will be found on page 128.

Yâr gelip, 'âshîqin menzîlini qilsa jây,  
 Etuceye mi gun-yuzum dulesini rûshenây?  
 Yanaship ol mâh ya khaujer-i ser-tiz gibi,  
 Eyleye agyârimin sinesini hemchu nay!  
 Yân verip, ey meh-liqâ! qachma bu gam-kharaden!  
 'Âsh-i 'îshiqin ila yannaga gumie revây!  
 Yâver olusa eger lutf-i Khudâ bir qula.  
 Bir pûla mahtâj iken, dehra olur pâdishây!  
 Yash dushup dileden, rûyun eler ârzû:  
 Qudret ila, gun-yuzum obnada shelmem-rulây.  
 Yab reh-i tejrîdda, 'âqil isen bir rûbât,  
 Qâfile-i eld-i 'îshiq eyleye kârlân-seîây.  
 Yâr-i ser-firâz-i men! senda o guz qash ki var,  
 Qatli ichin 'âshiqin, ya ne gerek oq u yay?  
 Yâyip o kâkullerin, gun-yuzum qildin niqâb:  
 Menzil-i 'aqrelda ya munkesif olmushdur ay?  
 Yâr delerisa eger sinemizi, qa'iliz:  
 Tek bizi ol meh-liqâ lutfuna gursun sezây.  
 Yaz, semender gibi, yannaga tâlib kim,  
 Ey qalem! 'arz et, eger dilerisa ol Humây.  
 Ya meh-i rakhshende mi dehra ziyâ-bakhshî olan:  
 Til'at-i rûyun-mi dir, 'âlema veren jilây?  
 Ya lejj elip, medla'i gun-yuzum inkâr eder,  
 Eylerdi ol gabî 'âqil isa, zetra ra'y.  
 Yâra eler eld-i 'îshiq, darmayip, 'arz-i luner:  
 Nevbet-i 'arz-i luner senda-mi. SHÂHIN GIRÂV?

THE PORTRAITS OF THE SULTANS are fac-simile copies of four of the copperplates in Prince Cantemir's *History of the Ottoman Empire*, published, in London, in 1734. Demetrius Cantemir, Prince of Moldavia, resided for several years, about the close of the seventeenth century, at the Court of Constantinople. There he persuaded his friend Leuni (Levni?) Chelebi, the Sultan's painter, to make for him copies of all the portraits of the Sultans which were preserved in the Seraglio. These along with the Prince's Latin manuscript were presented by his son to Mr. Tindal, the English translator, who published exact copies of them along with the English version of the History. It is noteworthy that these pictures agree perfectly, both in the features and costumes of the Sultans, with the descriptions given by Von Hammer, in his History, of a set of such portraits in his possession.

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## OTTOMAN POETS

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# INTRODUCTION.







‘AVNĪ  
SULTAN MUHAMMED II.  
(*The Conqueror.*)

*From a Turkish Painting.*

# INTRODUCTION.

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## I.—GENERAL CHARACTER OF OTTOMAN POETRY.

**A**RABIAN and Persian literature have for a considerable period received the attention of Western scholars, and translations and editions of several of the most esteemed works in these two languages have from time to time appeared in Europe; but the literature, and especially the poetical literature, of the Ottoman Turks, the most illustrious family of the third great race of Islām, has been, with a few exceptions, notably that of Von Hammer, almost entirely neglected by European Orientalists.

The cause of this is hard to ascertain. It might have been thought that the facts of the Ottoman Turks being in Europe and having, for upwards of five centuries, been in close contact with various European peoples, would have had for a result a more intimate acquaintance on the part of the latter with the studies and pursuits of their Muslim neighbours, than with those of the remoter nations of Asia. But it may be that these very circumstances of proximity and intercourse, which might have been conceived as furthering a European interest in the inner life and modes of thought of that wondrous and gifted shepherd clan which has played so brilliant a part in the world's history, have

acted in an exactly contrary manner. It may well be that affrighted Europe, when she saw the Crescent gleaming over Constantinople, and heard the legions of Islām thundering at the gates of Vienna, wished rather to shield herself from their dreaded scimitar than to inquire whence that race of nomad warriors, before whom she trembled, were inspired with the dauntless valour, and the matchless devotion, which bore them so bravely on. But the Ottomans have long ceased to be aggressive, and such influences must have died out many years ago: terror gave place to hatred, not unnatural at first, but wholly unjust now: unless, indeed, we are to hold a people guilty of the crimes of their ancestors—if so, who can escape condemnation?

Antipathy of race and religious bigotry are virulent and hard to kill (unhappily, they exist to this day, scarcely less unjust and cruel than in bygone times), and it is difficult not to think that these are in some measure responsible for the gross ignorance that almost universally prevails, in England, at any rate, regarding Turkey and all things Turkish. To select one striking example: but recently did the writer of these pages read in a popular religious magazine that, “in Mohammedan countries (meaning Turkey), Woman is treated as having no soul.” This mediæval delusion of Islām’s denying a soul to Woman has been clearly and decisively refuted by Mr. Redhouse,\* who quotes passage after passage of the Qur’ān, showing how utterly false it is—how Islām in reality no more denies Woman a soul than does Christianity itself. Possibly enough, this calumny may have arisen in error; but to proclaim it to-day shows, on the part of the traducer, either almost criminal ignorance, for it is very wrong to condemn where one does not understand, or vile

\* *On the History, System and Varieties of Turkish Poetry*, &c., pp. 7-10.



dishonesty, for it is vilely dishonest knowingly to propagate a lie. Yet the writer of the article in question was a missionary in Turkey! Either he had, as we hope and believe, not taken the trouble to learn anything of the truth about the faith of the people amongst whom he lived, never hesitating all the same to pass adverse judgment thereon; or he stood greatly in need of some one to expound to him the Ninth Commandment.\*

It is not unfrequently said by the class of persons to which our missionary belongs, *i.e.*, those who pass judgment on what they know nothing about—and it may tend to discourage the study of Turkish—that the Turks are a barbarous people, possessed of no literature. To such an assertion as this, no better answer can be given than that Von Hammer-Purgstall, in his great work, *Die Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst*, gives translated extracts from *two thousand two hundred* Ottoman Poets. Although perhaps poetry has been cultivated in Turkey with greater assiduity than any other branch of literature, yet the bare mention of the names and works of her most brilliant historians and romancers, and most gifted philosophic and scientific authors, would fill a goodly volume. There exist in Turkish many works famous throughout the East, on Astronomy, Astrology, Mathematics, Rhetoric, Ethics, Theology, Jurisprudence, Exegesis, Medicine, Chemistry, Geography, History, Chronology, Biography, and all the other sciences of the Muslims; but writers of no class are more frequently to be met with in the pages of the Ottoman biographers than poets, that

\* For an exhaustive and *correct* account of Islām and its Founder, the reader is referred to Seyyid Ameer Ali's *Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed* (London: Williams and Norgate). This is by far the best English work on the Prophet and his Creed that I have read, and I would strongly recommend its careful perusal to all who desire to *understand* the teaching of the great Arabian Lawgiver.

class of writers whose very existence bears witness to the presence of national culture and refinement. Of the two thousand two hundred authors whose names are enshrined in Von Hammer's volumes, many indeed scarcely deserve the name of poets, and owe their place there merely to some little *gazel*, or, it may be, only to a stray *beyt*, or distich, preserved in the pages of some friendly biographer; for the distinguished Orientalist of Vienna, being at great pains to give a complete picture of the history of Ottoman Poetry, has inserted in his work almost all that can be gleaned from the Turkish *Tezkeras*, or biographies. As is the case in the literary history of every people, but comparatively few of these Ottoman versifiers can be regarded as really great poets; yet perhaps 'ĀSHIQ PASHA is not very far behind his great prototype, the immortal Mevlānā Jelālu-'d-Dīn, the author of the *Mesnevī*; the *gazels* of BĀQĪ, in elegance of diction and depth of feeling, rival those of Hāfīz; and the romances of LĀMĪ'ī yield not one whit in loveliness to the works of Jāmī or Nizāmī. Yet these four Persian authors stand in the forefront of the ranks of the poets of Īrān, and in the whole history of the literature of her nations, earth can show few names more illustrious than theirs. It will thus be seen that whatever be the cause of the neglect in this country of the study of Ottoman Poetry, it is not due to the absence of poets or to the quality of their effusions.

The difficulty of the language in which it is written, and the scarcity, till within recent years, of trustworthy grammars and dictionaries, have, no doubt, helped to discourage the study of Ottoman literature; while those scholars who have surmounted these preliminary obstacles have probably been deterred by the absence of originality which characterises the poetry of the 'Osmānlis from presenting many specimens to the European

public, preferring to go direct to Persia, the fountain-head, where springs the stream that fructifies the garden of Turkish verse.

Now look we a little more closely at this Ottoman Poetry, its character, and the circumstances which tended to form the same.

As the poetry of the Ottomans is altogether founded upon that of the Persians, just as the literature of the European nations is the offspring of the writings of Rome and Greece, it will be well in the first place to cast a glance towards *Īrān*. The poetry, then, of the Persians, and, therefore, that of their imitators, Turks, Muslim Indians, Afgāns, etc., is essentially an art. There is a limited (considerable enough, it is true, but yet limited) number of metres and variations of metres, each of which is divided into a definite number of feet, which, in their turn, are divided into a determined number of long and short (or, as the Orientals call them, *heavy* and *light*) syllables, following one another in a particular order, which may not be altered; and in one or other of these metres, or variations of metres, the author is bound to write his poem. Some of these metres are appropriated to one style of composition, one form of poem, and certain others to another form. Again, there is a definite number of verse-forms, some of Arabian, some of Persian origin (such as the *qasīda*, *gazel*, etc., which will be explained afterwards), in one of which the poet must write: he is no more permitted to link lines together in any way he chooses, than he may compose those lines of any number of syllables in any order he pleases; he is bound to observe the rules of the art.

It is almost a rule that the subjects of *gazels* (the form of verse in which a great portion of Persian and Ottoman Poetry is composed) be the beauty of a lady, the sufferings of her lover, the charms of spring, and the delights of wine; the natural result of which is very frequently a certain monotony and

sameness among the various *gazels* of an author, indeed, of many authors. It requires a poet of exceptional originality to compose three or four hundred of these little odes, usually of from five to twelve couplets each, on the same subjects, without repetition of expression or sentiment, and without borrowing from the works of previous writers. The great number and variety of curious conceits that enter into the *belles lettres* of the East, and are so highly prized by scholarly Orientals, show very clearly the artificial character of Persian, and consequently of Ottoman, poetry. But apart from the necessity of composing in the recognised forms, and the advisableness—almost amounting to a necessity—of writing, in *gazels*, on certain set subjects, the poet is allowed the freest possible scope for the display of his individual talent, and of the bent of his genius. Such is the general external character of the poetry of the Persians, a character which, in all its details, has been adopted by the Ottomans.

The poetry of Muhammedan Persia, though based upon the Arabian system, comprises much, in sentiment, expression, form, and subject, that is not Arabian, but pure, native Persian. It is not so with that of Turkey, where nothing is native, nothing Tātār, saving the language in which it is written. On every page of a Persian author we see allusions to the old religion and the ancient heroes of Īrān: but vainly do we look, from end to end, through the works of an Ottoman poet for any reference, however slight, to the religion and traditions of those Central Asian deserts whence his nation came. Religion and traditions, and not unromantic either, we know they had: but whilst we are continually encountering the Persians, Rustem and Jemshīd Key-Khusrev and Ferīdūn, nowhere in the writings of their descendants can we catch a glimpse of Uguz or of Guk Khan, “Prince of the Sky.” These old semi-legendary kings and champions of ancient Persia stand in precisely the

same relation to Ottoman literature as do the gods and heroes of classic Greece and Rome to that of Western Europe: the Ottomans, finding them frequently referred to by their Persian models, have introduced them no less frequently, and in exactly the same relations, into their own writings; just as the Frankish nations have preserved in their poetry many an old pagan fancy which they found in the authors of Greece and Rome, such as the Graces and the Fates, Diana's bow, and Phœbus' rays. But there is another series of ancient stories, another group of stately figures, scarcely less frequently to be met with than those, common, this time, to both Christian and Muslim lands; these are the traditions and heroes of the Jews. Poems describing or bearing allusion to the Creation of the Universe, the Fall of Man, and the Deluge, are as common among the followers of the Qur'ān as among those of the Gospel. The virtue and loveliness of Joseph, the sweet singing of David, and the glories of Solomon, who like Nūshīrvān, the Persian, is the model of an Eastern sovereign, are darling themes with the poets of Islām. These Prophets—along with many others whose histories are detailed in the Qur'ān, and the Prophet Muhammed himself and the most distinguished of his contemporaries and immediate successors, especially his son-in-law 'Alī and his uncle Hemza; together with a few, a very few, of the pre-Islāmitic champions of Arabia, of whom Hātim Tā'i is the most frequently mentioned—these form the Semitic contribution to what may be called the *dramatis personæ* of Ottoman Poetry.

In the Persians we have already seen the Aryan contingent, in which also appear a few of the Grecian philosophers, notably Plato and Aristotle. From the *Shāh-Nāma* of Fīrdevsī, in which are recounted in noble strains the adventures and exploits of the kings and heroes of four mighty dynasties, the Pishdādī, the Keyānī, the Ashekānī, and the Sāsānī (or the Achaemenian.

the Median, the Parthian, and the Sassanian) have subsequent authors, well nigh numberless—Persian, Turkish, and Indian—drawn the materials for many beautiful poems. Often are sung the splendour and subsequent fall of Jemshid; famed are the glories of Khusrev Perviz and his love for the enchanting Shirin, whose very name means “sweet”; but of all the kings and heroes whose feats Firdevsi records in his famous epic, none is held so high, none has furnished the subject for so many romances, as the king and hero, the conqueror of the world, Iskender-i Rūmī, Alexander the “Roman.” So enamoured are the Persians of Alexander the Great, though he conquered their country and overthrew their splendid Keyānī dynasty, that they claim him as a member of their own race, declaring him to be the offspring of a Persian prince and a Grecian, or rather Roman, princess. So much for the characters, historical or legendary, which figure in the Poetry of the Ottomans: Semitic and Aryan we see them to be; of Turanian we can find no sign. The absence of all trace of Tātār mythology may perhaps be thus accounted for. A mere tribe of rude and unlettered nomads was the little Turkish clan which, in the thirteenth century of our era, flying from the murderous hordes of Jengiz Khān, left their home in the meadows of the lower Oxus and followed Suleymān Shāh into Asia Minor, and there under ‘Osmān, grandson of that Prince, formed the nucleus of that mighty Empire which still holds sway, direct or indirect, over some of the fairest portions of the three continents of the Old World. On their arrival in Asia Minor they found established there another Turkish race, the Seljūqī, whose empire, then near its fall, had lasted long enough and been sufficiently prosperous to extend to literature that encouragement which Muslim states, possessed of the necessary stability and tranquillity, have never failed to accord. The literary education of these Seljūqīs had been entirely conducted by Persians, and

judging from the extreme scarcity of Turkish works written by Seljūqī authors, it would seem that, like the Jagatāy \* Turks, who in after years ruled so magnificently at Delhi, they adopted in their literature, not only the tone and style, but even the very language, of their Īrānī instructors. Hardly were ‘Osmān and his followers settled in their new home before the Seljūqī Empire went to pieces. Overthrown by fierce Mogul conquerors, strong enough to destroy but too weak to restore, the Empire split up into a number of provinces, each under a Turkish chieftain, by whose name the province was known so long as it enjoyed a separate existence. These provinces were gradually merged in the growing empire of Orkhan and his successors, when the inhabitants—Turks themselves, like the Ottomans—readily amalgamated with the latter, so that by far the greater portion of the people now and for long called Ottoman Turks are in reality renovated Seljūqīs.

To these Seljūqīs it is that the Ottomans owe their literary education: this fact at once explains the extremely Persian tone that runs through their whole literature; without any records of their own, they seem to have lost any lingering recollection of the traditions of their ancestors when brought face to face with the dazzling genius of Persia. Still, unlike many Turks brought under the Persian spell, the Ottomans did not adopt the Īrānī tongue as the language of their court and literature; on the contrary, they retained as such their native Tātār dialect, but embellished with every beauty that the Persian speech could lend.

A peculiarity of Persian and Ottoman Poetry is, that it almost always possesses, beneath its literal meaning, a subtle, esoteric, spiritual signification. Many poems, of which the *Mesnevī* of Jelālu’d-Dīn and the *Divān* of ‘Āshiq

\* *Chagatāy* is the true Central Asian form of this word; but the Ottomans write and pronounce it *Jagatāy*.

PASHA are examples, are confessedly religious, moral, or mystic works ; but a much larger number are allegorical. To this latter class belong almost all the long romantic *mesnevis* of the Persian and Ottoman poets ; in the stories of the loves of Leyli and Mejnūn, Yūsuf and Zuleykhā, Khusrev and Shirīn, Selāmān and Ebsāl, and a hundred of like kind, we can see pictured, if we look beneath the surface, the longing of the soul of man for God, or the yearning of the human heart after heavenly light and wisdom. There is not a character introduced into those romances but represents some passion, not an incident but has some spiritual meaning. In the history of Iskeuder, or Alexander, we watch the noble human soul in its struggles against the powers of this world, and, when aided by God and guided by the heavenly wisdom of righteous teachers, its ultimate victory over every earthly passion, and its attainment of that point of divine serenity whence it can look calmly down on all sublunary things.

Of a similar character are the odes called *gazels* ; these little poems, though outwardly mere voluptuous or bacchanalian songs, are in reality the outpourings of hearts overwhelmed, or as they themselves express it, drunken, with their love of God : He is that Fair One whom they so eagerly entreat to come to them, to throw off the veil that conceals His perfect beauty from the sight of their comprehension. Every word in these effusions has its spiritual or mystic signification, well known to the initiated : thus, the *mistress* is God ; the *lover*, man ; the *tresses*, the mystery of the Godhead, or Its impenetrable attributes ; the *waist*, that state when nought remains to veil the lover from the Divine glories ; the *ruby lip*, the unheard but understood words of God ; the *embrace*, the discovery of the mysteries of the Godhead ; *absence* or *separation* is the non-recognition of the Unity of God ; *union*, His Unity, or the seeing of Him face to face ; *wine* means the Divine Love ; the *cup-bearer*, the spiritual



instructor, the giver of the goblet of celestial aspiration and love; the *libertine*, the saint who thinks no more of human conventionalities; the *tavern*, a place where one mortifies sensuality, and relinquishes his "name and fame;" the *zephyr*, the breathing of the Spirit; the *taper*, the Divine light kindling the *torch*, the heart of the *lover*, man. And so on, through every detail is the allegory maintained.

Such is the true and original purport of the *gazel*, and the spirit in which most of the great poets of Persia and Turkey intended their compositions to be understood; but many writers (especially in Persia, where morals are lax) did no doubt mean literally all they said. Among the Ottoman *gazel*-writers there is a great number of men who cannot be regarded either as mystics or voluptuaries. All the sultans, princes, and vezirs, as well as the immense crowd of officials of all ranks, who wrote these odes, were men who had not the leisure, even if they had the wish, to be mystic devotees; neither would they have dared, no matter what they may have thought, to give expression in strict, orthodox Stamboul to such sentiments as are set forth in their songs, intending them to be literally understood. Moreover, we know from history that many of the royal poets could not possibly have intended a literal interpretation of their verses; for they were sincere and zealous Muslims, and visited with condign punishment the use of the forbidden wine. How then, it may be asked, did they write these poems, if they meant them neither literally nor figuratively? The answer seems to be: Fashion. Looking over the works of their Persian models, they would see that the great majority of the smaller poems (men of action would rarely have time to write long *mesnevîs*) were in this strain, that the ideas and expressions were pretty, and so they would copy them without intending their words to be taken either in a literal or a metaphorical sense. But while this may be the case with regard to some

writers, there are very many Ottoman poets the earnestness of whose words proclaims the intensity and depth of the feeling that gave them birth, whose verses are free from that almost insensate enthusiasm which stamps too many *gazels* with insincerity. Some of these, too, held high offices of state, such was 'IZZET MOLLA, one of Sultan Mahmūd the Second's vice-chancellors, in many of whose *gazels* are traces of a profound philosophy. Every page also of the poet LĀMĪ'Ī bears witness that he at least possessed an ardent and sincere love of nature.

A few words regarding the doctrine of the *Sūfīs* or Mystics, which is the creed of most of the Dervish Orders, and to which the *gazels* when written in the proper spirit, and the *mesnevis* too, give expression, will not here be out of place. As no one has described this Religion of Mysticism more accurately than Sir William Jones, I cannot do better than reproduce the following passage, from his *Essay on the Philosophy of the Asiatics* :

“The *Sūfīs* concur in believing that the souls of men differ infinitely in *degree*, but not at all in *kind*, from the Divine Spirit, of which they are *particles*, and in which they will ultimately be re-absorbed ; that the spirit of God pervades the universe, always immediately present to His work, and, consequently, always in substance ; that He alone is perfect benevolence, perfect truth, perfect beauty ; that the love of Him alone is *real* and genuine love, while that of all other objects is *absurd* and illusory ; that the beauties of nature are faint resemblances, like images in a mirror, of the Divine charms ; that, from eternity without beginning to eternity without end, the Supreme Benevolence is occupied in bestowing happiness, or the means of attaining it ; that men can only attain it by performing their part of the *primal covenant* between them and the Creator ; that nothing has a pure, absolute existence but *mind* or *spirit* ; that *material substances*, as the ignorant call them, are no

more than gay *pictures*, presented continually to our minds by the spiritual artist; that we must be aware of attachment to such *phantoms*, and attach ourselves, exclusively, to God, who truly exists in us, as we exist solely in Him; that we retain, even in this forlorn state of separation from our beloved, the *idea of heavenly beauty*, and the *remembrance* of our *primæval vows*; that sweet music, gentle breezes, fragrant flowers perpetually renew the primary *idea*, refresh our fading memory, and melt us with tender affections; that we must cherish these affections, and, by abstracting our souls from *vanity*, that is, from all but God, approximate to His essence, in our final *union* with which will consist our supreme beatitude." To what extent the spirit of this philosophy pervades the Poetry of the Ottomans, the following pages will amply show.

But there is much Ottoman Poetry, altogether unaffected by the Aryan Mysticism of Persia, tinged with a stately melancholy and breathing a sincere and simple religion which no one can possibly misunderstand. That is the spirit of Semitic Islām, a spirit sad and grave, but full of divine calm and inward joy and ineffable hope, a spirit that can incite those in whom it dwells to deeds of the highest daring and sustain them unshaken in the bitterest anguish. Here, then, we see the influences of the genius of the two great races, Semitic and Aryan, uniting to form the soul of Ottoman Poetry: and here again we fail to discern any trace of a third and Turanian element. M. Servan de Sugny says, indeed, in his work, called *La Muse Ottomane*: "The Turks have something distinct from the other two nations (Arabs and Persians); contemplative by nature, they love to fathom the mysteries of existence, to plunge in thought into the darkness of the other world, to ask the purpose and the end of all things here. Thus they are moralists *par excellence*: they have ever present in their mind the hour of death and the

eternal destiny which awaits each man beyond the tomb. In even the most trivial works of their writers, there is almost always some religious or philosophic thought attached to the principal subject, to form its crown, or, if need be, its corrective. In a word, the Turks regard themselves as only camped in life, just as it has been said that their nation is only camped in Europe. One can imagine with what a solemnity such a manner of viewing things must impress their customs, and, in consequence, the creations of their genius." All that the French writer says here about the Ottomans and their mode of thought is absolutely true; but the spirit which brought about that mode of thought is that of Islām, working on the Turkish mind, no doubt, but still in itself Qur'ānic, and therefore Semitic—not Turkish and Turanian. The proof of this is, that the same spirit can be seen in thousands of Arabic poems written after the mission of Muhammed and before the rise of Turkish literature.

Thus, as we have several times seen, one of the most noticeable characteristics of Ottoman Poetry is its lack of originality; saving that it differs in what may be called its local colouring, for it is the growth of another clime: it reflects as in a mirror every trait and feature of the poetic art of Persia. Persian it is in form, Persian in tone, and, generally, Persian in subject; even the Arabian ray, which we have noticed, comes to it through a Persian medium. The cause of this we have attempted to trace in the early history of the Empire of the Ottomans and in the circumstances of their literary education.

Whilst such is indeed the case with regard to the classic poetry of the Ottomans (which alone we are considering here), it is more than probable that in the popular songs *Shargīs*, or ballads, and such like, a distinct and national spirit will be found. In his *Popular Poetry of Persia*, M. Chodzko

gives translations of some songs of the Persian Turks, made from the Āzerbāyjānī *patois*, which forms the connecting link between the Eastern and Western—Jagatāy and Ottoman—dialects of the great Turkish language, which extends, like an immense unbroken chain, from the Wall of China to the shores of the Adriatic; but these can hardly be expected to bear much resemblance to the every-day songs of Brūsa and Stamboul. So far as I know, no collection of Ottoman popular songs has been published in Europe, either in original or translation.

Although the want of originality undoubtedly renders Ottoman Poetry less interesting than it would be were the case otherwise, that cannot be considered a sufficient reason for its neglect; if the poetry of Persia is beautiful and deserving of careful study (and few who are acquainted with it will deny that it is both), that of Turkey must be the same, seeing how close is the relationship between them. Roman science and literature stand in very much the same relation to Grecian as Ottoman do to Persian. Professor Max Müller even says, in his *Science of Language*,\* “the Romans, in all scientific matters, were merely the parrots of the Greeks:” yet no one is deterred on that account from the study of the Latin poets, and why should a similar circumstance interfere with that of the Ottoman?

But it must not be thought that, because the Turkish race has shown a singular backwardness in the invention of poetic fancies and forms, it in any way lacks those qualities of character and individuality whereby nations raise themselves from obscurity to fame. Were it not a race endowed with great and special gifts, so many of its families would never have distinguished themselves in the world's history. The kingdoms of the Seljūqi Turks were once the most powerful in Western Asia; for two centuries the

\* Ed. 1873, Vol. I., p. 139.

Qaramānī Turks were the most formidable rivals of the ‘Osmānlis; and those splendid Emperors, known as the “Great Moguls,” who, down to the middle of the present century, ruled in India, were in reality Jagatāys—Turks, pure as the Ottomans themselves. Of these latter it is needless to speak; they were once the mightiest people on the earth; and, even now, after centuries of decline, it has taxed to its uttermost the whole military force of the greatest empire in Europe, backed up by rebel hordes from every province between the Euxine and the Adriatic, to worst their armies in the field.

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## II.—OTTOMAN VERSE-FORMS AND METRES.

WE shall now proceed to take a brief survey of the construction of Ottoman Poetry—of the various verse-forms and metres in which it is composed.

For their rhyming system, as for all else pertaining to the construction of their poetry, the Ottomans are indebted to the Persians, who are themselves beholden for the elements of their poetic art to the Arabs, to whose primitive system, however, they have added many new features of their own invention. Some, at least, of these features are, it is true, to be found in several later Arabic poetical works, but these must be regarded as copied from Persian or Turkish models. The rhyming system of the Ottomans (and Persians) divides itself naturally into two great branches: one, the primitive Arabian form, the other, an invention of the Persians.

The root of the first of these is the *qasida*, the form in which the famous

*Muwallaqāt* and other old Arabic poems are written. It were well to state here that the invariable base, upon which Musulmān poetry is built, is the *BEYT*, usually translated “distich” or “couplet,” which consists of two hemistichs (*misrāʿ*) of equal length. The feature of the first, or Arabian, branch is, that throughout the entire poem, no matter how long it be—*i.e.*, of how many *beyts* it consist—the second hemistichs of all the *beyts* must rhyme together, thus carrying one and the same rhyme through the whole poem, while the first hemistichs do not rhyme at all. Usually, though not always, the first hemistich of the first *beyt*—*i.e.*, the first line of the poem—rhymes with its own second hemistich, and, consequently, with that of every succeeding *beyt*. Examples of this will be seen in every *gazel* in this collection.

In the second, or Persian, branch, the two hemistichs of each *beyt* rhyme with one another, altogether independently of the rhymes of other *beyts*, whether preceding or following; this is called *mesnevi* rhyme. It is to be found in a vast number of English poems—those of Dryden and Sir Walter Scott, for example. This Persian style is chiefly used for very long poems, each of which is a complete book in itself; whilst the Arabian system is principally employed in shorter productions.

The two great branches of the rhyming system having been explained, the principal verse-forms require to be noticed. The *Qasīda*, *Gazel*, and *Qitʿa* are the most important of these in the Arabian style.

The *QASĪDA*: This is the old Arab form. The two hemistichs of the opening *beyt* rhyme with one another. The subject of poems written in this form is generally the praise of great personages, either living or deceased; occasional satire, and sometimes moral or religious reflections. As a rule, towards the end of the poem the name of the person praised is introduced. The *Qasīda* is usually a poem of considerable length, and ought to be

finished and elegant in point of style. An example of this form will be found among the selections from BĀQI's poems.

The GAZEL is in form precisely the same as the *qasida*; but much shorter: consisting of not less than five and not more than eighteen *beyts*, in the last, or second last, of which the poet almost always introduces his own *takhallus*, or poetic *nom de plume*. The matters of which it usually treats are, the beauty of a mistress, and the woes of her absent, and generally despairing, lover; or the delights of wine; or the charms of spring and flowers, and the sweet notes of the nightingale; or it may be that a single *gazel* will touch on each and all of these varied subjects, devoting a *beyt* or two to each. Often, too, in the course of the poem, one comes across an allusion to the brevity of human life and the vanity of the things of earth; concerning the true meaning of these seemingly bacchanalian songs we have already spoken. A few *gazels* treat consecutively throughout of a given subject, as, for example, that of BĀQĪ on Autumn and that of BELĪG on a Dancing-Girl; but these are rare exceptions. In regard to style, the *gazel* must be highly finished; all imperfect rhymes, obsolete words, and vulgar expressions ought to be avoided. Each *beyt* must in itself contain a complete thought. There need be, and there usually is, no connection between the various *beyts*, which have been well compared to pearls upon a thread. "The thread will make them one necklace; but the value of the necklace lies in each pearl, not in the thread." The *gazel* is by far the favourite verse-form of the Ottoman and Persian poets. A point which calls for remark here is that some Ottoman *gazels* are addressed to boys, not to girls, the explanation of which is this: the old Arabian poets speak of women, frequently imaginary; but the Persians, considering this very immodest, usually assume a boy, also imaginary, to be the beloved object in their poems; and the Ottomans,



according to their invariable custom, have simply copied the *Īrānis*. This practice holds too in *modern* Arabic poetry.

The *QIT'Ā* differs in form from the *qasīda* and *gazel* only in that the first hemistich of the first *beyt* does not rhyme with the second of the same and succeeding couplets. A *Qit'a* may contain as few as two *beyts*. If the first *beyt* of a *qasīda* or *gazel* be taken away, the remainder is a *Qit'a*; or if a poet compose a *qasīda* or *gazel* without rhyming the first line, the result is a *Qit'a*. The word *Qit'a* means "fragment."

As already mentioned, the *Qasīda*, *Gazel*, and *Qit'a* are the principal verse-forms in which the Arabian system of rhyme prevails; the Persian style holds in one only, which now remains to be noticed.

The *MESNEVĪ*: In the Persian rhyme-system, as has been said, each hemistich rhymes with its fellow; but the same rhyme is not carried throughout the entire poem, as in *qasīdas*, *gazels*, and *qit'as*. The name *mesnevī*, is given alike to this style of rhyme and to a poem composed in it. The subject of a *mesnevī* is usually a romance or an epic. The stories of the loves of Leylī and Mejnūn, Wāmiq and 'Azrā, Khusrev and Shirin, and Yūsuf and Zuleykḥā, and the adventures of Iskender (Alexander the Great), and of the ancient princes of the East, are favourite themes with the writers of these poems. They not unfrequently treat of mystic or religious subjects: and the most famous work of this kind in any Muslim language is the great Persian mystic poem of Mevlānā Jelālu-'d-Dīn er-Rūmī, which is styled simply the *Mesnevī*, being the *mesnevī* of all *mesnevīs*. The first Book of this master-work of Persian poetry—this text-book of the mystics of the East—has been recently translated into English verse by Mr. Redhouse. Historical poems are usually written in this form; they bear most frequently the name, *Nāma*, i. e. "Book," as the *Shāh-Nāma*, *Iskender-Nāma*, *Timur-*

*Nāma*, "The Book of Kings," of "Alexander," of "Timūr." Little descriptive poems included in *Diwāns* (though not always in *mesnevī* rhyme) also often bear this name; such are the *Sāqī-Nāma*, *Firāq-Nāma*, *Pend-Nāma*, "The Book of the Cup-bearer," of "Separation," of "Counsel." Finally, to this form belongs that peculiar class of descriptive poems which bears the special title *Shehr-engīz*, "City-disturbing." These are descriptions either of places or of people; they detail the beauties of the site and buildings of a city, or the charms of the youths and maidens who dwell there, and whose loveliness sets the whole town in an uproar. It will thus be seen that the Persian, or *mesnevī*, rhyme is chiefly used in descriptive poetry.

These are the most important verse-forms to be found in the works of Ottoman poets; but there are many minor varieties, some of which, as they frequently occur, require to be mentioned here. Amongst the most common of these is the class called *Musemmat*, which comprises poems consisting of a succession of four, five, or six-line strophes, and named accordingly, *Murebbaʿ*, *Mukhammes*, and *Musaldes*, or "tetrastich," "pentastich," and "hexastich."

Each of the strophes has a different rhyme, and the lines in each rhyme together. Often, however, the last line (sometimes the last two lines) of each strophe is the same throughout, thus forming a sort of refrain. Frequently again the last lines are different, but rhyme with each other and the first strophe. Several examples of these forms, which are really only varieties of the *Terjīʿ-Bend* (which will be described further on), are included in the present collection. The subjects of the *musemmats* are usually the same as those of *gazels*.

Another very important form is the *RUBĀʿĪ*, or "quatrain." This, as its name shows, is a short composition of four lines. The first, second,

and fourth lines must rhyme with one another, the third may or may not, at the option of the poet. This form, which is in high favour with Oriental poets, may treat of any subject. The last line, or sometimes the last two lines, of a good *Rubāʿī* must be either witty or epigrammatical, the preceding lines serve merely to introduce the *bon mot* of the last. Here is a celebrated *Rubāʿī*, by the Ottoman poet ʿIZĀRĪ: \*

Struggling here fiercely my love for the fair :  
 There, the flame, dread of rivals, cruel glare ;  
 Which to combat, in which I must burn, know not I :  
 Yonder torment of fire, O Lord, us spare !

The last line here is a citation from the Qurʾān, ch. ii., v. 197, which ʿIGĀRĪ quotes in the original Arabic.

Another great favourite with Ottoman writers is the TĀRĪKH, or “Chronogram;” that is, a piece of verse which expresses at once an occurrence and the date of the same. All the letters of the Turkish alphabet have a numerical value, just as with us C represents 100, V, 5, and so on. If the numerical values of the letters occurring in a verse, a sentence, or even a word, on being added together, give the date of the event to which the words allude, that verse, sentence, or word is called a *Tārīkh*. In poetical *Tārīkhs* it is usually only the last line that contains the date, sometimes only certain of the letters in that line. The translation of a *Tārīkh* on the death of a princess will be found among the selections from LEYLĀ KHĀNIM’S *Dīwān*.

A NAZĪRA is a poem written in imitation of, or in answer to, one writer by another. (See Note 54.)

\* Quoted by Qinālī-Zāla and Mr. Keilhouse

A *MUSTEZAD* is a *gazel* with an addition of some words to each line. This addition must have the same rhyme and the same metre as the last half of the line to which it is attached. These short lines, or additions, may be either read or omitted without spoiling the sense of the poem; indeed there are compositions which occur in some MSS. as simple *gazels* that in others appear as *Mustezāds*.

The *TERKĪB-BEND* is a poem consisting of a series of strophes in the form of *gazels*, each of the same metre, but with different rhymes, and connected with one another by *beyts* of the same metre as themselves, but differing from them in rhyme. Sometimes the *bend*, that is the "bond," the connecting *beyt*, is the same throughout; sometimes it varies between each strophe. The poet does not introduce his *takhallus* into each of the *gazel*-like strophes, but only once towards the end of the poem. BĀQĪ's Elegy on Sultan Suleymān affords an example of the *Terkīb-Bend*.

The *TERJĪ'-BEND* consists likewise of several strophes, all the hemistichs of each of which, however, rhyme together, thus differing from the strophes of the *Terkīb-Bend*, which rhyme in the *gazel* style: but like those of the *Terkīb*, each strophe of the *Terjī'* takes a new rhyme. As in the *Terkīb*, again, the strophes here are connected by a *beyt* (the *Bend*), which may or may not be variable, and which may or may not rhyme with the first stanza. An example of the *Terjī'-Bend* will be found in WĀSĪF's Eulogy on Huseyn Pasha.

The *TAKHMĪS* is often met with in the later writers. Here the poet takes a *gazel* of another author, and proceeds to build a *mukhammes* upon it in the following manner. He takes the first, or non-rhyming, lines of the couplets which make up the *gazel*, and prefixes to each of them three lines of his own composition having the same metre and rhyme as those to which they are joined. The second, or rhyming, lines of the *gazel* are then added

in regular order to these four-line strophes, and thus form the fifth, or odd, lines of the *mukhammes*. An example, which will make this clear, will be found in this volume among the specimens of LEYLĀ KHĀNIM'S poetry, where that lady has made a *Takhmīs* upon one of BĀQĪ'S *gazels*: to render the process quite distinct, I have printed BĀQĪ'S lines in italics. The word *Takhmīs* means, "the making (of anything) five;" here, it is the building of a "cinquain" upon a couplet. A *mukhammes* may also be built upon a single line, and a *museddes* upon a single couplet, by the poet composing all the four lines of the prefixed strophes. Of course, in this case, the poem may be of any length; whereas, in the former, the number of its strophes is necessarily that of the couplets of the *gazel*. A *museddes* built upon a couplet of Mahmūd Nedim Pasha is given among ZIVĀ BEG'S poems. In the case of a *museddes*, the poem and process are called *Tesdis*, "a making six."

The TAKHALLUS is the literary *nom de plume* given to, or assumed by, persons on becoming writers, and by which, except in the cases of the Sultan, his sons, and certain of his ministers, they are ever afterwards commonly known. A variety of circumstances may affect an author in the choice of his *Takhallus*; sometimes he forms it from his own name; thus, the name of BĀQĪ, the greatest of the Ottoman lyric poets, was Mahmūd 'Abdu-'l-Bāqī; sometimes from his birthplace, from his own, or his father's, occupation, or from some incident in his life. In the *Tezkeras*, as the Biographies of the Poets are called, the authors are arranged under their *Takhalluses* in alphabetical order.

A book in which are collected the various works of a poet (except *Mesnevīs*, which, from their great length, usually form books of themselves) is named a *Divān*. The order in which the various forms of poetry are arranged in these collections is generally as follows: *Qasīdas*; *Tūrikhs*;

*Gazels*; *Terjî'* and *Terkîb-Bends* and *Musemmats*; *Rubā'is*; *Qit'as*; and, finally, a chapter of Logogriphs and Enigmas, named respectively, *Mu'ammā* and *Lugaz*. The difference between these is, that in the *Mu'ammā* the *letters* of a word form the subject of the riddle, while in the *Lugaz* it is the *meaning* of the word—the thing itself—that forms the puzzle: a specimen of the latter, by SULTAN MURĀD IV., will be found among the translations; the former are untranslatable. Before the section of *Qasīdas*, a *Dīwān* always contains some religious poems; first, the *Hamd*, or "Praise of God;" then the *Na't*, or "Praise of the Prophet;" and, thirdly, the *Munājāt*, or the poet's prayer for himself.

A remarkable feature in Ottoman Poetry is the *Redif*; that is, one or more words, always the same, added to the end of every rhyming line in a poem, which word or words, though counting in the scansion, are not regarded as the rhyme; the true rhyme must in every case be looked for immediately before them. The lines,

"There shone such a truth about thee,  
I did not dare to doubt thee,"

afford an English example of this; here the word "thee" is a *Redif*, "about" and "doubt" forming the true rhyme. In translating, I have generally, but not invariably, preserved the *Redif*. It chiefly occurs in *gazels*.

The *Gazel*, the *Rubā'î*, the *Takhallus*, and the *Redif* are, like the *Mesnevî*, inventions of the Persians.

It may here be stated that in Musulmān poetry there is no such thing as blank-verse. In books written in mingled prose and verse, a style in which Orientals greatly delight, and of which the *Gulistān* of the Persian Sa'di and the *Thousand and One Nights* form beautiful and well-known examples, one frequently comes across *beyts*, the two hemistichs of which do not rhyme

together. These are usually either the opening distich of some *qit'a*, or quotations from the middle of a *gazel* or *qasida*; writers of such works, however, not unfrequently compose *beyts* of this sort in one of the metres, to express in elegant and forcible language some sentiment they wish to convey; but compositions of this nature never exceed a single *beyt*; four lines of poetry containing no rhyme is a thing unknown.

The Prosody of the Ottomans is, needless to say, identical with that of the Persians, which is founded upon the Arabian system. There is a considerable number of metres, each of which has many variations; some, of course, are much more frequently employed than others. The following are very much used for *gazels* and *musemmats*:

*Hezej-i Musemmen-i Sâlim*

----- | ----- | ----- | ----- || ----- | ----- | ----- | -----

*Remel-i Musemmen-i Maqsûr*

- - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - - || - - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - -

*Muzâri'-i Musemmen-i Akhreb-i Mekfûf-i Maqsûr*

- - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - || - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - -

A great number of others are constantly used, but these three are the commonest.

For *mesnevîs* the following three are favourites:

*Hezej-i Museddes-i Maqsûr*

- - - | ----- | ----- || ----- | ----- | -----

*Remel-i Museddes-i Maqsûr*

- - - - | - - - - | - - - - || - - - - | - - - - | - - - -

*Mutaqârib-i Musemmen-i Maqsûr*

----- | ----- | ----- | ----- || ----- | ----- | ----- | -----

All the metres detailed here show the scansion of a *beyt*, the double line indicating the division between the two hemistichs. The great majority of the poems translated in this work are written in one or other of these six metres.

The reader will observe the great excess of long over short syllables in these measures, a feature which gives to Eastern poetry a peculiarly grave and stately dignity; but at the same time renders the reproduction into English of the rhythm, syllable for syllable, a matter of impossibility. The number of little words, such as articles, prepositions, etc., which are usually required in English to make up even a short sentence, as well as the unaccented syllables in words of more than monosyllabic length, none of which can become, as they all can in Turkish, "long by position," form, I think, an insurmountable barrier to the exact and absolute reproduction of the Oriental metres; especially when, as must always be the case in translating, one is fettered with the necessity of having to say a certain thing, and nothing else. And so, in translating the following poems, although I have almost invariably preserved the number of syllables of the originals, I have been unable always to reproduce long syllable for long, and short for short; but in every case I have done my best to give a fair idea of the rhythm-movement of the Turkish verse. In the reproduction of the rhyme I have, I venture to think, been more successful; I have here in every instance followed the original absolutely; always making a rhyme in the translation where the Turkish showed one, never where it did not. The Orientals, as has been already remarked, do not "measure" lines, neither do they speak of "long" and "short" syllables; but they "weigh" them, and their syllables are "heavy" and "light."

It may be interesting here to notice a few of the curious technical words



used by the Muslims in connection with their prosody, as they clearly show the desert origin of that art, which, as we have seen, had its rise among the Arabs. The terms are all Arabic; but they are used by every Musulmān people. The word *bejt* means "a house," or, as here, "a tent;" the feet of the metres are called *erkān*, or "supports"; these are made up of the *sebeb*, "the rope," the *veted*, "the tent-peg," and the *fāsīla*, "the tent-pole." The two hemistichs are known as the "folds," or "leaves," of the double door of the tent. A metre they name *bahr*, which means "an ocean," but, by analogy, "the space inside a tent." Some, however, say that it is called "an ocean," because, as an ocean contains a vast variety of pearls, corals, etc., so does a metre comprise an infinite number of poems; others, again, explain it thus, that as an ocean is perplexing and confusing, so is a metre on account of the many changes which its feet undergo.

The *Hezj* metres are said to be properly employed for love-poetry, the *Remel* for philosophical poetry, the *Khafif* for festive poems, and the *Mutaqārib* for war epics and festive poems.

Of a great number of literary conceits and embellishments which continually occur in Eastern poetry, the commonest and most striking is that called *Tejnīs*, which may be translated "equivoque." It consists in bringing together two or more words of the same or similar sound and form, but of different meanings, and admits of many varieties. When the two words are in sound and form identical, the *tejnīs* is perfect; thus—"Each of the *band* was secured by a *band*" (strap). When the vowels or the initials are different, it is defective, thus: "*Bound* by a *bond* like an iron *band*;" and, "*Bound* to forfeit a *pound*;" and so on, through a considerable number of varieties, each of which has its special technical name. Those which are defective—*i.e.* in which the words are more or less different—are quite as much esteemed as

those in which they are identical. An admirable example of the *tejnīs* is afforded by Mr. Eastwick's exceedingly happy rendering of the Persian proverb, *Gurbat kurbat ast*, "Travel is travail."

There are in Ottoman Poetry a number of what may be called stock metaphors and similes; thus, a fair woman is always *a moon*; a graceful figure, *a cypress*; the hair, *musk*, or a *dark cloud* about the *moon-face*, or the *hyacinth* fallen over the *rose-cheek*; and so on, with many others of like kind. It is not a point with the poet to invent new metaphors of this sort—those in existence are probably as apposite and beautiful as any he is likely to hit upon; a good writer rather tries to show his originality by presenting the stereotyped and time-honoured similes in new combinations. Thus a poet says:

"A moon were she, were but the moon of cypress form;  
A cypress she, had but that tree the moon's fair breast."

Although nothing is commoner than the comparison of a girl to the moon or the cypress, that couplet is quite original by reason of the conditions so cleverly introduced.

Authors sometimes display their ingenuity by writing poems (which partake of the nature of acrostics) in the forms of wheels, trees, squares, etc., the initials of all the verses of which spring from a common centre. When round they are called *mudevver*, "circular;" when tree-shaped, *mushejjer*, "arboriform;" when square, *murebba'*. Of course, these forms cannot be reproduced in a translation; but the original of a *mudevver*, or circular, *gazel* is shown in the Frontispiece of the present work.

## III.—THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF OTTOMAN POETRY.

VON HAMMER divides his History of Ottoman Poetry into five periods, corresponding to those of his History of the Empire; but as this division would be of little utility in a small volume like the present, I have not thought it advisable to observe it, and have simply arranged the authors (with a few exceptions) in chronological order.

We have already seen that when the Turkish clan, which, under the name of 'Osmānli, or Ottoman, was destined to become so prominent in after history, sought refuge in Asia Minor from the ferocious conqueror Jengiz Khān, it found ruling there the Turkish dynasty of the Seljūqis; and we have likewise noticed how great an influence was exercised by Persia over the education and literature of these Seljūqī Turks. Before this time (Sa'du-'d-Dīn gives the year 616 [1219] as the date of the passage of Suleymān Shāh and his tribe into Armenia), Firdevsī and Nizāmī had come and gone, and, by the magic of their poetry, had given to Persian literature and Persian taste that position of pre-eminence in Western Asia which they have ever since retained. Sa'dī and Jelālu-'d-Dīn, worthy successors of the two great poets just named, were contemporaries of Er Togrul, the son of Suleymān, and as the latter of these, the author of the *Mesnevī*, resided at Qonya, the Seljūqī capital, we cannot be surprised at the extent to which the spirit of Persian poetry and philosophy pervaded the literary life of Asia Minor about that time. For the *Mesnevī* of Jelālu-'d-Dīn is one of the grandest works, not only in Persian, but in all literature: a poem (or rather, series of poems) the beauty of the

language and the depth of the philosophy of which have ever created a profound impression on the minds of those who have studied it. The almost entirely religious or mystic character of Ottoman Poetry from its birth till the capture of Constantinople in 1453 is directly traceable to the influence of the master-mind of the great Mevlānā.

Some twelve years after his flight into Armenia, Suleymān Shāh, having heard of the death of Jengiz Khān, determined to return with his tribe to his own country; but when crossing the Euphrates on the homeward journey, he was accidentally drowned. Two of his four sons, with the greater part of the clan, carried out their intention, returned to their native land, and there are lost from sight. But Er Togrul and Dundar remained behind; only four hundred families stayed with them, and these, settling a few years later in the north-west of Asia Minor, under 'Osmān son of Er Togrul, became the ancestors of the glorious Ottoman nation. The reign of 'Osmān (who is regarded as the first independent sovereign of the race, and from whom it takes its name 'Osmānli, corrupted into Othoman and Ottoman) was little else than one continuous battle for existence; but in the time of his son Orkhan, when the youthful state had grown stronger and better able to protect itself and secure periods of repose, appeared the first recorded singer of this people, who is known by no other name than 'Āshiq, "The Lover"—the herald of that long line of poets which has continued in unbroken succession from those days till now.

As has been hinted, 'ĀSHIQ'S poem (his *Divān*, as it is termed, though the name seems strangely misapplied; perhaps it was then employed more loosely than it is now) is in subject theological, influenced, as was natural, by the spirit then so powerful in Asia Minor. Within a period of forty years had died Jelālu-'d-Dīn, his son Sultan Veled, the mystic poet

Sheykh Sadru-'d-Din, and the immortal Sa'di—all Persian writers. The first three had been resident in Asia Minor. Thus, with the religio-mystic spirit and Persian taste so powerful in the very land where the Ottomans were receiving their literary education, and at the very time when that education was beginning, it would indeed have been strange had the result been any other than that which actually was the case. Ottoman Poetry was, in its earlier days, well-nigh altogether religious in tone and Persian in taste. It lost its almost exclusively theological character about the time of the fall of Constantinople—the *Muhammediyya* of YAZIJI-OGLU may be considered as the last work of the first period—but it has retained its Persianism to this day. Of course, these statements must be taken in a general sense; there were a few poets, such as AHMED DĀ'Ī, who were in nowise theologians, and although religion was indeed the dominating theme, it was not the sole one. Before the capture of Stamboul, the Ottomans had tried their strength in all the branches of Persian poetry—the heroic, the romantic, and the lyric: in the first of these, as early as the reign of Bāyezīd I., when AHMEDĪ wrote the *Iskender-Nāma*; and in the second, when SHEYKHĪ composed his beautiful poem on the legend of Khusrev and Shirin. These works cannot be considered exceptions to the religious literature of the period, for they are really allegories, not mere stories. Von Hammer thinks that AHMEDĪ and SHEYKHĪ have never been surpassed by any heroic or romantic poet of their nation. NESĪMĪ and AHMED DĀ'Ī lead the van of the mighty host of lyric poets; the first of these was a sūfī, whose heretical opinions on religious matters drew upon him the hatred of the orthodox party, by whom he was put to death. The second was a poet of a very different stamp, whose gay and flowery songs of love and wine found high favour at the joyous court which Prince Suleymān, son of Bāyezīd I., held at Adrianople, when the

Empire was for a time rent in pieces—the result of that terrible day when the Ottoman flag went down before Timūr on the plain of Angora. Unlike the first heroic and romantic writers, these two earliest lyric poets are very far from being the best that the nation has produced. Among the purely religious writers of this period, the first, ‘ĀSHĪQ, surnamed Pasha, and the last, MUHAMMED YAZIJI-OGLU, undoubtedly stand highest.

When Constantinople became the seat of the Empire, a change took place: lyric poetry (*gazels* and *qasidas*) began to receive the largest share of the attention of Ottoman poets, which, as we have seen, had till then been devoted to long religious poems, each an entire book in itself, sometimes more. As the Empire grew and prospered, and extended its boundaries far and wide on every side, literature and poetry grew and prospered with it. It is a curious fact that the tone and standard of Ottoman Poetry have almost always kept pace with the political fortunes of the Empire, being high when these were brilliant, and sinking when they became obscured. In the bright days of Muhammed II. and his son Bāyezid II., flourished some of the greatest lyric poets of the nation; AHMED PASHA, NEJĀTĪ, ZĀTĪ, and MESĪHĪ are famous names in the annals of Ottoman Poetry. AHMED PASHA stood chief of the lyrists of his nation till his lustre sank before the star of NEJĀTĪ, which for a whole century continued to be the brightest object in the sky of ‘Osmānli Poetry, when, with all lesser lights, it paled before the radiance of the rising sun of BĀQĪ, the most glorious luminary in the hemisphere of Turkish Literature.

A romantic poem, worthy to be placed alongside of SHEYKHĪ's *Shirīn*, on the oft-told story of Yūsuf and Zuleykhā, was at this time written by HAMDĪ, son of the famous Sheykh Aq Shemsu'd-Din. The learned legist AHMED KEMĀL PASHA-ZĀDA, whom Sultan Selim I. took along with him to the

conquest of Egypt, also composed a poem on the same very favourite subject. About this time, too, occurs the first mention of poetesses in the Ottoman biographies: ZEYNEB and MIHRĪ are the names of the two ladies who, so far as we know, first cultivated the poetic art among their people.

At this period, as indeed at every period when the Empire has been in a flourishing condition, all possible encouragement was given to Poetry as well as to every other branch of literature. Not only did the Sultans, Princes, and Vezirs foster Poetry by rewarding and patronising authors, but they wrote poems themselves. MURĀD II., father of the Conqueror of Constantinople, was the first of the Poet-Sultans of the Ottomans; a few distichs by him are embalmed in the pages of the biographers. The House of 'Osmān has been gifted to a very remarkable degree with the poetic vein; among its members—Sultans, Princes, and Princesses—it can perhaps show a greater number of poets than any other royal line in the whole course of history. MUHAMMED II., the Conqueror, was himself a good poet, though he was surpassed by his son, the talented, but unfortunate PRINCE JEM, who vainly contested the throne with his elder brother Bāyezīd II., likewise a poet. SULTAN SELĪM I., Bāyezīd's son, is said to be the best of all the imperial poets, but his writings are mostly in Persian.

Following their masters' example, many of the great officers of state devoted their leisure to the study and composition of poetry; among the most remarkable of these are the Vezirs AHMED PASHA, the great lyrist, and MAHMŪD PASHA, who wrote under the name of 'ADENĪ.

Under Suleymān I. and Selim II. the Ottoman Empire reached the summit of its glory; throughout these two reigns it was the mightiest power on earth. Never did the Crescent shine so brightly as during the long reign of the wise and valiant Suleymān: north and south, east and west, went the Ottoman

armies, "conquering and to conquer;" while the Ottoman fleets swept the Mediterranean from end to end. Before the walls of Vienna and on the shores of Malta alone did Fortune refuse to smile upon their arms. Many causes had tended to bring about this result, one of the chief of which was, that all the first ten Sultans were individually and innately great men—men who would have distinguished themselves no matter what their position or circumstances might have been. They were great administrators no less than great warriors; had they not been so—had they been mere barbarian Tātār conquerors like Jengiz or Timūr—their empire would, like the empires of these two soldiers, at once have fallen to pieces.

The Poetry of the Ottomans, like their Empire, had now reached its zenith, BĀQĪ, LĀMI'Ī, FUZŪLĪ, YAHYA BEG, GAZĀLĪ, and FAZLĪ are all great poets; the first two, the very greatest. Suleymān himself wrote *gazels* under the name of MUHIBBĪ. Of his sons, his successor, SELĪM II., and the Princes MUSTAFA, BĀYEZĪD, MUHAMMED, and JIHĀN-GĪR composed verses, and were besides protectors of poets. Selim II., very different from his gallant predecessors, was a drunken profligate, with scarce a spark of the Ottoman in his breast; however, notwithstanding his faults, this Sultan wrote some very pretty *gazels*, under the *takhallus* of SELĪMĪ.

On the accession of Murād III. in 1574, the Empire began to decline, and, under a succession of effeminate sovereigns, continued on the downward path, till arrested, half a century later, by the iron arm of Murād IV. Although this period was lit up with some bright flashes, such as the Battle of Kerestes (in some respects one of the most remarkable victories ever gained by the Ottomans over their Christian foes), it was by far the darkest through which the Empire had yet passed. Along with political glory sank Poetry; not that writers of verse were not numerous, but few of them deserved



the name of poets. 'ATĀ'ī, the MUFTĪ YAHYA, and (a little later) the satirist NEF'ī are the only really great poets of this time. The five feeble Sultans MURĀD III., MUHAMMED III., AHMED I., MUSTAFA I., and 'OSMĀN II., who occupied the throne between Selim II. and Murād IV., all composed poems, some of which are not lacking in grace and tenderness.

Very different from these was Sultan Murād IV., brother of 'Osmān II. : in his breast burned the strong fierce spirit of the First Selim : to such a state had corruption and anarchy reduced the Empire that probably nothing short of tyrant vigour could preserve it from dissolution ; and of this Murād had ample store. He was successful ; not only did he save the state from death, he inspired it with new life ; and in the reign of his nephew Muhammed IV., for the second time, broke the wave of Turkish military might against the walls of Vienna. The stream of reviving vigour coursed through the whole frame and spirit of the Empire, and with national greatness rose once more literary excellence. The illustrious family of the Kuprulus, whose wise administration did so much to strengthen the tottering fabric of the state, did not neglect, among more pressing duties, to extend their protection to men of letters.

We may pause here to notice that from Murād II. to Murād IV., inclusive, we have an unbroken line of Poet-Sultans : verses by each of the twelve monarchs whose reigns fall within that period are preserved to this day. When regard is had to this and to the further fact that *gazels* have been composed by several other Sultans (notably, Selim III. and Mahmūd II.), as well as by many Princes who never ascended the throne, it must be conceded that the claim which, a page or two back, was advanced for the House of 'Osmān is not unworthy of consideration. But although the Ottoman Sultans may perhaps have cultivated Poetry with greater assiduity

and success than any other race of Kings, they are very far from being the only Oriental sovereigns who have practised this graceful art ; indeed the composition of verses seems to have been always a favourite pursuit of Muslim monarchs : and many poems, some of high merit, written by Arabian and Spanish Khalifas, Tātār Sultans, Persian Shāhs, Afgān Emīrs, Crimean Khāns, and Indian Emperors, remain to attest the learning and refinement that adorned those Asian sovereigns.

The fresh strength with which the energetic but fierce genius of Murād IV. had inspired the Empire lasted through the reigns of his brother the voluptuary Ibrāhīm and his nephew, the great huntsman, Muhammed IV., till the terrible disaster before Vienna thrust the Ottoman Power once more on to the steep incline of ruin. In spite of the noble efforts of the Kuprulus, which, though they did much to break the fall, could not avert it, the state sank rapidly, till, in the days of Selim III., it reached the very verge of extinction. The history of Poetry shows during this period of decline one great name, NĀBĪ, a poet whose works are unsurpassed by those of any subsequent author. ‘ĀRIF, SĀMĪ, the two VEHBĪS, and, later, GĀLIB are good poets ; for the rest, though numerous, they have little merit.

Selim III. saw the woeful plight of his country ; he perceived that sweeping changes were imperatively called for in every department of the State, especially in the army and navy, to enable the Ottoman Empire to hold out against her aggressive foes. The introduction of these reforms, which marks the beginning of a new and brighter era of Turkish history, cost this brave but unfortunate monarch his life. The Empire has never been so feeble as it was during this period of transition, when its ancient legions had ceased to exist, and its modern army was yet unformed. Sultan Selim III. wrote many poems which show how deeply he felt the sadness of his lot.

Mahmūd II. (another poet) successfully continued his cousin's work ; and his successors have done the same. Though the Empire has sustained many shocks during the reigns of these last Sultans, they have been almost always caused by foreign violence or treachery, and are not the results (as used to be the case) of internal weakness and anarchy. Even when such blows have taken the form of insurrections, they are still almost invariably to be traced, as in the instance of last revolts in Bulgaria and Servia, to the intrigues of foreign emissaries. The old race of rebellious Pashas, who, setting the Sultan's authority at defiance, and oftentimes making successful war upon his troops, used to carve out of his provinces ephemeral kingdoms for themselves, has long since passed away. Even in extent of territory, the Empire may be said not to have decreased, but increased ; for, though many of its old European provinces have fallen away from the sway of Constantinople, Sultan 'Abdu-'l-Hamīd II. holds rule over vast territories in Africa, of which "even Suleymān in all his glory" was ignorant of the very names.

Of the many illustrious poets who have flourished in the present century, none holds a higher position than 'IZZET MOLLA, the author of the *Mihnet-i Keshān* ; and the talented ZIVĀ PASHA, who died but a few years ago, may also justly lay claim to a distinguished position among the poets of his nation.



OTTOMAN POEMS.







SELİM I.  
SULTAN SELİM I.

*From a Turkish Painting.*



# OTTOMAN POEMS.

‘ĀSHIQ PASHA.

733 [1332]<sup>1</sup>

FROM THE ‘ĀSHIQ PASHA DĪWĀNI.<sup>2</sup>

*Kullī ‘ālem bir ishāret dir hemān.*

ALL the Universe, one mighty sign, is shown ;  
God hath myriads of creative acts unknown :  
None hath seen them, of the races jinn<sup>3</sup> and men,  
None hath news brought from that realm far off from ken.  
Never shall thy mind or reason reach that strand,  
Nor can tongue the King's name utter of that land.  
Since 'tis His each nothingness with life to vest,  
Trouble is there ne'er at all to His behest.  
Eighteen thousand worlds, from end to end,<sup>4</sup>  
Do not with Him one atom's worth transcend.

A H M E D Ī.

815 [1412]

## I

FROM THE ISKENDER-NĀMA.<sup>5</sup>*Sarvylegil ey bulbul-i 'anqā-sifat!*

UP and sing! O 'anqā-natured nightingale!<sup>6</sup>  
 High in every business doth thy worth prevail:  
 Sing! for good the words are that from thee proceed;  
 Whatsoever thou dost say is prized indeed.  
 Then, since words to utter thee so well doth suit,  
 Pity were it surely if thy tongue were mute.  
 Blow a blast in utt'rance that the Trusted One,<sup>7</sup>  
 When he hears, ten thousand times may cry: "Well done!"  
 Up and sing! O bird most holy! up and sing!  
 Unto us a story fair and beauteous bring.  
 Let not opportunity slip by, silent there;  
 Unto us the beauty of each word declare.  
 Seldom opportunities like this with thee lie;  
 Sing then, for th' occasion now is thine, so hie!  
 Lose not opportunities that thy hand doth find,  
 For some day full suddenly Death thy tongue shall bind.  
 Of how many singers, eloquent of words,  
 Bound have Death and Doom the tongues fast in their cords!

Lose not, then, th' occasion, but to joy look now,  
For one day thy station 'neath earth seek must thou.  
Whilst the tongue yet floweth, now thy words collect ;  
Them as Meaning's taper 'midst the feast erect,  
That thy words, remaining long time after thee,  
To the listeners hearing shall thy record be.  
Thy mementoes lustrous biding here behind,  
Through them they'll recall thee, O my soul, to mind.  
Those who've left mementoes ne'er have died in truth ;  
Those who've left no traces ne'er have lived in sooth.  
Surely with this object didst thou come to earth,  
That to mind should ever be recalled thy worth.  
"May I die not!" say'st thou, one of noble race?  
Strive, then, that thou leavest here a name of grace.

## II

FROM THE SAME.<sup>8</sup>*Pes dedî bir gun Vezîra Tâj-ver.*

ONCE unto his Vezir quoth the crownèd King :  
 "Thou, who in my world-realm knowest every thing !  
 With my sword I've conquered many and many a shore ;  
 Still I sigh right sorely : 'Ah ! to conquer more !'  
 Great desire is with me realms to overthrow ;  
 Through this cause I comfort ne'er a moment know.  
 Is there yet a country whither we may wend,  
 Where as yet our mighty sway doth not extend,  
 That we may it conquer, conquer it outright ?  
 Ours shall be the whole earth—ours it shall be quite."  
 Then, when heard the Vezîr what the King did say,  
 Quoth he : " Realm-o'erthrowing Monarch, live for aye !  
 May the Mighty Ruler set thy crown on high,  
 That thy throne may ever all assaults defy !  
 May thy life's rose-garden never fade away !  
 May thy glory's orchard never see decay !  
 Thou'st the Peopled Quarter ta'en from end to end ;<sup>9</sup>  
 All of its inhabitants slaves before thee bend.  
 There's on earth no city, neither any land,  
 That is not, O Monarch, under thy command.  
 In the Peopled Quarter Seven Climes are known,  
 And o'er all of these thy sway extends alone !"

## S H E Y K H I.

830 [1426 *ca.*]

## I

FROM KHUSREV AND SHĪRĪN.<sup>10</sup>*Meğer qoudugu yer Pervîz Shâhin.*

THE spot at which did King Khusrev Perviz light  
 Was e'en the ruined dwelling of that moon bright.<sup>11</sup>  
 Whilst wand'ring on, he comes upon that parterre,  
 As on he strolls, it opes before his eyes fair.  
 Among the trees a night-hued courser stands bound  
 (On Heaven's charger's breast were envy's scars found).  
 As softly moved he, sudden on his sight gleamed  
 A moon that in the water shining bright beamed.  
 O what a moon! a sun o'er earth that light rains—  
 Triumphant, happy, blest he who her shade gains.  
 She'd made the pool a casket for her frame fair,  
 And all about that casket spread her dark hair.  
 Her hand did yonder curling serpents back throw—<sup>12</sup>  
 The dawn 'tis, and thereof we never tired grow.<sup>13</sup>  
 He saw the water round about her ear play;  
 In rings upon her shoulders her dark locks lay.  
 When yon heart-winning moon before the King beamed,  
 The King became the sun—in him Love's fire gleamed.

The tears e'en like to water from his eyes rolled ;—  
Was't strange, when did a Watery Sign the Moon hold?<sup>14</sup>  
No power was left him, neither sport nor pleasure ;  
He bit his finger, wildered beyond measure.<sup>15</sup>  
Unconscious of his gaze, the jasmine-breasted,—  
The hyacinths o'er the narcissi rested.<sup>16</sup>  
When shone her day-face, from that musky cloud bare,<sup>17</sup>  
Her eyes oped Shirin and beheld the King there.  
Within that fountain, through dismay and shamed fright,  
She trembled as on water doth the moonlight.  
Than this no other refuge could yon moon find  
That she should round about her her own locks bind.  
The moon yet beameth through the hair, the dark night,<sup>18</sup>  
With tresses how could be concealed the sun bright?  
To hide her from him, round her she her hair flung,  
And thus as veil her night before her day hung.

## II

FROM THE SAME.

*Gunul bagladi chūn Shirīna Ferhād.*

**W**HEN Ferhād bound to fair Shirin his heart's core,  
 From out his breast Love many a bitter wail tore.  
 On tablet of his life graved, shown was Shirin ;  
 Of all else emptied, filled alone with Shirin.  
 As loathed he the companionship of mankind,  
 In wild beasts 'midst the hills did he his friends find.  
 His guide was Pain ; his boon-companion, Grief's throe :  
 His comrade, Sorrow ; and his closest friend, Woe.  
 Thus wand'ring on, he knew not day from dark night ;  
 For many days he onward strayed in sad plight.  
 Although before his face a wall of stone rise,  
 Until he strikes against it, blind his two eyes.  
 Through yearning for his love he from the world fled ;  
 From out his soul into his body Death sped.  
 Because he knew that when the earthly frame goes,  
 Eternal, Everlasting Being love shows,  
 He fervent longed to be from fleshly bonds free,  
 That then his life in very truth might Life see.  
 In sooth, till dies the body, Life is ne'er found,  
 Nor with the love of life the Loved One e'er found.<sup>19</sup>

## Y A Z I J I - O G L U .

853 [1449]

FROM THE MUHAMMEDIYYA.<sup>20</sup>THE CREATION OF PARADISE.<sup>21</sup>*Ge' berî ey tâlib-i Haqq isterisen ibtihâj.*

**H**ITHER come, O seeker after Truth ! if joy thou wouldest share,  
 Enter on the Mystic Pathway, follow it, then joy thou'lt share.<sup>22</sup>  
 Harken now what God (exalted high His name !) from nought hath formed.  
 Eden's bower He hath created ; Light, its lamp, he did prepare ;  
 Loftiest its sites, and best and fairest are its blest abodes ;  
 Midst of each a hall of pearls—not ivory nor teak-wood rare.  
 Each pavilion He from seventy ruddy rubies raised aloft,—  
 Dwellings these in which the dwellers sit secure from fear or care.  
 Round within each courtyard seventy splendid houses He hath ranged,  
 Formed of emeralds green—houses these no fault of form that bear.  
 There, within each house, are seventy pearl and gem-encrusted thrones ;  
 He upon each throne hath stretched out seventy couches broidered fair ;  
 Sits on every couch a maiden of the bourne of loveliness :  
 Moons their foreheads, days their faces, each a jewelled crown doth wear ;  
 Wine their rubies,<sup>23</sup> soft their eyes, their eyebrows troublous, causing woe :  
 All-enchanting, Paradise pays tribute to their witching air.  
 Sudden did they see the faces of those damsels dark of eye,  
 Blinded sun and moon were, and Life's Stream grew bitter then and there.



Thou wouldst deem that each was formed of rubies, corals, and of pearls ;  
 Question there is none, for God thus in the Qur'an doth declare.<sup>24</sup>  
 Tables seventy, fraught with bounties, He in every house hath placed,  
 And on every tray hath spread out seventy sorts of varied fare.

\* \* \* \* \*

All these glories, all these honours, all these blessings of delight,  
 All these wondrous mercies surely for his sake He did prepare :  
 Through His love unto Muhammed, He the universe hath framed ;<sup>25</sup>  
 Happy, for his sake, the naked and the hungry enter there.

O Thou Perfectness of Potence ! O Thou God of Awful Might !

O Thou Majesty of Glory ! O Thou King of Perfect Right !

Since He Eden's Heaven created, all is there complete and whole,  
 So that nought is lacking ; nothing He created needs repair.  
 Yonder, for His righteous servants, things so fair hath He devised,  
 That no eye hath e'er beheld them ; ope thy soul's eye, on them stare.  
 Never have His servants heard them, neither can their hearts conceive ;  
 Reach unto their comprehension shall this understanding ne'er.<sup>26</sup>  
 There that God a station lofty, of the loftiest, hath reared,  
 That unclouded station He the name Vesila caused to bear,  
 That to His Belovèd yonder station a dear home may be,<sup>27</sup>  
 Thence ordained is Heaven's order free from every grief and care.  
 In its courtyard's riven centre, planted He the Tūba-Tree ;  
 That a tree which hangeth downwards, high aloft its roots are there :  
 Thus its radiance all the Heavens lighteth up from end to end,  
 Flooding every tent and palace, every lane and every square.<sup>28</sup>

Such a tree the Tūba, that that Gracious One hath in its sap  
 Hidden whatso'er there be of gifts and presents good and fair ;  
 Forth therefrom crowns, thrones, and jewels, yea, and steeds and coursers  
 come,

Golden leaves and clearest crystals, wines most pure beyond compare.

For his sake there into being hath He called the Tūba-Tree,

That from Ebū-Qāsim's hand might every one receive his share.<sup>29</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

## SULTAN MURĀD II

855 [1451]

RUBĀ'Ī.

*Sāqī, gutur, gutur yene dunki sherābimi.*

CUP-BEARER, bring, bring here again my yestereven's wine ;<sup>80</sup>  
 My harp and rebeck bring, them bid address this heart of mine :  
 Whilst still I live, 'tis meet that I should mirth and glee enjoy ;  
 The day shall come when none may e'en my resting-place divine.

## ‘A V N Ī.

(SULTAN MUHAMMED II.)

886 [1481]

## I

## GAZEL.

*Zulfuna bād-i sabā erdikja jānler defreshir.*

SOULS are fluttered when the morning breezes through thy tresses stray;  
 Waving cypresses are wildered when thy motions they survey.<sup>32</sup>  
 Since with witchcraft thou hast whetted keen the lancet of thy glance,  
 All my veins are bleeding inward through my longing and dismay.  
 “Why across thy cheek disordered float thy tresses?” asked I her.  
 “It is Rūm-Eyli; there high-starred heroes gallop,” did she say.<sup>33</sup>  
 Thought I, though I spake not: “In thy quarter, through thy tint and scent,<sup>34</sup>  
 Wretched and head-giddy, wand’ring, those who hope hope not for stray.”  
 “Whence the anger in thy glances, O sweet love?” I said; then she:  
 “Silence! surely if I shed blood, I the ensigns should display.”  
 Even as thou sighest, ‘Avnī, shower thine eyes tears fast as rain,  
 Like as follow hard the thunder-roll the floods in dread array.<sup>35</sup>

## II

## FRAGMENT OF GAZEL.

*Figerim paraladi kkanjer-i javr u sitemin.*

TORN and pierced my heart has been by thy scorn and tyranny's blade ;  
 Rent by the scissors of grief for thee is the robe that my patience  
 arrayed.

Like the mihrāb of the Ka'ba, as shrine where in worship to turn,<sup>36</sup>  
 Thy ward would an angel take, if thy foot-print there he surveyed.  
 They are pearls, O mine eye ! thou sheddest her day-bright face before ;  
 Not a tear is left—*these* all are dried by the beams by her cheek displayed.

## III

## G A Z E L.

*Imtisāl-i Jāhidū' fi-'llāh olup dur niyyetim.*

TO obey *Fight hard for Allah*<sup>37</sup> is my aim and my desire ;  
 'Tis but zeal for Faith, for Islām, that my ardour doth inspire.  
 Through the grace of Allah, and th' assistance of the Band Unseen,<sup>38</sup>  
 Is my earnest hope the Infidels to crush with ruin dire.  
 On the Saints<sup>39</sup> and on the Prophets surely doth my trust repose ;  
 Through the love of God, to triumph and to conquest I aspire.  
 What if I with soul and gold strive here to wage the Holy War ?  
 Praise is God's ! ten thousand sighs for battle in my breast suspire.  
 O MUHAMMED ! through the chosen Ahmed Mukhtār's glorious aid,<sup>40</sup>  
 Hope I that my might may triumph over Islām's foes acquire !

## ‘A D E N Ī.

(THE GRAND VEZĪR MAHMŪD PASHA.)

879 [1474]

## I

## G A Z E L.

*Shād olmaq isteyen gam ıla muhtelā gerek.*

**W**HO pleasure seeks must oftentimes experience sad pain, in sooth ;  
 He must a beggar be who doth desire to win domain, in sooth.  
 Whene'er I sigh, up rise my tears, they, boiling, fast o'erflow my eyes ;  
 Winds surely must full fiercely blow, with waves to fill the main, in sooth.  
 My heart's domain now thought of thee, now grief for thee, alternate rule ;  
 This realm to wreck and waste to lay those two sublime Kings strain, in sooth.  
 Spite zeal and prayers, Truth sure is found within the cup that's filled with  
 wine ;  
 So acts of rakes are free from all hypocrisy's foul stain, in sooth.<sup>41</sup>  
 O 'ADENĪ, rub thou thy face low 'midst the dust that lines her path ;  
 For eyes with blood filled stand in need of tūtyā, health to gain, in sooth.<sup>42</sup>

## II

## FRAGMENT OF GAZEL.

*Gurdugunja 'amberīn zulfun rukh-i dildārda.*

WHEN I saw my love's hair, ambergris-hued, o'er her visage shake,<sup>43</sup>  
 "Strange," I thought, "a moon, musk-shedding, 'midst the flowers  
 its bed should make!"<sup>44</sup>

How thy locks, moon-face, are fallen o'er thy cheek in many a curl!  
 As in day he lies reposing, so in strength doth gain the snake.<sup>45</sup>  
 From thy cheek the rose and tulip tint and scent have stol'n indeed;  
 Therefore through the bāzār round they bear them, bounden to the stake.<sup>46</sup>



## Ā F I T Ā B Ī .

880 [1475 ca.]

G A Z E L .

*Yene dish yarasi var sīb-i senakhdānindo.*

**A** GAIN, then, doth this apple, thy chin, tooth-marks wear !<sup>48</sup>

Again they've eaten peaches in thine orchard fair !<sup>48</sup>

If strange hands have not reached thee, O rosebud-lipped one,

Doth thy rose-garden's pathway a foot-step print bear !

I cannot reach thee before rivals all throng thee round :

Less for true lover than vile dog dost thou care.

Witness that thou with my rivals the cup drain'dst last night,

Bears the sleepless and worn look thy languid eyes wear.

With whom didst thou last even carouse, that this day

Morn's zephyr about thee did so much news declare ?

Beholding thy lips hurt,<sup>49</sup> ĀFITĀBĪ hath said :

“Again, then, doth this apple, thy chin, tooth-marks wear !”

## ZEYNEB.

886 [1481 ca.]

## GAZEL.

*Keshf et niqābini, yeri zuku munera et.*

**C**AST off thy veil, and heaven and earth in dazzling light array!  
 As radiant Paradise, this poor demented world display!  
 Move thou thy lips, make play the ripples light of Kevser's pool!<sup>50</sup>  
 Let loose thy scented locks, and odours sweet through earth convey!  
 A musky warrant by thy down was traced, and zephyr charged:—<sup>51</sup>  
 "Speed, with this scent subdue the realms of China and Cathay!"<sup>52</sup>  
 O heart! should not thy portion be the Water bright of Life,  
 A thousand times mayst thou pursue Iskender's darksome way.<sup>53</sup>  
 O ZEYNEB, woman's love of earthly show leave thou behind;  
 Go manly forth, with single heart, forsake adornment gay!<sup>54</sup>

## P R I N C E J E M

901 [1495]

## I

## G A Z E L.

*Dil helāk eyler gūzun, khañcher cheker jān ustuna.*

**A**H! thine eyes lay waste the heart, they 'gainst the soul bare daggers  
dread:

See how sanguinary gleam they—blood aye upon blood they shed.

Come, the picture of thy down bear unto this my scorched breast,—

It is customary fresh greens over the broiled flesh to spread.<sup>56</sup>

Said I: “O Life! since thy lip is life, to me vouchsafe a kiss.”

Smiling rose-like, “Surely, surely, by my life,” she answerèd.

As I weep sore, of my stained eyebrow and my tears of blood,

“’Tis the rainbow o’er the shower stretched,” were by all beholders said.

Whilst within my heart thine eye’s shaft, send not to my breast despair:

Idol mine! guest after guest must not to one same house be led.

Through its grieving for thy hyacinthine down, thus feeble grown

Is the basil, that the gardeners nightly o’er it water shed.<sup>56</sup>

Quoth I: “O Life! do not shun JEM, he a pilgrim here hath come;”

“Though a pilgrim, yet his life doth on a child’s face hang,” she said.

## II

## FRAGMENT.

*Tashas! aukunup jurur āb-i rawāni gur.*

**L**O! there the torrent, dashing 'gainst the rocks, doth wildly roll ;  
 The whole wide realm of Space and Being ruth hath on my soul.<sup>57</sup>  
 Through bitterness of grief and woe the morn hath rent its robe ;  
 See! O in dawning's place, the sky weeps blood, without control!  
 Tears shedding, o'er the mountain-tops the clouds of heaven pass ;  
 Hear, deep the bursting thunder sobs and moans through stress of dole.

A H M E D P A S H A .

(GRAND VEZIR.

902 [1496]

G A Z E L .

*Jāna qalmar büse'-i lî'-i leb-i yâr isteyen.*

**H**E who longs for ruby lip's kiss may not calm of soul remain.  
He his head must yield who hopes the dusky locks' sweet scent  
to gain.

Still in heart abides not longing's flame when one her ward beholds;  
Him who seeks her face contents not even Heaven's flowery plain.  
Yonder sugar-lip's surrounded by her cheek's down ;—where art thou,  
O thou seeker of the rose's company without thorn's pain?  
Wouldest thou delight? Then plunge thou deep beneath Love's ocean surge:  
He who would for regal pearls dive, surely should know well the main.<sup>56</sup>  
Though the loved one mocks at AHMED'S faults and failings, what of that?  
He who seeks a friend that's blameless must without a friend remain.

## N E J Ā T I.

914 [1508]

## I

FROM HIS WINTER QASĪDA.<sup>59</sup>*Olāu chunkim melakh berf hevāden nāzil.*

L OCUST-LIKE down from the sky the snowflakes wing their way ;  
 From the green-plumaged bird, Delight, O heart ! hope not for lay.  
 Like drunken camels, spatter now the clouds earth's winding-sheet ;  
 Laded the caravan of mirth and glee, and passed away.  
 With lighted lamps in daytime seek the people for the sun ;  
 Yet scarce, with trouble, a dim, fitful spark discover they.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Moon in Sign of Bounteousness ! the Shade of Allah's grace !  
 The King, star-armed ! he in aspect fair as Hermes' ray—  
 The Khān Muhammed ! at the portal of whose sphere of might  
 To wait as servants would Darius and Key-Khusrev pray !<sup>60</sup>  
 E'en should the sun till the Last Day it measure with gold beam,  
 Nor shore nor depth could e'er it find to th' ocean of his sway !

## II

FROM HIS SPRING QASĪDA.

*Khandān eder jihāni yene fasl-i nez-bahār.*

THE early springtide now hath made earth smiling bright again,  
 E'en as doth union with his mistress soothe the lover's pain.  
 They say: "'Tis now the goblet's turn, the time of mirth 'tis now;"  
 Beware that to the winds thou castest not this hour in vain.  
 Theriaca within their ruby pots the tulips lay:<sup>61</sup>  
 See in the mead the running streamlet's glistening, snake-like train.  
 Onwards, beneath some cypress-tree's loved foot its face to rub,  
 With turn and turn, and singing sweet, the brook goes through the plain.  
 Lord! may this happy union of felicity and earth,  
 Like turn of sun of Love, or Jesu's life, standfast remain!<sup>62</sup>  
 May glee and mirth, e'en as desired, continuous abide,  
 Like to a mighty Key-Khusrev's, or Jemshīd's, glorious reign!<sup>63</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Sultan Muhammed! Murād's son! the Pride of Princes all;  
 He, the Darius, who to all earth's Kings doth crowns ordain!  
 Monarch of stars! whose flag's the sun, whose stirrup is the moon!  
 Prince dread as Doom, and strong as Fate, and bounteous as main!

## III

FROM HIS QASĪDA ON THE ACCESSION OF SULTAN BĀYEZĪD II

*Bir dun ki qilmishidi iemālina āftāb.*

ONE eve, when had the Sun before her radiant beauty bright  
 Let down the veil of ambergris, the musky locks of night ;  
 (Off had the royal hawk, the Sun, flown from the Orient's hand,  
 And lighted in the West ; flocked after him the crows in flight ;)  
 To catch the gloomy raven, Night, the fowler skilled, the Sphere,  
 Had shaped the new-moon like the claw of eagle, sharp to smite ;  
 In pity at the doleful sight of sunset's crimson blood,  
 Its veil across the Heaven's eye had drawn the dusky Night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sultan of Rome !<sup>64</sup> Khusrev of the Horizons !<sup>65</sup> Bāyezid !  
 King of the Epoch ! Sovereign ! and Centre of all Right !  
 The tablet of his heart doth all th' affairs of earth disclose ;  
 And eloquent as page of book the words he doth indite.  
 O Shāh ! I'm he who, 'midst th' assembly where thy praise is sung,  
 Will, rebeck-like, a thousand notes upon one cord recite.<sup>66</sup>  
 'Tis meet perfection through thy name to my poor words should come,  
 As to rosewater perfume sweet is brought by sunbeam's light.



## IV

## GAZEL.

*Harābī bu dur ki sulu-i jihān kim qomā d'?*

**T**RUTH this: a lasting home hath yielded ne'er earth's spreading plain:  
 Scarce e'en an inn where may the caravan for rest remain.  
 Though every leaf of every tree is verily a book,  
 For those who understanding lack doth earth no leaf contain.  
 E'en though the Loved One be from thee as far as East from West,  
 "Bagdād to lovers is not far," O heart, then strive and strain.  
 One moment opened were her ebriate, strife-causing eyne,  
 By us as scimitars, not merely daggers, were they ta'en.  
 Yearneth NEJĀTĪ for the court of thy fair Paradise,  
 Though this a wish which he whilst here on earth can ne'er attain.

## V

RUBĀ'ĪS.<sup>66</sup>

*Ey d'stmāl ganderīn ol nigōra, chiq.*

**O** HANDKERCHIEF! I send thee—off to yonder maid of grace ;  
 Around thee I my eyelashes will make the fringe of lace ;  
 I will the black point of my eye rub up to paint therewith ;<sup>67</sup>  
 To yon coquettish beauty go—go look thou in her face. •

O Handkerchief! the loved one's hand take, kiss her lip so sweet,  
 Her chin, which mocks at apple and at orange, kissing greet ;  
 If sudden any dust should light upon her blessèd heart,  
 Fall down before her, kiss her sandal's sole, beneath her feet.

A sample of my tears of blood thou, Handkerchief, wilt show,  
 Through these within a moment would a thousand crimson grow ;  
 Thou'lt be in company with her, while I am sad with grief ;  
 To me no longer life may be, if things continue so.

## M E S I H I,

918 [1512]

## I

FROM HIS SPRING QASĪDA.

*Khāb-i gajlelden uyanmagı uyūn-i ezhör.*

UP from indolent sleep the eyes of the flowers to awake,  
 Over their faces each dawn the cloudlets of spring water shake.  
 Denizens all of the mead now with new life are so filled,  
 That were its foot not secured, into dancing the cypress would break.  
 Roses' fair cheeks to describe, all of their beauty to tell,  
 Lines on the clear river's page rain-drops and light ripples make.  
 Silvery rings, thou would'st say, they hung in the bright water's ear,  
 When the fresh rain-drops of spring fall on the stretch of the lake.  
 Since the ring-dove, who aloft sits on the cypress, its praise  
 Sings, were it strange if he be sad and love-sick for its sake?

+ + + + + + + +

Prince of the Climate of Speech, noble Nishānji Pasha,  
 To the mark of whose kindness the shaft of thought can its way never  
 make.

When poets into their hands the chaplet, thy verses, have ta'en,  
 "I pardon implore of the Lord" for litany ever they take.

MURĒBĀ.<sup>69</sup>

*Düle bulbul qissasin kim şeldi zeyâm-ı bahar.*

**H**ARK the bulbul's lay so joyous : " Now have come the days of spring."<sup>70</sup>  
Merry shows and crowds on every mead they spread, a maze of spring :

There the almond tree its silvern blossoms scatters, sprays of spring :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Once again with varied flow'rets decked themselves have mead and plain :

Tents for pleasure have the blossoms raised in every rosy lane.

Who can tell, when spring hath ended, who and what may whole remain?

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

All the alleys of the parterre filled with Ahmed's Light appear,<sup>71</sup>

Verdant herbs his Comrades, tulips like his Family bright appear :

O ye People of Muhammed ! times now of delight appear :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Sparkling dew-drops stud the lily's leaf like sabre broad and keen :

Bent on merry gipsy-party, crowd they all the flow'ry green :<sup>72</sup>

List to me, if thou desirest, these beholding, joy to glean :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Rose and tulip, like to lovely maidens' cheeks, all beauteous show,

Whilst the dew-drops, like the jewels in their ears, resplendent glow ;

Do not think, thyself beguiling, things will aye continue so :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Rose, anemone, and tulip—these, the garden's fairest flowers—  
 'Midst the parterre is their blood shed 'neath the lightning-darts and showers.  
 Art thou wise?—then with thy comrades dear enjoy the fleeting hours :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Past the moments when with sickness were the ailing herbs oppress,  
 When the garden's care, the rose-bud, hid its sad head in its breast ;<sup>71</sup>  
 Come is now the time when hill and rock with tulips dense are drest :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Whilst each dawn the clouds are shedding jewels o'er the rosy land,  
 And the breath of morning's zephyr, fraught with Tātār musk is bland.  
 Whilst the world's fair time is present, do not thou unheeding stand :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

With the fragrance of the garden, so imbued the musky air,  
 Every dew-drop, ere it reaches earth, is turned to attar rare :  
 O'er the parterre spread the incense-clouds a canopy right fair :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Whatsoever the garden boasted smote the black autumnal blast ;  
 But, to each one justice bringing, back hath come Earth's King at last ;  
 In his reign joyed the cup-bearer, round the call for wine is past :

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring.

Ah ! I fondly hope, MESIHĪ, fame may to these quatrains cling ;  
 May the worthy these four-eyebrowed beauties oft to mem'ry bring :—"  
 Stray amongst the rosy faces, Bulbul, who so sweet dost sing :<sup>76</sup>

Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring

## HARIMI.

(PRINCE QORQUD.)

918 [1512]

FRAGMENT.

*Tāj u qabāyi terk edip 'uryān olayin bir zeman.*

**B**OTH crown and robe forsake shall I, I'll roam, by these unprest, a  
 while ;

'Midst foreign lands, far off from here, I'll dwell a wayworn guest, a while.  
 O minstrel fair, both harp and lute's sweet music hushed must now remain :  
 Woe's feast is spread, ah ! there the flute :—my sighs by grief opprest, a  
 while.

Sometimes I'll fall, sometimes I'll rise, sometimes I'll laugh, sometimes I'll weep,  
 Blood drinking now,<sup>77</sup> woe tasting then, distracted sore I'll rest, a while.

## M I H R Ī.

920 [1514 *at.*]

## I

## G A Z E L.

*Kh. ābdūn aḥdīm juzum nā-ghā aḥdīrdīm ʿay.*

ONCE from sleep I oped my eyes, I raised my head, when full in  
sight

There before me stood a moon-faced beauty, lovely, shining, bright.

Thought I: "In th' ascendant's now my star, or I my fate have reached,  
For within my chamber sure is risen Jupiter this night."<sup>78</sup>

Radiance from his beauty streaming saw I, though to outward view  
(Whilst himself a Muslim) he in garb of infidel is dight.

Though I oped my eyes or closed them, still the form was ever there:  
Thus I fancied to myself: "A fairy this or angel bright?"

Till the Resurrection ne'er shall M I H R Ī gain the Stream of Life;  
Yet in Night's deep gloom I-kender gleamed before her wond'ring sight.<sup>79</sup>

## II

## GAZEL.

*Ê n unvâdîm ki bana yâr-î sefî-dâr olam.*

**F**AITHFUL and kind a friend I hoped that thou wouldest prove  
to me ;

Who would have thought so cruel and fierce a tyrant in thee to see ?

Thou who the newly-oped rose art of the Garden of Paradise,

That every thorn and thistle thou lov'st—how can it fitting be ?

I curse thee not, but of God Most High, Our Lord, I make this prayer—

That thou may'st love a pitiless one in tyranny like to thee.

In such a plight am I now, alack ! that the curser saith to his foe :

“ Be thy fortune dark and thy portion black, even as those of MIHRI ! ”



## SELĪMĪ.

(SULTAN SELĪM I.)

926 [1520]

GAZEL.<sup>70</sup>*Leshker e takht-i Istānbōl sū-yi Īrān tūhtem.*

**F**ROM Istānbōl's throne a mighty host to Īrān guided I;<sup>81</sup>  
 Sunken deep in blood of shame I made the Golden Heads to lie.<sup>82</sup>  
 Glad the Slave, my resolution, lord of Egypt's realm became;<sup>83</sup>  
 Thus I raised my royal banner e'en as the Nine Heavens high.<sup>84</sup>  
 From the kingdom fair of 'Irāq to Hijāz these tidings sped,<sup>85</sup>  
 When I played the harp of Heavenly Aid at feast of victory.  
 Through my sabre Transoxania drowned was in a sea of blood;  
 Emptied I of kuhl of Isfahān the adversary's eye.<sup>86</sup>  
 Flowed adown a River Āmū<sup>87</sup> from each foeman's every hair—  
 Rolled the sweat of terror's fever—if I happed him to espy.  
 Bishop-mated was the King of India by my Queenly troops,<sup>88</sup>  
 When I played the Chess of empire on the Board of sov'reignty.  
 O SELĪM, in thy name was struck the coinage of the world,  
 When in crucible of Love Divine, like gold, that melted I.<sup>89</sup>

## M U H I B B I

(SULTAN SULEYMAN I.)

974 [1566]

I

GAZEL.

*Senin derdin bana dermāna bezer.*

**M**Y pain for thee balm in my sight resembles ;  
 Thy face's beam the clear moonlight resembles.  
 Thy black hair spread across thy cheeks, the roses,  
 O Liege, the garden's basil quite resembles.  
 Beside thy lip oped wide its mouth, the rosebud :  
 For shame it blushed, it blood outright resembles.  
 Thy mouth, a casket fair of pearls and rubies,  
 Thy teeth, pearls, thy lip coral bright resembles :  
 Their diver I, each morning and each even ;  
 My weeping, Liege, the ocean's might resembles.  
 Lest he seduce thee, this my dread and terror,  
 That rival who Iblis in spite resembles.<sup>59</sup>  
 Around the taper bright, thy cheek, M U H I B B I  
 Turns, and the moth in his sad plight resembles.<sup>61</sup>

## II

## GAZEL.

*Ikhtiyâr-i jaq eden der,âh u ceyân istemec.*

HE who poverty electeth, hall and fame desireth not :  
 Than the food of woe aught other bread to gain desireth not.  
 He who, king-like, on the throne of blest contentment sits aloft,  
 O'er the Seven Climes as Sultan high to reign desireth not.  
 He, who in his bosom strikes his nails, and opes the wound afresh,  
 On the garden looks not, sight of rosy lane desireth not.<sup>102</sup>  
 He, who is of Love's true subjects, bideth in the fair one's ward,  
 Wand'ring there distracted, mountain lone or plain desireth not,  
 O MUMBAI, he who drinketh from the Loved One's hand a glass,  
 E'en from Khizar's hand Life's Water bright to drain desireth not.<sup>103</sup>

## F I G A N I.

933 [1526]

G A V L I.

(ON A DAMASKEENED SWORD.)

*Haddā zaurūna tiḡi nigōrin rebānz dāv.*

**A** FLAME that Picture's<sup>23</sup> sabre in its deadliness of blow :  
 Like sparks upon its face the marks of damaskeening glow.  
 Is't strange that by thy side the bird, my heart, should rest secure?  
 Thy sabre damaskeened to it doth grain and water show!  
 The watered scimitar within thy grasp an ocean is,  
 In which the lines and marks are scattered pearls unique, I trow.  
 Thy sword a sky, its stars the marks of damaskeening shine,  
 My heart's blood there upon its face like break of dawn doth glow.  
 What though I call that Picture's brand a branch of Judas-tree?<sup>24</sup>  
 For there the damask marks and grains like flowers and blossoms blow.  
 FIGANI'S verse on yonder King of Beauty's empire's sword  
 Doth like unto a running stream of limpid water flow.

L. A. M. I. I

938 [1531]

I

FROM HIS MUNĀZARĀT-I SHIFĀ U BAĪAR.

ON AUTUMN.

*Ġel ey shūrīde dīl sevā dēmī dī.*

**O** SAD heart, come, distraction's hour is now high,  
 The air's cool, 'midst the fields to sit the time nigh.  
 The Sun hath to the Balance, Joseph-like, past,  
 The year's Zuleykha hath her gold hoard wide cast.<sup>95</sup>  
 By winds bronzed, like the Sun, the quince's face glows ;  
 Its Pleiads-clusters, hanging forth, the vine shows.  
 In saffron flow'rets have the meads themselves dight ;  
 The trees, all scorched, to gold have turned, and shine bright.  
 The gilded leaves in showers falling to earth gleam :  
 With gold-fish<sup>96</sup> filled doth glisten brightly each stream.  
 Ablaze each tree, and blent are all in one glare,  
 And therefore charged with glistening fire the still air.  
 Amidst the yellow foliage perched the black crows--  
 As tulip, saffron-hued, that spotted cup shows,  
 A yellow-plumaged bird, now every tree stands,  
 Which shakes itself, and feathers sheds on all hands.

Each vine-leaf paints its face, bride-like, with gold ink :<sup>18</sup>  
The brook doth silver anklets round the vine link.<sup>19</sup>  
The plane-tree hath its hands, ' with hinna, red dyed,<sup>20</sup>  
And stands there of the parterre's court the fair bride,  
The erst green tree now like the starry sky shows,  
And hurling meteors at the fiend, Earth, stones throw.<sup>21</sup>

## II

FROM THE SAME.

ON SPRING.

*Zary u sary u hāletinden bu domin.*

**F**ROM the pleasure, joy, and rapture of this hour.  
 In its frame to hold its soul earth scarce hath power.  
 Rent its collar, like the dawning, hath the rose ;  
 From its heart the nightingale sighs forth its woes.  
 Dance the juniper and cypress like the sphere ;  
 Filled with melody through joy all lands appear.  
 Gently sing the running brooks in murmurs soft ;  
 While the birds with tuneful voices soar aloft.  
 Play the green and tender branches with delight,  
 And they shed with one accord gold, silver, bright.<sup>102</sup>  
 Like to couriers fleet, the zephyrs speed away,  
 Resting ne'er a moment either night or day.  
 In that raid the rosebud filled with gold its hoard,  
 And the tulip with fresh musk its casket stored.  
 There the moon a purse of silver coin did seize ;  
 Filled with ambergris its skirt the morning breeze ;  
 Won the sun a golden disc of ruby dye,  
 And with glistening pearls its pocket filled the sky :  
 Those who poor were fruit and foliage attained ;  
 All the people of the land some trophy gained.

## III

FROM THE SAME.

*Gil ey dil nāle qil bulbuler ıla.*

**O** HEART, come, wail, as nightingale thy woes show :  
 'Tis Pleasure's moment this, come, then, as rose blow,  
 In burning notes make thou thy tuneful song rise :  
 These iron hearts soft render with thy sad sighs.  
 Within thy soul place not, like tulip, dark brand ;<sup>61</sup>  
 When opportunity doth come, then firm stand.  
 From earth take justice ere yet are these times left,  
 And ere yet from the soul's harp is breath's song reft.  
 They call thee—view the joys that sense would yield thee :  
 But, ere thou canst say "Hie!" the bird is flown, see.  
 Give ear, rose-like, because in truth the night-bird  
 From break of dawn its bitter wail hath made heard.  
 Their chorus all around the gleeful birds raise :  
 The streamlets sing, the nightingale the flute plays.  
 The jasmines with their fresh leaves tambourines ply ;  
 The streams, hard prest, raise up their glistening foam high  
 Of junipers and cypresses two ranks 'tween,  
 The zephyr sports and dances o'er the flower-green.  
 The streamlets 'midst the vineyard hide-and-seek play  
 The flowerets with, among the verdant leaves gay.



Away the morning's breeze the jasmine's crown tears,  
 As pearls most costly scatters it the plucked hairs.  
 The leader of the play's the breeze of swift pace ;  
 Like children, each the other all the flowers chase.  
 With green leaves drest, the trees each other's hands take ;  
 The flowers and nightingales each other's robes shake.  
 Like pigeon, there, before the gale that soft blows,  
 Doth turn in many a somersault the young rose.<sup>103</sup>  
 As blaze up with gay flowerets all the red plains,  
 The wind each passes, and the vineyard next gains.  
 The clouds, pearl-raining, from the meteors sparks seize ;  
 And flowers are all around strewn by the dawn-breeze.  
 The waters, eddying, in circles bright play,  
 Like shining swords, the green leaves toss about they.<sup>104</sup>  
 With bated breath the Judas-trees there stand by ;  
 And each for other running brook and breeze sigh.  
 The gales tig with the basil play in high glee ;  
 To dance with cypress gives its hand the plane-tree.\*  
 The soft winds have adorned the wanton bough fair,  
 The leader of the frolics<sup>105</sup> 'midst the parterre.  
 The narcisse towards the almond-tree its glance throws ;  
 With vineyard-love the pink upbraids the dog-rose.  
 The water's mirror clear doth as the Sphere gleam ;  
 Its stars, the flowers reflected, fair and bright beam.  
 The meads are skies ; their stars, the drops of dew, glow ;  
 The jasmine is the moon ; the stream, the halo.

In short, each spot as Resurrection-plain seems;  
None who beholds of everlasting pain dreams.  
Those who it view, and ponder well with thought's eye,  
Is't strange, if they be mazed and wildered thereby?  
Up! breeze-like, LAMB! thy hermitage leave!  
The roses' days in sooth no time for fests give!

## KEMAL PASHA-ĀDĀ.

941 [1534]

FROM HIS ELEGY ON SULTAN SELĪM I.<sup>106</sup>*‘Azmd: ne-jutūn, hazmdā pīr.*

**H**E, an old man in prudence, a youth in might;  
 His sword aye triumphant, his word ever right.  
 Like Āsef in wisdom, the pride of his host;<sup>107</sup>  
 He needed no vezīr, no mushīr in fight.  
 His hand was a sabre: a dagger, his tongue;  
 His finger, an arrow: his arm, a spear bright.  
 In shortest of time many high deeds he wrought;  
 Encircle the world did the shade of his might.  
 The Sun of his Day, but the sun at day's close,  
 Throwing long shadow, but brief while in sight.<sup>108</sup>  
 Of throne and of diadem sovereigns boast,  
 But boasted of him throne and diadem bright.  
 Delight would his heart in that festival find,  
 Whither doth sabre's and fife's clang invite.  
 In feats with the sword, eke at feasts at the board,<sup>109</sup>  
 On his peer ne'er alight did the aged Sphere's sight:

Sped he to the board's feast – a Sun beaming bright!  
Swept he to the sword's field – a Lion of fight!  
Whenever the war-cries: Seize! Hold! echo far,  
The sword, weeping blood, shall that Lion's fame cite.  
Alas! Sultan Selim! alas! woe is me!  
Let both Pen and Sabre in tears mourn for thee!

## G A Z A L I

941 [1534]

I

QIT'Ä.

FROM HIS ELEGY ON ISKENDER CHEIERI.

*Mir Iskender itibâri group.*

**H**IGH honoured once was the noble Iskender :  
 O heart, from his destiny warning obtain.  
 Ah! do thou see what at length hath befall'n him !  
 What all this glory and panoply gain !  
 Drinking the poison of doom, ne'er a remnant  
 Of sweetness's taste in his mouth did remain.  
 Retrograde, sank down his star, erst ascendant,  
 From perfect conjunction, alas, did it wane.<sup>111</sup>  
 Dust on the face of his honour aye stainless  
 Strewn hath the blast of betrayal profane.<sup>112</sup>  
 The Lofty Decree for his high exaltation  
 Did Equity's Court, all unlooked 'for, ordain :  
 Forthwith to the Regions of Eden they bore him,  
 They raised him from earth's abject baseness and stain.  
 Circling and soaring,<sup>113</sup> he went on his journey,  
 From the land of his exile to Home back again.

Neck-bounden he stood as a slave at the palace,  
Freed is he now from affliction's hard chain.  
Joyous he flew on his journey to Heaven,  
Rescued for ever from earth gross and vain.  
In life or in death from him never, ay, never  
Was honour most lofty, most glorious, ta'en!

## II

## FRAGMENT.

*Erdi khizāni 'unrumun veh ki dakhī qarāri yoz.*

COME is the autumn of my life, alas, it thus should pass away!  
 I have not reached the dawn of joy, to sorrow's night there is no day  
 Time after time the image of her cheek falls on my tear-filled eye:  
 Ah! no pretension to esteem can shadows in the water lay!  
 Oh! whither will these winds of Fate impel the frail barque of the heart?  
 Nor bound nor shore confining girds Time's dreary ocean of dismay!<sup>11</sup>

## ISHĀQ CHELEBI

944 [1537]

GAZEL.

*Gandan ulduz, ev meh-i nā-mihrbānīm, qanla sen*

**D**EAD am I of grief, my Moon no love who shows, ah! where art thou?  
 Reach the skies, the plaints and wails born of my woes, ah! where  
 art thou?

Save within thy rosy bower rests not the nightingale, the heart;

Figure fair as waving cypress, face as rose, ah! where art thou?

Through thy lips the rose drops sugar at the feast of heart and soul;

Where, my Parrot whose sweet voice doth love disclose, ah! where art  
 thou?<sup>115</sup>

Though with longing dead were Ishvq, live should he, did once she say:  
 "O my poor one, wildered, weary, torn by woes, ah! where art thou?"



Z Ā T Ī.

953 [1546]

GAZEL.

ON THE PROPHET MUHAMMED.

*Qāmetin, ey būstān-i Lā-Mekān Pīrāyesi!*

THAT thy form, O Beauty of His orchard who doth all pervade!  
 Is a cypress, wrought of light, that casteth on earth's face no shade.<sup>116</sup>  
 Though the gazers on the loveliness of Joseph cut their hands,<sup>117</sup>  
 Cleft in twain the fair moon's palm, when it thy day-bright face surveyed.<sup>118</sup>  
 To the mart of the Hereafter, when a man hath passed, he gains  
 Through the money bright, thy love, which is of joy the stock-in-trade.  
 This, my hope, that yonder Cypress in the bowers of Paradise  
 Shelter Zāvī, and all true believers, 'neath his blissful shade.

LUTFĪ.

(GRAND VEZĪR.)

957 [1550]

GAZEL.

*Firqatından çıqdı jân, ey zerd-i khandānim, meded!*

**T**HROUGH thine absence, smiling Rosebud, forth my soul doth go, alas!  
 Earth is flooded by the tears down from my eyes that flow, alas!  
 Should'st thou ask about my days, without thee they're black as thy hair;  
 'Midst of darkness, O my Stream of Life, I'm lying low, alas!<sup>53</sup>  
 With the stones of slander stone me all the cruel rival throng:  
 O my Liege, my Queen, 'tis time now mercy thou should'st show, alas!  
 When I die through longing for thee, and thou passest o'er my breast,  
 From my dust thou'lt hear full many bitter sighs of woe, alas!  
 In his loved one's cause will LUTFĪ surely die the martyr's death;  
 Let her brigand eyes from mulct for blood of mine free go, alas!

## MUKHLISI.

(P R I N C E M U S T A F A.

960 [1552]

GAZEL.

*Kif'at istersen eger mihr-i jikhān-ārā gibr.*

IF 'tis state thou seekest like the world-adorning sun's array,  
 Lowly e'en as water rub thy face in earth's dust every day.  
 Fair to see, but short enduring is this picture bright, the world;  
 'Tis a proverb: Fleeting like the realm of dreams is earth's display.  
 Through the needle of its eyelash never hath the heart's thread past;  
 Like unto the Lord Messiah bide I half-road on the way.<sup>119</sup>  
 Athlete of the Universe through self-reliance grows the Heart,  
 With the ball, the Sphere—Time, Fortune—like an apple doth it play.  
 MUKHLISI, thy frame was formed from but one drop,<sup>120</sup> yet, wonder great!  
 When thou verses sing'st, thy spirit like the ocean swells, they say.

## K H I Y A L I .

964 [1556]

GAZEL.

*Bir ebed milkina jānum hem-jawār etmek, nje ?*

**O**NE with Realms Eternal this my soul to make ; what wouldest say ?  
 All Creation's empire's fancies to forsake : what wouldest say ?  
 Wearing to a hair my frame with bitter sighs and moans, in love,  
 Nestling in the Fair One's tresses, rest to take ; what wouldest say ?  
 Yonder gold-faced birds within the quicksilver-resplendent deep :<sup>121</sup>  
 Launching forth the hawk, my striving, these to take ; what wouldest say ?  
 Yonder Nine Smaragdine Bowls<sup>122</sup> of Heaven<sup>64</sup> to quaff at one deep draught,  
 Yet from all ebriety's fumes free to break ; what wouldest say ?  
 To an autumn leaf the Sphere hath turned KHIYĀLI'S countenance :  
 To the Spring of Beauty, that a gift to make ; what wouldest say ?

SHĀHĪ.

(PRINCE BĀVEZĪD.)

969 [1561]

GĀZEL.<sup>123</sup>*Ben uje sāyt' edem tūl-i emella nejest:*

WITH longing fond and vain, why should I make my soul to mourn?  
 One trace of love of earth holds not my heart—all is forsworn.  
 There ready stands the caravan, to Death's dim realms address,  
 E'en now the tinkling of its bells down on my ears is borne.<sup>124</sup>  
 Come then, O bird, my soul, be still, disquiet leave far off;  
 See, how this cage, the body, is with years and suffering worn.  
 But yet, to weary, wasted, sin-stained SHĀHĪ, what of fear?  
 Since Thou'rt the God of Love, the helping Friend of those forlorn!

## F U Z U L I .

970 [1562]

## I

## GAZEL.

*Sabā, lutf el-dān, oñ-i derda dermānden khāber verdin.*

**O** BREZZE, thou'rt kind, of balm to those whom pangs affright, thou  
news hast brought,

To wounded frame of life, to life of life's delight thou news hast brought.  
Thou'st seen the mourning nightingale's despair in sorrow's autumn drear,  
Like springtide days, of smiling roseleaf fresh and bright, thou news hast  
brought.

If I should say thy words are heaven-inspired, in truth, blaspheme I not;  
Of Faith, whilst unbelief doth earth hold fast and tight, thou news hast  
brought.

They say the loved one comes to soothe the hearts of all her lovers true;  
If that the case, to yon fair maid of lovers' plight thou news hast brought.  
Of rebel demon thou hast cut the hope Suleymān's throne to gain;  
That in the sea secure doth lie his Ring of might, thou news hast brought.<sup>15</sup>  
FUZŪLĪ, through the parting night, alas, how dark my fortune grew!  
Like zephyr of the dawn, of shining sun's fair light thou news hast brought.

## II

## GAZEL.

*Ey wajūd-i kāmīlīn esrār-i hikmet masdovī.*

**O** THOU Perfect Being, Source whence wisdom's mysteries arise;  
 Things, the issue of Thine essence, show wherein Thy nature lies.  
 Manifester of all wisdom, Thou art He whose pen of might  
 Hath with rays of stars illumined yonder gleaming page, the skies.  
 That a happy star, indeed, the essence clear of whose bright self  
 Truly knoweth how the blessings from Thy word that flow to prize.  
 But a jewel flawed am faulty I; alas, for ever stands  
 Blank the page of my heart's journal from thought of Thy writing wise.  
 In the journal of my actions Evil's lines are black indeed;  
 When I think of Day of Gathering's terrors, blood flows from my eyes.  
 Gathering of my tears will form a torrent on the Reckoning Day,  
 If the pearls, my tears, rejecting, He but view them to despise:  
 Pearls my tears are, O FUZŪLĪ, from the ocean deep of love;  
 But they're pearls these, oh! most surely, that the Love of Allah buys'

## III

## GAZEL.

*Nola reshki rubhsārīnla baḡri khūblerin qan dir?*

IS'T strange if beauties' hearts turn blood through envy of thy cheek  
most fair?<sup>126</sup>

For that which stone to ruby turns is but the radiant sunlight's glare.<sup>127</sup>

Or strange is't if thine eyelash conquer all the stony-hearted ones?

For meet an ebon shaft like that a barb of adamant should bear!

Thy cheek's sun-love<sup>128</sup> hath on the hard, hard hearts of fairy beauties fall'n,

And many a steely-eyed one hath received thy bright reflection fair.<sup>129</sup>

The casket, thy sweet mouth, doth hold spell-bound the hūri-faced ones all;

The virtue of Suleymān's Ring was that fays thereto fealty swear.<sup>130</sup>

Is't strange if, seeing thee, they rub their faces lowly midst the dust?

That down to Adam bowed the angel throng doth the Qur'ān declare!<sup>131</sup>

On many and many a heart of stone have fall'n the pangs of love for thee!

A fire that lies in stone concealed is thy heart-burning love's dread glare!

Within her ward, with garments rent, on all sides rosy-cheeked ones stray:

FUZŪLĪ, through those radiant hues, that quarter beams a garden fair.



## IV

## GAZEL.

*Kūzgārīm buldu dar rān-i feleksen injū?*

FROM the turning of the Sphere my luck hath seen reverse and woe;<sup>124</sup>  
 Blood I've drunk,<sup>125</sup> for from my banquet wine arose and forth did go.  
 With the flame, my burning sighs, I've lit the wand'ring wildered heart;  
 I'm a fire, doth not all that which turns about me roasted glow?  
 With thy rubies wine contended—oh! how it hath lost its wits!  
 Need 'tis yon ill-mannered wretch's company that we forego.  
 Yonder Moon saw not my burning's flame upon the parting day—  
 How can e'er the sun about the taper all night burning know?<sup>126</sup>  
 Every eye that all around tears scatters, thinking of thy shaft,  
 Is an oyster-shell that causeth rain-drops into pearls to grow.<sup>127</sup>  
 Forms my sighing's smoke<sup>128</sup> a cloud that veils the bright cheek of the moon:  
 Ah! that yon fair Moon will ne'er the veil from off her beauty throw!  
 Ne'er hath ceased the rival e'en within her ward to vex me sore;  
 How say they, FUZŪLĪ: "There's in Paradise nor grief nor woe"<sup>129</sup>?

## V

MUSEDDES.<sup>136</sup>

*Dun sōye saldı bashima bir ser-i ser-bulend.*

A STATELY Cypress yesterday her shade threw o'er my head ;  
 Her form was heart-ensnaring, heart-delighting her light tread ;  
 When speaking, sudden opened she her smiling rubies red,  
 There a pistachio I beheld that drops of candy shed.<sup>137</sup>

“This casket <sup>138</sup> can it be a mouth? Ah! deign!” I said; said she:

“Nay, nay, 'tis balm to cure thy hidden smart; aye, truly thine!”

Down o'er her crescents she had pressed the turban she did wear,<sup>138</sup>  
 By which, from many broken hearts, sighs raised she of despair;  
 She loosed her tresses—hid within the cloud her moon so fair,<sup>139</sup>  
 And o'er her visage I beheld the curls of her black hair.

“Those curling locks, say, are they then a chain?” I said; said she.

“That round my cheek, a noose to take thy heart; aye, truly thine!”

The taper bright, her cheek, illumined day's lamp in the sky;  
 The rose's branch was bent before her figure, cypress-high;  
 She, cypress-like, her foot set down upon the fount, my eye,  
 But many a thorn did pierce her foot, she suffered pain thereby.<sup>140</sup>

“What thorn unto the roseleaf-foot gives pain?” I said; said she:

“The lash of thy wet eye doth it impart; aye, truly thine!”

Promenading, to the garden did that jasmine-cheeked one go :  
 With many a bright adornment in the early springtide's glow :  
 The hyacinths their musky locks did o'er the roses throw ;<sup>141</sup>  
 That Picture<sup>69</sup> had tattooed her lovely feet rose-red to show.<sup>142</sup>

“The tulip's hue whence doth the dog-rose gain?”<sup>143</sup> I said ; said she :

“From blood of thine shed 'neath my glance's dart ; aye, truly thine !”

To earth within her ward my tears in torrents rolled apace ;  
 The accents of her ruby lip my soul crazed by their grace :  
 My heart was taken in the snare her musky locks did trace,  
 That very moment when my eyes fell on her curls and face.

“Doth Scorpio the bright Moon's House contain?”<sup>144</sup> I said ; said she :

“Fear ! threatening this Conjunction dread, thy part ; aye, truly thine !”

Her hair with ambergris perfumed was waving o'er her cheek,  
 On many grieving, passioned souls it cruel woe did wreak :  
 Her graceful form and many charms my wildered heart made weak ;  
 The eye beheld her figure fair, then heart and soul did seek.

“Ah ! what bright thing this cypress of the plain?” I said ; said she :

“'Tis that which thy fixed gaze beholds apart : aye, truly thine !”

When their veil her tulip and dog-rose had let down yesterday,<sup>145</sup>  
 The morning breeze tore off that screen which o'er these flow'rets lay ;  
 Came forth that Envy of the sun in garden fair to stray,  
 Like lustrous pearls the dew-drops shone, a bright and glistening spray.

“Pearls, say, are these, aye pearls from 'Aden's main?”<sup>146</sup> I said ; said she :

“Tears, these, of poor FUZÛLÎ, sad of heart : aye, truly thine !

## VI

## MURHAMMETS.

*By hair white teinn mullağ bilür iker ai ab.*

ATTAR within vase of crystal, such thy fair form silken-gowned ;  
 And thy breast is gleaming water, where the bubbles clear abound ;<sup>145</sup>  
 Thou so bright none who may gaze upon thee on the earth is found ;  
 Bold wert thou to cast the veil off, standing forth with garland crowned :  
 Not a doubt but woe and ruin all the wide world must confound !

Lures the heart thy gilded palace, points it to thy lips the way ;  
 Eagerly the ear doth listen for the words thy rubies say ;  
 Near thy hair the comb remaineth, I despairing far away ;  
 Bites the comb, each curling ringlet, when it through thy locks doth stray :<sup>146</sup>  
 Jealous at its sight, my heart's thread agonised goes curling round.

Ah ! her face the rose, her shift rose-hued, her trousers red their shade ;  
 With its flame burns us the fiery garb in which thou art arrayed.  
 Ne'er was born of Adam's children one like thee, O cruel maid !  
 Moon and Sun, in beauty's circle, at thy fairness stand dismayed :  
 Seems it thou the Sun for mother and the Moon for sire hast owned.<sup>147</sup>

Captive bound in thy red fillet, grieve I through thy musky hair :  
 Prone I 'neath those golden anklets which thy silvern limbs do wear ;<sup>148</sup>

Think not I am like thy fillet, empty of thy grace, O fair!  
 Rather to the golden chain, which hangs thy cheek round, me compare.<sup>14</sup>

In my sad heart pangs a thousand from thy glance's shafts are found.

Eyes with antimony darkened, hands with hinna crimson dyed:<sup>15</sup>  
 Through these beauties vain and wanton like to thee was ne'er a bride.  
 Bows of poplar green, thy painted brows; thy glances shafts provide.<sup>16</sup>  
 Poor FUZŪLĪ for thine eyes and eyebrows aye hath longing cried:

That the bird from bow and arrow flees not, well may all astound.

## VII

FROM HIS *LAYLI* AND *MEJNUN*.<sup>14</sup>

## THE GAZEL OF THE MASTER.

*Jân z'erma şam-i 'iştâq ki 'âşiq âyet-i jân dâr.*

YIELD not the soul to pang of Love, for Love's the soul's fierce glow;  
 That Love's the torment of the soul doth all the wide world know.  
 Seek not for gain from fancy wild of pang of Love at all;  
 For all that comes from fancy wild of Love's pang is grie.s throe.  
 Each curving eyebrow is a blood-stained sabre thee to slay;  
 Each dusky curl, a deadly venom'd snake to work thee woe.  
 Lovely, indeed, the forms of moon-like maidens are to see—  
 Lovely to see, but ah! the end doth bitter anguish show.  
 From this I know full well that torment dire in love abides,  
 That all who lovers are, engross'd with sighs, rove to and fro.  
 Call not to mind the pupils of the black-eyed damsels bright,  
 With thought: "I'm man," be not deceived, 'tis blood they drink, I trow.<sup>155</sup>  
 E'en if Fuzûlî should declare: "In fair ones there is troth;"  
 Be not deceived: "A poet's words are falsehoods all men know."<sup>156</sup>

## VIII

FROM THE SAME.

MEJNŪN ADDRESSES NEVĪL.

*Mejnūn dōlī: "Ey yegām?-'i 'ahd!"*

QUOTH MEJNŪN: "O sole friend of true plight!  
 With counsel many have tried me to guide right:  
 Many with wisdom gifted have advice shown,  
 But yet this fiend hath been by no one o'erthrown:  
 Much gold has on the earth been strewn round,  
 But yet this Stone of Alchemist by none's found.<sup>157</sup>  
 Collyrium I know that doth increase light,  
 What use though is it if the eye doth lack sight?  
 I know that greatest kindness in thee lies,  
 What use, though, when my fate doth ever dark rise?  
 Upon my gloomy fortune I no faith lay,  
 Impossible my hope appeareth alway.  
 Ah! though in this thou shouldest ever hard toil,  
 The end at length will surely all thy plans foil.  
 No kindness to me my' closest friends show;  
 Who is a friend to him whom he doth deem foe?  
 I know my fortune evil is and woe-fraught;  
 The search for solace is to me, save pain, nought.  
 There is a gazel that doth well my lot show,  
 Which constant I repeat where'er my steps go.

## IX

FROM THE SAME

MEINUN'S GAZEL.

*Wefā her kimsaten kim istalim andan jefā gurdon.*

**F**ROM whomsoe'er I've sought for truth but bitterest disdain I've seen ;  
 Whome'er within this faithless world I've trusted, all most vain I've seen  
 To whomsoe'er I've told my woes, in hope to find some balm therefor,  
 Than e'en myself o'erwhelmed and sunk in deeper, sadder pain I've seen.  
 From out mine aching heart no one hath driven cruel grief away,  
 That those my friends of pleasure's hour affection did but feign I've seen.  
 Although I've clutched its mantle, life hath turned away its face from me :  
 And though I faith from mirror hoped, there persecuted swain I've seen.<sup>158</sup>  
 At gate of hope I set my foot, bewilderment held forth its hand,  
 Alas ! whene'er hope's thread I've seized, in hand the serpent's train I've seen.  
 A hundred times the Sphere hath shown to me my darksome fortune's star ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Whene'er my horoscope I've cast, but blackest, deepest stain I've seen.  
 FUZŪLĪ, blush not then, should I from mankind turn my face away ;  
 For why ? From all to whom I've looked, but reason sad to plain I've seen.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
FRANCISCO



CIRCLE GAZEL  
 OF  
 SHĀHĪN GIRĀY  
 Khan of the Crimea

## X

FROM THE SAME.

## ZEYD'S VISION.

*Her lahza qilividi bîz môtém.*

**H**IS grief and mourning Zeyd renewèd alway,  
 From bitter wailing ceased he not, he wept aye.  
 That faithful, loving, ever-constant friend dear,  
 One night, when was the rise of the True Dawn near,<sup>159</sup>  
 Feeling that in his wasted frame no strength stayed,  
 Had gone, and down upon that grave himself laid.  
 There, in his sleep, he saw a wondrous fair sight,  
 A lovely garden, and two beauties, mōon-bright ;  
 Through transport rapturous, their cheeks with light glow ;  
 Far distant now, all fear of anguish, pain, woe ;  
 With happiness and ecstacy and joy blest,  
 From rivals' persecutions these have found rest ;  
 A thousand angel-forms to each fair beauty,  
 With single heart, perform the servant's duty.  
 He, wondering, question made : "What Moons so bright these ?  
 What lofty, honoured Sovereigns of might these ?  
 What garden, most exalted, is this parterre ?  
 What throng so bright and beautiful, the throng there ?"

They answer gave : "Lo! Eden's shining bowers these :  
 That radiant throng, the Heaven-born Youths and Hūrīs :"  
 These two resplendent forms, bright as the fair moon,  
 These are the ever-faithful—LĪYĪ, MUJNŪN !  
 Since pure within the vale of love they sojourned,  
 And kept that purity till they to dust turned,  
 Are Eden's everlasting bowers their home now,  
 To them the Hūrīs and the Youths as slaves bow :  
 Since these, while on the earth, all woe resigned met,  
 And patience aye before them in each grief set,  
 When forth they fled from this false, faithless world's bound,  
 From all those pangs and sorrows they release found !"

FAZLI.

971 [1563]

FROM HIS GUL U BULBU, "ROSE AND NIGHTINGALE."<sup>191</sup>*Ki mezer rūzgār-i māzīda.*

ONCE, in times long ago, in ages of eld,  
 Over bright realms, the fairest man e'er beheld,  
 (These in Rome<sup>162</sup> lay) a King of fame ruled in state,  
 Prosperous, glad, of joy and fortune innate ;  
 He, a King, high of rank, of auspicious part,  
 Fair of face, fair of nature, and fair of heart ;  
 All his actions on justice sure did recline,  
 All his beauty and spirit perfect did shine ;  
 Pure of mind, debonair, in council aright,  
 Heart-rejoicing, and graceful, the soul making bright,  
 He, a glorious, stately, most noble King,  
 Thus 'twas they named him, all his subjects :—King Spring.  
 Through the stream of his justice the earth blossomed fair,  
 Like to Eden the world through his mercy's air :  
 With benignity, grace, and kindness imbued,  
 With discretion and faultless justice endowed :  
 All around spread his sway like the wind that blows,  
 Everywhere swept his law like the flood that flows ;

Fair his equity e'en as the breeze of dawn,  
Making earth's face a verdant, fresh-blooming lawn.  
'Midst of his blest dominions none uttered wail,  
Save it were 'mongst the flowers the sad nightingale :  
'Gainst his neighbour did no one the dagger bare,  
Save the fresh blooming lily within the parterre ;<sup>163</sup>  
To his neighbour did no one anguish impart,  
Saving the thorn to the nightingale's heart ;<sup>164</sup>  
From his neighbour did no one the diadem seize.  
The tulip's crown only, was stol'n by the breeze.  
Herbs, in mighty array, were spread o'er the ground,  
Forming a host without limit or bound ;  
Leaves and fruits did these bear in numbers untold,  
Even more than the leaves that the trees unfold.  
'Midst of the mead narcissus-eyed guards did stand.  
Sentries, gold-uskufed, a numberless band ;<sup>165</sup>  
Tulip-like, ruby-beakered and ruby-crowned,  
Many cup-bearers lovely did him surround :  
Guards, like the lily, a thousand he had,  
All of these sabre-wearing and armour-clad ;  
Like the cypress, uprearing proudly the head,  
Many warriors valiant his banners spread ;  
Like the thorn, sharp-featured, wielding the dart,  
His were spearsmen who'd pierce the dread lion's heart :  
Many couriers his, like the zephyr in speed,  
Like the crown-snatching life was each one indeed.  
In the heaven of might, a Star bright he beamed :

In the casket of state, a Gem fair he gleamed.  
'Midst his life's garden only one rose had blown,  
One divine gift to him from God's lofty throne ;  
Him a daughter had granted the mercy divine,  
Who in earth's garden, like the rose, fair did shine ;  
Though yet but a rosebud, her name was Rose—  
In the parterre of grace a rosebud arose !  
Many rosebuds, a thousand rosebuds most fair,  
Heart-contracted, did envy her mouth in despair :  
Ne'er a rival to her in beauty was found,  
In her love was the world secure captive bound.

## N I S H Ā N I.

975 [1567]

GAZEL.

*Youn-i 'ishq-i bakhshadīn, diqqatla zardum nje vob.*

I BEGAN love's art to study, divers chapters did I read :

Longing's texts and parting's sections, a whole book would fill indeed ;  
 Union formed a short abridgment, but the pangs of love for thee  
 Have their commentaries endless made each other to succeed.

O NISHĀNĪ, hath the master, Love, thus truly taught to thee:—

“This a question hard whose answer from the loved one must proceed !”



## SELĪMĪ.

(SULTAN SELĪM II.)

982 [1574]

I

GAZEL.

*Khālīn ile sultān el bīr eylemish.*

**H**AND in hand thy mole hath plotted with thy hair,<sup>166</sup>  
 Many hearts made captive have they in their snare.  
 Thou in nature art an angel whom the Lord  
 In His might the human form hath caused to wear.  
 When He dealt out 'mongst His creatures union's tray,  
 Absence from thee, God to me gave as my share.  
 Thou would'st deem that Power, the limner, for thy brows,  
 O'er the lights, thine eyes, two nūns had painted fair.<sup>167</sup>  
 O SELĪM, on the sweetheart's cheek the down  
 Is thy sighs' fume,<sup>168</sup> which, alas, hath rested there.

## II

## G A Z E L.

*Laylī zulfun sibe-ī gamron 'ad u jānīm al'āla.*

**T**A'EN my sense and soul have those thy Leyli locks, thy glance's spell,  
 Me, their Mejnūn, 'midst of love's wild dreary desert they impel.<sup>154</sup>  
 Since mine eyes have seen the beauty of the Joseph of thy grace,  
 Sense and heart have fall'n and lingered in thy chin's sweet dimple-well.<sup>158</sup>  
 Heart and soul of mine are broken through my passion for thy lips ;  
 From the hand of patience struck they honour's glass, to earth it fell.  
 The mirage, thy lips, O sweetheart, that doth like to water show ;  
 For, through longing, making thirsty, vainly they my life dispel.  
 Since SELĪMĪ hath the pearls, thy teeth, been praising, sense and heart  
 Have his head and soul abandoned, plunging 'neath love's ocean-swell.

## III

## GAZEL.

*Yucunlen zulfun sur, keshf-i hijâbet.*

**T**HY veil raise, shake from cheeks those locks of thine then ;  
 Unclouded beauty's sun and moon bid shine then.  
 But one glance from those soft and drooping eyes throw,  
 The heart through joy to drunkenness consign then.  
 Were I thy lip to suck, 'twould heal the sick heart ;  
 Be kind, an answer give, Physician mine, then.  
 Beware lest evil glance thy beauty's rose smite,  
 From ill-eyed rival careful it confine then.  
 O heart, this is Life's Water 'midst of darkness,<sup>50</sup>  
 In night's gloom hidden, drink the ruby wine then.<sup>53</sup>  
 My love's down grows upon her rosy-hued cheek,  
 A book write on the woes it doth enshrine then.<sup>51</sup>  
 Thy wine-hued lip, O love, grant to SELİMİ,—  
 And by thy parting's shaft my tears make wine then.<sup>169</sup>

## S H E M S Ī P A S H A.

988 [1580]

## G A Z E L.

*Raqībīn k̄ū-yi yā'ituden gūzāri var, benim yoq dur.*

THE rival entry free hath to the loved one's ward, but none have I:  
 Regard unto the very dogs they there accord, but none have I.  
 The heart doth seize the Magian's<sup>17</sup> hand; the cup bearer, his glass; but I —  
 For gentle love they grant to these their due reward, but none have I.  
 To gain regard I would complain loud as the dogs within thy ward,  
 For these have power their plight to show, their griefs record, but none  
 have I.

From all eternity have I to Mejnūn taught the pang of love,<sup>18</sup>  
 How then do all the folk to him renown award, but none have I?  
 To God be praise that brightly shines the mirror of my heart, S H E M S Ī,  
 For more or less earth's glass with dust is soiled or marred, but none have I.

## Y A H Y A B E G.

990 [1582]

## I

FROM HIS SHĀH U GEDĀ, "KING AND BEGGAR."

*Sūccyle ey tūtī-i shūrīn-maqāl.*

PARROT, sweet of voice, thy song now raise!<sup>119</sup>  
 All thy words purify in Love's fierce blaze!  
 Every point of Love as whole book shows;  
 Every mote of Love as bright sun glows.  
 Drowned in one drop thereof Time, Space, in sooth;  
 Lost in one grain thereof Both Worlds, in truth.  
 Man becomes man through Love, pure, bright,  
 Teacher respected, guide of the right.  
 Through its beams everything man as chief owns,  
 Rays of sun into rubies turn black stones.<sup>127</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

He who a Lover is on God relies;  
 On, on, upward still doth he rise.  
 One day he secrets all shall descry,  
 Love makes the soul from sleep raise the eye;  
 Unto him all things shall oped be and shown,  
 Off e'en the curtain from God shall be thrown.

## MURAD I.

(SULTAN MURAD III.)

1003 [1595]

GAZEI.

*Lutf-i Rahmāna istinādīm zar.*

**Y**EA, on God's favour all my trust I place :  
 Ah ! how my soul desireth His dear grace !  
 Since with the Lord I have my heart made right,  
 All of my hope upon His aid I base.  
 I upon troops and treasures no faith lay :  
 Nay, to the Hosts Unseen I leave my case.\*  
 Bravely strive on, the Holy Warfare fight ;  
 Firm, in God's cause to war, I've set my face.  
 By Him, I trust, received my prayer may be :  
 For, on acceptance I my whole hope place.

BĀQĪ.

1008 [1600]

I

QĀSĪDĀ.<sup>17</sup>

(IN PRAISE OF SULTAN SULEYMĀN I.)

*Hengām-i sheb ki kuu,urē-i cherkh-i āsmān.*

ONE night when all the battlements Heaven's castle doth display,  
 Illumed and decked were, with the shining lamps, the stars' array,  
 Amidst the host of gleaming stars the Moon lit up his torch;<sup>18</sup>  
 Athwart the field of Heaven with radiance beamed the Milky Way,  
 The Secretary of the Spheres had ta'en his meteor pen,  
 That writer of His signature whom men and jinns obey,  
 There, at the banquet of the sky, had Venus struck her lyre,  
 In mirth and happiness, delighted, joyed and smiling gay,  
 Taking the keynote for her tune 'neath in the vaulted sphere,  
 The tambourinist Sun her visage bright had hid away.<sup>19</sup>  
 Armed with a brand of gleaming gold had leapt into the plan  
 The Swordsman of the sky's expanse, of heaven's field of fray,  
 To give direction to the weighty matters of the earth  
 Had Jupiter, the wise, lit up reflection's taper's ray,  
 There raised aloft old Saturn high upon the Seventh Sphere  
 Sitting like Indian elephant-conductor on did stray.<sup>20</sup>

"What means this decking of the universe?" I wond'ring said :  
 When, lo! with meditation's gaze e'en whilst I it survey,  
 Casting its beams on every side, o'er all earth rose the Sun,  
 O'er the horizons, e'en as Seal of Sulaymān's display.<sup>171</sup>  
 The eye of understanding looked upon this wondrous sight :  
 At length the soul's ear learned the secret hid in this which lay :  
 What is it that hath decked earth's hall with splendours such as this,  
 Saving the might and fortune of the King who earth doth sway ?  
 He who sits high upon the throne above all crownèd kings,  
 The Hero of the battlefield of dread Keyānī fray,<sup>172</sup>  
 Jemshid<sup>173</sup> of happiness and joy, Darius of the fight,  
 Khusrev<sup>174</sup> of right and clemency, Iskender<sup>175</sup> of his day !

Lord of the East and West ! King whom the kings of earth obey !  
 Prince of the Epoch ! Sultan Sulaymān ! Triumphant Aye !

Meet 'tis before the steed of yonder Monarch of the realms  
 Of right and equity, should march earth's rulers' bright array,  
 Rebelled one 'gainst his word, secure he'd bind him in his bonds,  
 E'en like the dappled pard, the sky, chained with the Milky Way,  
 Lord of the land of graciousness and bounty, on whose board  
 Of favours, spread is all the wealth that sea and mine display :  
 Longs the perfumer, Early Spring, for th' odour of his grace :  
 Need hath the merchant, Autumn, of his bounteous hand away.<sup>176</sup>  
 Through tyrant's hard oppression no one groaneth in his reign,  
 And though may wail the flute and lute, the law they disobey,  
 Beside thy justice, tyranny's the code of Key-Qubād :<sup>177</sup>  
 Beside thy wrath, but mildness Qahramān's most deadly fray.<sup>178</sup>



Thy scimitar's the gleaming guide empires to overthrow,  
 No foe of Islām can abide before thy sabre's ray,  
 Saw it thy wrath, through dread of thee would trembling seize the pane,  
 The falling stars a chain around the heaven's neck would lay,  
 Amidst thy sea-like armies vast, thy flags and standards fair,  
 The sails are which the ship of splendid triumph doth display,  
 Thrust it its beak into the Sphere, 'twould seize it as a grain,  
 The 'anqa strong, thy power, to which 'twere but a seed-like prey,<sup>6</sup>  
 In past eternity the hand, thy might, it struck with bat,  
 That time is this time, for the Sky's Ball spins upon its way.<sup>7</sup>  
 Within the rosy garden of thy praise the bird, the heart,  
 Singeth this soul bestowing, smooth as water running by

If yonder mouth be not the soul O heart enslaver gay,  
 Then wherefore is it like the soul hid from our eyes away?  
 Since in the casket of our mind thy ruby's picture lies,<sup>8</sup>  
 The mine is now no fitting home for gem of lustrous ray,  
 Thy tresses fall across thy cheek in many a twisting curl,  
 "To dance to Hijāz have the Slōm's locked 'Leh' skins," we'd say,<sup>9</sup>  
 Let both the youthful pine and cypress view thy motions fair:  
 The gardener now to rear the willow need no more assay,<sup>10</sup>  
 The dark and cloudy haired of men thine eyebrows black depict,  
 While those of keen, discerning wit thy glistening teeth portray,  
 Before thy cheek the rose and jasmine bowed in sujūd,  
 The cypress to thy figure in qiyām did homage pay,<sup>11</sup>  
 The heart's throne is the seat of that great monarch, love for thee:  
 The soul, the secret court, where doth thy ruby's picture stay.

The radiance of thy beauty bright hath filled earth like the sun,  
 The hall, *BE! and it is*, resounds with love of thee for aye!<sup>141</sup>  
 The cries of those on plain of earth have risen to the skies,  
 The shouts of those who dwell above have found to earth their way.

Nor can the nightingale with songs as sweet as Bāqi's sing,  
 Nor happy as thy star can beam the garden's bright array.  
 The mead, the world, blooms through thy beauty's rose, like Irem's bower;<sup>142</sup>  
 On every side are nightingales of sweet, melodious lay.  
 Now let us pray at Allah's court: "May this for aye endure,  
 The might and glory of this prospered King's resplendent sway;  
 Until the lamp, the world-illuming sun, at break of dawn,  
 A silver candelabrum on the circling skies display,<sup>143</sup>  
 Oh! may the Ruler of the world with skirt of aid and grace  
 Protect the taper of his life from blast of doom, we pray!"  
 Glory's the comrade; Fortune, the cup-bearer at our feast;  
 The beaker is the Sphere; the bowl, the Steel of gold-inlay!<sup>144</sup>

## II

## GAZEL.

*Mahabbat bahri dir, āhīm zelinden me:j zourur yāshim.*

'TIS love's wild sea, my sighs' fierce wind doth lash those waves my  
tears uprear ;

My head, the barque of sad despite; mine eyebrows twain, the anchors here.

Mine unkempt hair, the den of yonder tiger dread, the fair one's love ;

My head, dismay and sorrow's realm's deserted mountain-region drear.

At whatsoever feast I drain the cup thy rubies' mem'ry to,

Amidst all those who grace that feast, except the dregs, I've no friend near.

Thou know'st, O Light of my poor eyes, with tūtyā mixed are gems full bright.

What then if weep on thy path's dust mine eyes that scatter pearls most  
clear !<sup>42</sup>

The Sphere, old hag, with witchcraft's spell hath parted me from my fond  
love,

O BĀQĪ, see, by God, how vile a trick yon jade hath played me here !

## III

## GAZEL.

*Yillar durur yolunda senin pāymāl dīr.*

YEARS trodden under foot have I lain on that path of thine ;  
 Thy musky locks are noose-like cast, around my feet to twine.  
 O Princess mine ! boast not thyself through loveliness of face,  
 For that, alas, is but a sun which must full soon decline !  
 The loved one's stature tall, her form as fair as juniper,<sup>182</sup>  
 Bright 'midst the rosy bowers of grace a slender tree doth shine.  
 Her figure, fair-proportioned as my poesy sublime,<sup>185</sup>  
 Her slender waist is like its subtle thought—hard to divine.<sup>188</sup>  
 Then yearn not, BĀQĪ, for the load of love's misfortune dire :  
 For that to bear mayhap thy soul no power doth enshrine.

## IV

## GAZEL.

*Sallānan nāzila ol serī-i semon-simā mi āb t*

WITH her graceful-moving form, a Cypress jasmine-faced is she?  
 Or in Eden's bower a branch upon the Lote or Tūba-tree?<sup>157</sup>  
 That thy blood-stained shaft which rankles in my wounded breast, my love,  
 In the rosebud hid a lovely rose-leaf, sweetheart, can it be?<sup>158</sup>  
 To the dead of pain of anguish doth its draught fresh life impart:  
 O cup-bearer, is the red wine Jesu's breath? tell, tell to me!<sup>159</sup>  
 Are they teeth those in thy mouth, or on the rosebud drops of dew?  
 Are they sparkling stars, or are they gleaming pearls, that there I see?  
 Through the many woes thou wreakest upon Bāqī, sick of heart,  
 Is't thy will to slay him, or is it but sweet disdain in thee?

## V

## GAZEL.

*Qaddin qatında qāmet-i shimshād pest olur.*

BEFORE thy form, the box-tree's lissom figure dwarfed would show;<sup>32</sup>  
 Those locks of thine the pride of ambergris would overthrow.<sup>43</sup>  
 Who, seeing thy cheek's glow, recalls the ruby is deceived;  
 He who hath drunken deep of wine inebriate doth grow.  
 Should she move forth with figure like the juniper in grace,  
 The garden's cypress to the loved one's form must bend right low.  
 Beware, give not the mirror bright to yonder paynim maid,<sup>150</sup>  
 Lest she idolater become, when there her face doth show.  
 BĀQI, doth he not drink the wine of obligation's grape,  
 Who drunken with *A-lestü's* cup's o'erwhelming draught doth go?<sup>151</sup>

## VI

## GAZEL.

*'Āritin āb-i nāb dir gīyā.*

**T**HY cheek, like limpid water, clear doth gleam ;  
 Thy pouting mouth a bubble round doth seem.  
 The radiance of thy cheek's sun on the heart  
 Like moonlight on the water's face doth beam.  
 The heart's page, through the tracings of thy down,<sup>51</sup>  
 A volume all illumined one would deem.  
 That fair Moon's sunny love the earth have burned,  
 It warm as rays of summer sun doth stream.  
 At woeful sorrow's feast my blood-shot eyes,  
 Two beakers of red wine would one esteem.  
 BĀQĪ, her mole dark-hued like ambergris,  
 A fragrant musk-pod all the world would deem.

## VII

## GAZEL.

*Dil dard-i 'ishq-i yâr ile bezm-i belâda dîr.*

ALL sick the heart with love for her, sad at the feast of woe :  
 Bent form, the harp ; low wail, the flute ; heart's blood for wine  
 doth flow.<sup>77</sup>

Prone lies the frame her path's dust 'neath, in union's stream the eye,<sup>162</sup>  
 In air the mind, the soul 'midst separation's fiery glow.  
 O ever shall it be my lot, zone-like, thy waist to clasp !  
 'Twixt us, O love, the dagger-blade of severance doth show !  
 Thou art the Queen of earth, thy cheeks are Towers of might, this day,  
 Before thy Horse, like Pawns, the Kings of grace and beauty go.<sup>163</sup>  
 Him hinder not, beside thee let him creep, O Shade-like stay !  
 BÂQI, thy servant, O my Queen, before thee lieth low.



## VIII

## GAZEL.

(O N A U T U M N.)

*Nām u mshānc qālmadi fasl-i bahārden.*

**L**O, ne'er a trace or sign of springtide's beauty doth remain ;  
 Fall'n 'midst the garden lie the leaves, now all their glory vain.  
 Bleak stand the orchard trees, all clad in tattered dervish rags ;  
 Dark Autumn's blast hath torn away the hands from off the plane.<sup>99</sup>  
 From each hill-side they come and cast their gold low at the feet  
 Of garden trees, as hoped the streams from these some boon to gain.<sup>104</sup>  
 Stay not within the parterre, let it tremble with its shame :  
 Bare every shrub, this day doth nought or leaf or fruit retain.  
 BĀQĪ, within the garden lies full many a fallen leaf ;  
 Low lying there, it seems they 'gainst the winds of Fate complain.

## IX

## GAZEL.

*Lāle-khāller qildīlar gul-gesht-i sahrā semt semt.*

**T**ULIP-CHEEKED ones over rosy field and plain stray all around ;  
 Mead and garden cross they, looking wistful each way, all around.  
 These the lovers true of radiant faces, aye, but who the fair?  
 Lissom Cypress, thou it is whom eager seek they all around.  
 Band on band Woe's legions camped before the City of the Heart,  
 There, together leagued, sat Sorrow, Pain, Strife, Dismay, all around.  
 From my weeping flows the river of my tears on every side,  
 Like an ocean 'tis again, a sea that casts spray all around.  
 Forth through all the Seven Climates have the words of BĀQĪ gone ;  
 This refulgent verse recited shall be always, all around.

## X

## G A Z E L.

*Jemālin āfitābinden olur nūr.*

FROM thine own beauty's radiant sun doth light flow ;  
 How lustrously doth now the crystal glass show !  
 Thy friend's the beaker, and the cup's thy comrade ;  
 Like to the dregs why dost thou me aside throw ?  
 Hearts longing for thy beauty can resist not ;  
 Hold, none can bear the dazzling vision's bright glow !  
 United now the lover, and now parted ;  
 This world is sometimes pleasure and sometimes woe.  
 Bound in the spell of thy locks' chain is BĀQĪ,  
 Mad he, my Liege, and to the mad they grace show.

## XI

## GAZEL.

*Peyāle khusrev-i milk-i gama tāj-i keyānī dir.*

THE goblet as affliction's Khusrev's<sup>65</sup> bright Keyānī<sup>174</sup> crown doth shine ;  
 And surely doth the wine-jar love's King's Khusrevānī hoard enshrine.  
 Whene'er the feast recalls Jemshīd, down from its eyes the red blood rolls ;  
 The rosy-tinted wine its tears, the beakers its blood-weeping eyne.  
 At parting's banquet should the cup, the heart, with blood brim o'er,  
 were't strange ?

A bowl *that*, to the fair we'll drain, a goblet filled full high with wine.  
 O Moon, if by thy door one day the foe should sudden me o'ertake—  
 A woe by Heaven decreed, a fate to which I must myself resign !  
 The fume of beauty's and of grace's censer is thy cheek's sweet mole,  
 The smoke thereof thy musky locks that spreading fragrant curl and twine ;  
 Thy cheek rose-hued doth light its taper at the moon that shines most bright,  
 Its candlestick at grace's feast is yonder collar fair of thine.  
 Of love and passion is the lustrous sheen of BĀQĪ's verse the cause :  
 As Life's Stream brightly this doth shine ; but that, th' Eternal Life Divine.

## XII

## GAZEL.

*Jāme-kh, āb ol āfeti aldiqja tenhā qoyūna.*

WHEN the sheets have yonder Torment to their bosom ta'en to rest,<sup>185</sup>  
 Think I: "Hides the night-adorning Moon within the cloudlet's  
 breast."

In the dawning, O thou turtle, mourn not with those senseless plaints ;  
 In the bosom of some stately cypress thou'rt a nightly guest.  
 Why thou weapest from the heavens, never can I think, O dew ;  
 Every night some lovely rose's bosom fair thou enterest.  
 Hath the pearl seen in the story of thy teeth its tale of shame,  
 Since the sea hath hid the album of the shell within its breast ?  
 Longing for thy cheeks, hath BAQĪ all his bosom marked with scars,  
 Like as though he'd cast of rose-leaves fresh a handful o'er his chest.<sup>92</sup>

## XIII

## TERKĪB-BEND.

ELEGY ON SULTAN SULEYMĀN I.<sup>166</sup>*Ey pā-yi-bend-i dām-geh-i qayd-i nām u neng!*

O THOU! foot-bounden in the mesh of fame and glory's snare!  
 Till when shall last the lust of faithless earth's pursuits and care?  
 At that first moment, which of life's fair springtide is the last,  
 'Tis need the tulip-cheek the tint of autumn leaf should wear;  
 'Tis need that thy last home should be, e'en like the dregs', the dust;<sup>197</sup>  
 'Tis need the stone from hand of Fate should be joy's beaker's share.<sup>198</sup>  
 He is a man indeed whose heart is as a mirror clear;  
 Man art thou? why then doth thy breast the tiger's fierceness bear?  
 In understanding's eye how long shall heedless slumber bide?  
 Will not war's Lion-Monarch's fate suffice to make thee ware?  
 He, Prince of Fortune's Cavaliers! he to whose charger bold,<sup>199</sup>  
 Whene'er he caracoled or pranced, cramped was earth's tourney-square!  
 He, to the lustre of whose sword the Magyar bowed his head!  
 He, the dread gleaming of whose brand the Frank can well declare!  
 Like tender rose-leaf, gently laid he in the dust his face,  
 And Earth, the Treasurer, him placed like jewel in his case.

In truth, he was the radiance of rank high and glory great,  
 A Shāh, Iskender-diademed, of Dārā's armed state :<sup>290</sup>  
 Before the dust beneath his feet the Sphere bent low its head ;<sup>291</sup>  
 Earth's shrine of adoration was his royal pavilion's gate.  
 The smallest of his gifts the meanest beggar made a prince ;  
 Exceeding bounteous, exceeding kind a Potentate !  
 The court of glory of his kingly majesty most high  
 Was aye the centre where would hopes of sage and poet wait.  
 Although he yielded to Eternal Destiny's command,  
 A King was he in might as Doom and puissant as Fate !  
 Weary and worn by this sad, changeful Sphere, deem not thou him :  
 Near God to be, did he his rank and glory abdicate.  
 What wonder if our eyes no more life and the world behold !  
 His beauty fair, as sun and moon, did earth irradiate !  
 If folk upon the bright sun look, with tears are filled their eyes ;  
 For seeing it, doth yon moon-face before their minds arise !<sup>292</sup>

Now let the cloud blood drop on drop weep, and its form bend low !  
 And let the Judas-tree anew in blossoms gore-hued blow !<sup>64</sup>  
 With this sad anguish let the stars' eyes rain down bitter tears !  
 And let the smoke from hearts on fire the heavens all darkened show !<sup>134</sup>  
 Their azure garments let the skies change into deepest black !  
 Let the whole world attire itself in robes of princely woe !  
 In breasts of fairies and of men still let the flame burn on—  
 Of parting from the blest King Suleymān the fiery glow !<sup>125</sup>  
 His home above the Highest Heaven's ramparts he hath made :  
 This world was all unworthy of his majesty, I trow.

The bird, his soul, hath, huma-like, aloft flown to the skies,<sup>203</sup>  
 And nought remaineth save a few bones on the earth below.  
 The speeding Horseman of the plain of Time and Space was he ;  
 Fortune and Fame aye as his friends and bridle-guides did go.

The wayward courser, cruel Fate, was wild and fierce of pace,  
 And fell to earth the Shade of God the Lord's benignant Grace.

Through grief for thee, bereft of rest and tearful e'en as I,  
 Sore weeping let the cloud of spring go wand'ring through the sky !  
 And let the wailing of the birds of dawn the whole world fill !  
 Be roses torn ! and let the nightingale distressful cry !  
 Their hyacinths as weeds of woe displaying, let them weep,  
 Down o'er their skirts their flowing tears<sup>204</sup> let pour—the mountains high !  
 The odour of thy kindness recalling, tulip-like,  
 Within the Tātār musk-deer's heart let fire of anguish lie !<sup>61</sup>  
 Through yearning for thee let the rose its ear lay on the path,<sup>205</sup>  
 And, narcisse-like, till the Last Day the watchman's calling ply !  
 Although the pearl-diffusing eye to oceans turned the world,  
 Ne'er into being should there come a pearl with thee to vie !  
 O heart ! this hour 'tis thou that sympathiser art with me :  
 Come, let us like the flute bewail, and moan, and plaintive sigh !  
 The notes of mourning and of dole aloud let us rehearse ;  
 And let all those who grieve be moved by this our seven-fold verse.<sup>206</sup>

Will earth's King ne'er awake from sleep?—broke hath the dawn of day :  
 Will ne'er he move forth from his tent, adorned as Heaven's display ?  
 Long have our eyes dwelt on the road, and yet no news hath come  
 From yonder land, the threshold of his majesty's array :<sup>207</sup>



The colour of his cheek hath paled, dry-lipped he lieth there,  
 E'en like that rose which from the vase of flowers hath fall'n away.  
 Goes now the Khusrev of the skies<sup>208</sup> behind the cloudy veil,  
 For shame, remembering thy love and kindness, one would say.  
 My prayer is ever: "May the babes, his tears, go 'neath the sod,  
 Or old or young be he who weeps not thee in sad dismay."<sup>209</sup>  
 With flame of parting from thee let the sun burn and consume;  
 And o'er the wastes through grief let darkness of the clouds hold sway.  
 Thy talents and thy feats let it recall and weep in blood,  
 Yea, let thy sabre from its sheath plunge in the darksome clay.  
 Its collar, through its grief and anguish, let the reed-pen tear!  
 And let the earth its vestment rend through sorrow and despair!

Thy sabre made the foe the anguish dire of wounds to drain;  
 Their tongues are silenced, none who dares to gainsay doth remain.  
 The youthful cypress, head-exalted, looked upon thy lance,  
 And ne'er its lissom twigs their haughty airs displayed again.  
 Where'er thy stately charger placed his hoof, from far and near  
 Flocked nobles, all upon thy path their lives to offer fain.  
 In desert of mortality the bird, desire, rests ne'er;  
 Thy sword in cause of God did lives as sacrifice ordain.  
 As sweeps a scimitar, across earth's face on every side,  
 Of iron-girded heroes of the world thou threw'st a chain.  
 Thou took'st a thousand idol-temples, turnèdst all to mosques;  
 Where jangled bells thou mad'st be sung the Call to Prayers' strain.  
 At length is struck the signal-drum, and thou hast journeyed hence;  
 Lo! thy first resting-place is Eden's flowery, verdant plain.

Praise is to God! for He in the Two Worlds hath blessèd thee,  
And caused thy glorious name, *Hero* and *Martyr* both to be.<sup>217</sup>

BĀQĪ, the beauty of the King, the heart's delight, behold!<sup>211</sup>  
The mirror of the work of God, the Lord of Right, behold!  
The dear old man hath passed away from th' Egypt sad, the world;  
The youthful Prince, alert and fair as Joseph bright, behold!  
The Sun hath risen, and the Dawning grey hath touched its bourne;  
The lovely face of yon Khusrev,<sup>65</sup> whose soul is light, behold!  
This chace now to the grave hath sent the Behrām of the Age;  
Go, at his threshold serve, King Erdeshr̄ir aright, behold!<sup>212</sup>  
The blast of Fate to all the winds hath blown Suleymān's throne;<sup>115</sup>  
Sultan Selim Khān on Iskender's<sup>5</sup> couch of might, behold!  
The Tiger of the mount of war to rest in sleep hath gone;  
The Lion who doth now keep watch on glory's height, behold!  
The Peacock fair of Eden's mead hath soared to Heaven's parterre;<sup>213</sup>  
The lustre of the Huma of high, happy flight, behold!  
Eternal may the glory of the heaven-high Khusrev dwell!  
Blessings be on the Monarch's soul and spirit:—and farewell!

## ‘A D L Ī .

(SULTAN MUHAMMED III.)

1012 [1603]

## G A Z E L .

*Yōq durur zulma rīzāmī: ‘adllo bī: mā’illēvīz.*

**C**RUEL tyranny we love not, nay, to justice we incline;  
 Full contentedly our eyes wait for the blest command divine.  
 Know we truly, for a mirror, world-reflecting, is our heart;  
 Yet conceive not us to Fortune's ever-changeful ways supine.  
 To the rule of God submissive, all concern we cast aside;  
 We indeed on Him confiding, on His providence recline.  
 Shall our heart anoint its eye then with the kuhl of Isfahān?<sup>41</sup>  
 Pleased it with this tūtyā: dust that doth the Fair One's pathway line.<sup>42</sup>  
 Since our heart, ‘ADLĪ, within Love's crucible was purified,  
 'Midst the universe, from guile and guilt free, bright our soul doth shine.

## B A K H T Ī.

( S U L T A N   A H M E D   I . )

1026 [1617]

## G A Z E L.

*Būy ersa jān meshūmmīna fasl-i bahārden.*

O THAT a fragrant breath might reach the soul from early spring!  
 O that with warbling sweet of birds the groves once more might  
 ring!

O that in melody the songs anew might rose-like swell!

That fresh in grace and voice the nightingale be heard to sing!

O that the New Year's Day were come, when, minding times gone by,<sup>214</sup>

Should each and all from Time and Fate demand their reckoning!

In short, O BAKHTĪ, would the early vernal days were here,

Then, 'midst the mead, ne'er should we part from brink of limpid spring.

## FĀRĪSĪ.

(SULTAN 'OSMAN II.)

1031 [1622]

## GAZEL.

*Giirduşum gibi seni öldü gunül âvâra.*

SOON as I beheld thee, mazed and wildered grew my sad heart ;  
 How shall I my love disclose to thee who tyrant dread art ?  
 How shall I hold straight upon my road, when yonder Torment  
 Smitten hath my breast with deadly wounds by her eyelash-dart ?  
 Face, a rose ; and mouth, a rosebud ; form, a slender sapling—  
 How shall I not be the slave of Princess such as thou art ?  
 Ne'er hath heart a beauty seen like her of graceful figure ;  
 Joyous would I for yon charmer's eyebrow with my life part.  
 FĀRĪSĪ, what can I do but love that peerless beauty ?  
 Ah ! this aged Sphere hath made me lover of yon sweetheart.

‘A T Ā’ I.

1045 [1635]

M U S E D D E S.

*Āh kim bagrīm fēymāne gibī dōdū khūn.*

AH! that once again my heart with blood is filled, like beaker, high ;  
 At the feast of parting from my love I fell, and prostrate lie :  
 O'er this wildered heart the gloom of frenzy, conquering, doth fly ;  
 In the valley of distraction ne'er a guide can I descry.

Heedless mistress! loveless Fortune! ever-shifting, restless sky!<sup>114</sup>  
 Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-starred foeman! feeble I!

In the land of exile loomed dark on one side the night of woe,  
 Nowhere o'er me did the lustrous moon of beauty's heaven glow :  
 Yonder glared the Two Infortunes,<sup>78</sup> sank my helping planet low :  
 Here did fortune, there did gladness, parting from me, distant go.

Heedless mistress! loveless Fortune! ever-shifting, restless sky!  
 Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-starred foeman! feeble I!

Strange is't if the nightingale, my heart, in thousand notes doth wail?  
 Fate to part it from the rosebud, the beloved, did prevail :

Whilst I'm on the thorn of anguish, rivals with my love regale :  
 Why recite my woes, O comrades? space were none to tell their tale !  
 Heedless mistress! loveless Fortune! ever-shifting, restless sky!  
 Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-starred foeman! feeble I!

E'en a moment at the feast of woes from tears can I refrain?  
 How shall not the wine, my tears, down rolling, all my vestment stain?  
 Can it be with e'en one breath I should not like the reed complain?  
 Sad, confused, like end of banquet,<sup>25</sup> why then should not I remain?  
 Heedless mistress! loveless Fortune! ever-shifting, restless sky!  
 Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-starred foeman! feeble I!

Yonder Princess, though I served her, pitiless drove me away,  
 Banished me far from her city, sent me from her court's array :  
 When I parted from her tresses, black the world before me lay ;  
 Helpless 'midst the darkness did I, like unto 'Aṭā', stray.  
 Heedless mistress! loveless Fortune! ever-shifting, restless sky!  
 Sorrows many! friends not any! strong-starred foeman! feeble I!

N E F ' I.

1045 [1635]

G A Z E ' L.

*'Ā'ij ol, ehl-i dīl ol, rīnd qalender-meshreb ol.*

**B**E thou wise and thoughtful, e'en as qalender in mind be free;<sup>216</sup>  
 Nor a faithless, graceless paynim, nor a bigot Muslim be.  
 Be not vain of wisdom, though thou be the Plato of the age;<sup>217</sup>  
 Be a school-child when a learned man and righteous thou dost see.  
 Like the world-adorning sun, rub thou thy face low 'midst the dust;  
 Overwhelm earth with thy planet, yet without a planet be.<sup>218</sup>  
 Fret not after Khizar, rather go, and, like to NEF'I's heart,  
 At the channel of Life's Stream of grace drink full contentedly.<sup>219</sup>



H Ā F I Z P A S H A.

(GRAND VEZĪR.)

1041 [1632]

G A Z E L.<sup>219</sup>

TO SULTAN MURĀD IV.

*Aldi etrāfi 'adur imlāda 'asker yoq-mi-dī ?*

**R**OUND us foes throng, host to aid us here in sad plight, is there  
 none?

In the cause of God to combat, chief of tried might, is there none?

None who will checkmate the foe, Castle to Castle, face to face?

In the battle who will Queen-like guide the brave Knight, is there none?—

Midst a fearful whirlpool we are fallen helpless, send us aid!

Us to rescue, a strong swimmer in our friends' sight, is there none?

Midst the fight to be our comrade, head to give or heads to take,

On the field of earth a hero of renown bright, is there none?

Know we not wherefore in turning off our woes ye thus delay;

Day of Reckoning, aye, and question of the poor's plight, is there none?

With us 'midst the foeman's flaming streams of scorching fire to plunge,

Salamander with experience of Fate dight, is there none?

This our letter, to the court of Sultan Murād, quick to bear,

Pigeon, rapid as the storm-wind in its swift flight, is there none?

## MURĀDĪ.

(SULTAN MURĀD IV.)

1049 [1640]

## I

## GAZEL.

IN REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

*Hāfizā, Bagdāda imdād etmege er yoq-mi-dir?*

TO relieve Bagdād, O Hāfiz, man of tried might, is there none?  
 Aid from us thou seek'st, then with thee host of fame bright, is  
 there none?

“I'm the Queen the foe who'll checkmate,” thus it was that thou didst say:  
 Room for action now against him with the brave Knight, is there none?  
 Though we know thou hast no rival in vain-glorious, empty boasts,  
 Yet to take dread vengeance on thee, say, a Judge right, is there none?  
 Whilst thou layest claim to manhood, whence this cowardice of thine?  
 Thou art frightened, yet beside thee fearing no fight, is there none?  
 Heedless of thy duty thou, the Rāfizis have ta'en Bagdād;<sup>221</sup>  
 Shall not God thy foe be? Day of Reckoning, sure, right, is there none?  
 They have wrecked Ebū-Hanifa's city through thy lack of care;<sup>222</sup>  
 O in thee of Islām's and the Prophet's zeal, light, is there none?

God, who favoured us, whilst yet we knew not, with the Sultanate,  
Shall again accord Bagdād, decreed of God's might, is there none?  
Thou hast brought on Islām's army direful ruin with thy bribes:  
Have we not heard how thou say'st: "Word of this foul blight, is there  
none?"

With the aid of God, fell vengeance on the enemy to take,  
By me skilled and aged vezīr, pious, zeal-dight, is there none?  
Now shall I appoint commander a vezīr of high emprise,  
Will not Khizar <sup>56</sup> and the Prophet aid him? guide right, is there none?  
Is it that thou dost the whole world void and empty now conceive?  
Of the Seven Climes," MURĀDĪ, King of high might, is there none?

## II

LUGAZ.<sup>222</sup>

*Bir qal'a-i mu'allay ichinda oldu deryā.*

THERE'S an o'erhanging castle in which there flows a main,  
 And there within that castle a fish its home hath ta'en;  
 The fish within its mouth doth hold a shining gem,  
 Which wastes the fish as long as it therein doth remain.  
 This puzzle to the poets is offered by MURĀD;  
 Let him reply who office or place desires to gain.

‘A Z Ī Z Ī.

1050 [1641 *ca.*]FROM HIS SHEHR-ENGĪZ.<sup>124</sup>

SACHLI ZEMĀN. (FORTUNE THE LONG-HAIRED.)

**Z**EMĀN the Long-haired, 'midst these lovely ones see,  
 A wayward, wanton Torment of the world she.<sup>15</sup>  
 Like *Fortune*, she nor clemency nor grace knows;  
 The number of her *hairs* her lovers' tale shows.  
 The tribute from the realm of hearts her *curls* bore,  
 Seduced me have these *locks* that hang her neck o'er.

JIHĀN BĀNŪ. (LADY WORLD.)

**S**HE whom they call Jihān's a damsel moon-faced,  
 Who, like the *World*, is faithless, and doth hearts waste.  
 Save faithlessness, though comes not from the *World* aught:  
 The heart from that love of the soul can pass not.  
 Let but her mind contented be with poor me,  
 Then may the *World* divorced from me for aye be.

## LA'L-PĀRA. (RUBY-CHIP.)

**L**A'L-PĀRA as her name doth one of these own,  
 A girl whose heart is hard as is the flint-stone.  
 Her mouth in very truth 's a *ruby* bright red,  
 Her teeth are pearls, so too the words by her said.  
 Strange were it, if my heart be by her love slaved?  
 For sooth her *rubies* bear the "coral-prayer" graved.<sup>225</sup>

## ĀQ-'ĀLEM. (WHITE UNIVERSE.)

**A**ND ĀQ-'Ālem they one of yonder maids call,  
 For her the moon of heaven acteth jackal.  
 Is't strange if through her loveliness she famed be?  
 A *white* Rose on the earth is yonder Hūrī.  
 He who with that bright Moon as friend goes,  
 A *universe* enjoys more fair than earth shows.

## N A' I L I.

1077 [1666]

## M U S E D D E S.

*Firāshim seng-i khārā, pūshishim shevk-i qatād olsan!*

**B**E mine for dress, the piercing thorn!<sup>226</sup> be mine for couch, the hard,  
hard stone!

Be mine for home, grief's cot! be mine for bread, woe's tears! for work,  
pain's moan!

Be all my bleeding frame with wounds of cruel foeman's hatred sown!

Be these rejoiced in heart and gay who make my grieving soul to groan!

Be all those glad by whom my aching heart is tortured and o'erthrown!

Be those blest with their wish who say of me: "Be all his hopes cast  
prone!"

Unfaithfulness is aye the rule which guides the Sphere that loves to pain,

The inborn nature of the Skies is but to manifest disdain;<sup>114</sup>

Within the breasts of those who pleasure seek there lurks some yearning  
vain;

O heart, blest is the practice of the thought enshrined in this refrain:

Be all those glad by whom my aching heart is tortured and o'erthrown!

Be those blest with their wish who say of me: "Be all his hopes cast  
prone!"

When time is past, rejoiced shall swell the hearts of all my comrades dear;  
 And through their cruelty—my choice—my foes shall mourn in sorrow drear.  
 Let all those learn this verse of me who hap to come my pathway near,  
 And let them from the tongues of that green sward which decks my grave  
 this hear:

Be all those glad by whom my aching heart is tortured and o'erthrown!  
 Be those blest with their wish who say of me: "Be all his hopes cast  
 prone!"

Within this hostel of the world my portion is the tray of dole;  
 My eye, the birthplace of the flame, refuseth health's most pleasant stole;  
 Fatigue, the rest of my sad heart; anguish, the present to my soul;  
 Ne'er through Eternity to gain my longing is my longing's goal.

Be all those glad by whom my aching heart is tortured and o'erthrown!  
 Be those blest with their wish who say of me: "Be all his hopes cast  
 prone!"

O NĀ'ĪLĪ, is't possible to change or alter Fate's decree?  
 Annulled can ever be the edict writ by pen of Destiny?  
 My heart is gladdened with this thought, that ne'er an hour's delay can be  
 In whetting keen and sharp that axe of pain which rust can never see.

Be all those glad by whom my aching heart is tortured and o'erthrown!  
 Be those blest with their wish who say of me: "Be all his hopes cast  
 prone!"



## SIDQĪ

1115 [1703]

## GAZEL.

*Wāsil-i bi'llāh olanlar gayri ihsān istemez.*

**H**E who union with the Lord gains, more delight desireth not!  
 He who looks on charms of fair one, other sight desireth not.  
 Pang of love is lover's solace, eagerly he seeks there-for.  
 Joys he in it, balm or salve for yonder blight, desireth not.  
 Paradise he longs not after, nor doth aught beside regard:  
 Bower and Garden, Mead, and Youth, and Hūrī bright, desireth not.<sup>168</sup>  
 From the hand of Power Unbounded draineth he the Wine of Life.  
 Aye inebriate with Knowledge, learning's light, desireth not.  
 He who loves the Lord is monarch of an empire, such that he—  
 King of Inward Mysteries—Suleymān's might, desireth not.<sup>125</sup>  
 Thou art Sultan of my heart, aye, Soul of my soul e'en art Thou:  
 Thou art Soul enow, and Sidqī other plight desireth not.

## I Q B Ā L Ī.

(SULTAN MUSTAFA II.)

1115 [1703]

M U N Ā J Ā T.<sup>227</sup>

Allāh! Rabb-i lā-yezāl, yā Wāhid, yā Zu-'l-Jelāl!

*ALLAH! Lord who liv'st for aye! O Sole! O King of Glory's Ray!*Monarch who ne'er shalt pass away! *show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*

In early morning shall our cry, our wail, mount to Thy Throne on high:

"Error and sin our wont," we sigh: *show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*

If cometh not from Thee Thy grace, evil shall all our works deface;

O Lord of Being and of Space! *show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*Creator of security! to Thy Belovèd greetings be!<sup>27</sup>These words are in sincerity: *show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*

IQBĀLĪ sinnèd hath indeed, yet unto him Thy grace concede:

Eternal, Answerer in need! *show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*

N Ā B I.

1124 [1712]

I

M U K H A M M E S.

*Bu gulistānda benim ichin ne gul ne shebnem var.*

**A**LAS! nor dew nor smiling rose within this mead is mine;  
 Within this market-place nor trade nor coin for need is mine;  
 Nor more nor less; nor power nor strength for act or deed is mine;  
 Nor might nor eminence; nor balm the cure to speed is mine.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

Being's the bounty of the Lord; and Life, the gift Divine;  
 The Breath, the present of His Love; and Speech His Grace's sign;  
 The Body is the pile of God; the Soul, His Breath benign;  
 The Powers thereof, His Glory's trust; the Senses, His design.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

No work, no business of my own within this mart have I;  
 All Being is of Him alone—no life apart have I;  
 No choice of entering this world, or hence of start have I;  
 To cry: "I am! I am!" in truth, no power of heart have I.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

Q

The Earth the carpet is of Power; the Sphere, the tent of Might;  
 The Stars, both fixed and wandering, are Glory's lamps of light;  
 The World's the issue of the grace of Mercy's treasures bright;  
 With Forms of beings is the page of Wisdom's volume dight.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

Being is but a loan to us, and Life in trust we hold;  
 In slaves a claim to Power's pretension arrogant and bold;  
 The servant's part is by submission and obedience told;  
 Should He: "My slave" address to me, 'twere favours manifold.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

I'm poor and empty-handed, but grace free is of the Lord;  
 Nonentity's my attribute: to Be is of the Lord;  
 For Being or Non-being's rise, decree is of the Lord;  
 The surging of the Seen and Unseen's sea is of the Lord.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

Of gifts from table of His Bounty is my daily bread;  
 My breath is from the Breath of God's benignant Mercy fed;  
 My portion from the favours of Almighty Power is shed;  
 And my provision is from Providence's kitchen spread.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

I cannot, unallotted, take my share from wet or dry;  
 From land or from the ocean, from earth or from the sky:  
 The silver or the gold will come, by Providence laid by;  
 I cannot grasp aught other than my fortune doth supply.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine!

Creation's Pen the lines of billows of events hath traced ;  
 Th' illumined scroll of the Two Worlds, Creation's Pencil graced ;  
 Their garments upon earth and sky, Creation's woof hath placed ;  
 Men's forms are pictures in Creation's great Shāh-Nāma traced.<sup>228</sup>

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine !

I cannot make the morning eve, or the dark night the day ;  
 I cannot turn the air to fire, or dust to water's spray ;  
 I cannot bid the Sphere stand still, or mountain-region stray ;  
 I cannot Autumn turn by will of mine to lovely May.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine !

From out of Nothingness His mighty Power made me appear ;  
 Whilst in the womb I lay, saw He to all I need for here ;  
 With kindnesses concealed and manifest did He me rear ;  
 With me He drew a curtain o'er Distinction's beauty dear.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine !

God's Revelation is Discernment's Eye, if 't oped remain ;  
 The picturings of worlds are all things changing aye amain ;  
 The showing of the Hidden Treasure is this raging main,  
 This work, this business of the Lord, this Majesty made plain.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine !

Now void, now full, are Possibility's store-houses vast :  
 This glass-lined world's the mirror where Lights Twain their phases cast :<sup>229</sup>  
 The blinded thing—in scattering strange fruits its hours are past ;  
 Ruined hath this old Vineyard been by autumn's sullen blast.

O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine !

## II

## GAZEL.

*Āshiyān-i 'undelib-i zāra bir sū qalmamish.*

NE'ER a corner for the plaintive bulbul's nest remaineth now ;  
 Ne'er a palm-tree 'neath whose kindly shade is rest remaineth now.  
 Day and night some balm I've sought for, to relieve my wounded heart ;  
 Ne'er a cure within the Heavens' turquoise chest remaineth now.  
 From its source, through every country, searched have I, but all in vain—  
 Ne'er a single drop, in mercy's fountain blest, remaineth now.  
 Empty earthen pots are reckoned one with jewels rich and rare ;  
 Ne'er a scale in value's mart the worth to test remaineth now.  
 'Neath the earth may now the needy hide themselves, NĀBĪ, away :  
 Ne'er a turret on the fort of interest remaineth now.

‘Ā R I F.

1125 [1713]

I

M U N Ā J Ā T.

*Yā Rabb, ne intihā sana zāhir ne ibtūā.<sup>1</sup>*

O LORD, to Thee is never a beginning, neither end :  
 Thy mercy's ocean, limitless, doth over all extend.  
 E'en though the value-weighing hand of Thine unbounded might  
 Hath wrought astounding marvels that all numbering transcend,  
 Yet, Lord, Thou formedst Adam *in the best of symmetry*;<sup>230</sup>  
 Thou worthy of Thy grace to make this folk didst condescend.  
 Unfathomed and unsounded lies Thy mercy's ocean vast,  
 Which truly hath made earth beneath its surging waves descend :  
 O Lord, could any hurt or harm befall that shoreless deep,  
 Did Thou a single drop therefrom to this Thy servant send?  
 Since 'ĀRIF owns a Master kind in graciousness like Thee,  
 O Lord, before another's door were 't right for him to bend?  
 O Lord, thus ever doth in joy Thy blest device appear—  
 Thy greatest glory from the works of vileness Thou dost rear!—

## II

## G A Z E L.

*Derūn-i sīneya mīhr-i rukhūn tāb-efken olmush dur.*

THE sun of love for thy fair cheek the heart's core floods with  
radiant light ;

The soul's most secret court is filled with dazzling rays at thy sweet sight.  
With union's joys though blest one be, or though with pangs of absence torn,  
Are still sad wail and plaintive cry the e'er-true signs of lovelorn plight.  
Then welcome, O, thou gentlest breeze, that bear'st to him who dwells  
midst woe,

As news from yonder absent maid the sweet scent of her garment white.  
Of gilded halls no need in sooth to libertines when wine flows free ;  
Some ruined den beseems them more, like Jemshīd's hut of woeful site.<sup>63</sup>  
The sparks raised by my passioned sighs' and plainings' smoke are each  
one quenched ;

For every tear that rolleth down upon my robe's a rich pearl bright.  
O 'ĀRIF ! this poor captive bird hath grown to love th' entangling snare ;  
For curling locks to careworn hearts afford a refuge sure from fright.



## III

## M U S E D D E S.

VEDĀ'ĪYYA. (FAREWELL POEM.)

*A! Saḡā, 'azm adīp aldīn dīl-i nālānī bile.*

AH, my Joy! thou'rt gone, and my sad weeping heart hast borne indeed,  
 And my breast by bitter parting's raging fires all worn indeed;  
 Grief for thee in hundred pieces hath my raiment torn indeed;  
 Be thy escort on the journey tears I weep, forlorn indeed.

Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes my heart to mourn indeed.

Without thee, banquets where friends meet, all I have forsworn indeed.

Wheresoe'er thy footsteps wander, be the aid of God thy guide:

As the pilot to thy wishes be His grace aye at thy side:

Shadow for thy crown of glory may the huma's wing provide;<sup>23</sup>

Ah! may ever joyous, happy fortune on thy path abide.

Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes my heart to mourn indeed.

Without thee, banquets where friends meet, all I have forsworn indeed.

O thou Source of joy and quiet unto my poor grieving breast!

Hence for ever I with separation's fires am sore oppress:

Thou, Crown of my joy! my Treasure! mercy show to me distress!

Now, my Lord, to whom shall Master's title be by me address?

Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes my heart to mourn indeed.

Without thee, banquets where friends meet, all I have forsworn indeed.

Ever in thy court of service may th' inconstant Heavens' be !  
I am fallen, soul and body, to woe's depths by their decree ;  
From a kindly master like thee, merciless, they've sundered me ;  
And into the dreary vale of exile have they driven thee.

Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes my heart to mourn indeed ;  
Without thee, banquets where friends meet, all I have forsworn indeed.

Though I'm far now from the shadow of thy love, O Cypress straight,  
Still my prayers I may offer for thy happiness of state.  
Think at times upon thy servant 'ĀRIF sitting desolate ;  
Him from near thy skirt of kindness taken hath his darksome fate.

Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes my heart to mourn indeed ;  
Without thee, banquets where friends meet, all I have forsworn indeed.

## N E D İ M.

1140 [1727 *ca.*]

## G A Z I L.

*Tahammul milkinî vâfân Helâgû Khân me sîn, Kapr ?*

**T**HE realm of patience thou'st laid waste, Helâgû<sup>297</sup> hight art thou,  
Paynim?<sup>290</sup>

O mercy! thou'st the world consumed, a blazing light art thou, Paynim?  
A maiden's grace, is that thy grace, a conquering hero's voice, thy voice:  
Thou Woe, I know not, maid or youthful lord of might art thou, Paynim?  
What mean those hidden, secret sighs, and tears, and saddest grievings, pray?  
The wailing lover of some wanton gay and bright, art thou, Paynim?  
Why on the polished mirror dost thou thus so frequent cast thine eyes?  
Bewildered and distraught at thine own beauty's sight art thou, Paynim?  
I've heard that poor NEDİM hath been by cruel Paynim captive ta'en  
That fierce oppressor of the Faith, and foe of right, art thou, Paynim?

## SABQATĪ.

(SULTAN MAHMŪD I.)

1168 [1754]

GAZEL.

*Kerem-âkâsh ol'moz, ey dil, hâlini jânîmî şerâyî'ân.*

O HEART! e'en though thou tell'st thy woes, yon maid will ne'er  
compassion deign :

When constancy and troth thou seek'st, dost thou address the barren plain?

The student of the course of tyranny is yonder wanton wild ;

To look for faith or grace from her who enmity desires is vain.

That paynim glance doth hold in hand a dagger sharp of point and keen ;

And yet, O babe, my heart, thou dost to thousands sing her praises' strain.

In hope that it would yield the soul a breath of favour's odour sweet,

How yonder rosebud-mouth effaceth all, thou dost thereto explain.

O SABQATĪ, what wondrous science hath thy magic talent learnt,

That thou right royally inditest every joyous, glad refrain?

## BELIG.

1170 [1756 *ca.*]

## I

## GAZEL.

*Ol al jes kâkul uzre berg-i gul dur sunbul ustuna.*

A ROSE-LEAF o'er the spikenard fall'n—the red fes lies on her dark  
hair ;<sup>253</sup>

The perspiration studs her cheeks—the dew-drops which the roses wear.<sup>254</sup>  
Since mirrored in th' o'erflowing bowl did yon cup-bearer's chin beam bright,  
My eyes were fixed upon that wine, like bubbles which that wine did bear.  
Behold thou, then, her braided locks, as musk, all dark and sweet perfumed :  
Like ambergris, her tresses shed abroad an odour rich and rare.

Those who set forth on Mystic Path behind soon leave the earth-born love.  
The Bridge, as home, within this world of ours, no man hath taken e'er.<sup>255</sup>  
Now, O BELIG, that steed, thy reed, doth caracole across this page :  
Thy finger-points, the Hayder bold whom that Duldul doth onward bear.<sup>256</sup>

## II

## G A Z E L.

## ON A DANCING-GIRL.

*El aldūjja o chengi guzeli chārpāra.*

**W**HEN that beauty of a dancing-girl her castanets hath ta'en,  
Should the sun and moon behold her, jealous, each were rent in  
twain.

Patience from my soul is banished when beginneth she to dance ;  
Leaps with her my heart ; my eyesight, faltering, is like to wane.  
When the moon looks down upon her, must it not be scared of heart ?  
Yonder moon-fair one her crimson skirt for halo bright hath ta'en.  
In her motions and her pausings what varieties of grace !  
While her lovely frame doth tremble, like to quicksilver, amain !<sup>535</sup>  
Full delighted at her motions, loud as thunder roars the drum ;  
Beats its breast the tambourine, its bells commence to mourn and plain.  
When she cometh, like a fairy, begging money from the crowd,  
In her tambourine, had one a hundred lives, he'd cast them fain.  
Deck her out on gala-days, and take her by the hand, BELĪG ;  
Yonder spark-like Idol hath consumed my soul with fiery pain.<sup>537</sup>

## S A M I.

1170 [1756 ca.]

## I

## G A Z E L.

*Me'aj-khūz oldu yene cshk-i te'im seyl gibi.*

**S**URGE in waves my streaming tears, e'en like a rushing flood, once mo.  
 From their smallest drop, the sources of a hundred Niles would flow.  
 Overwhelm the raging billows of my tears the heart's frail barque,  
 Though the mem'ry of her cheek, like to the beacon, radiance throw,  
 What my pen writes down appeareth, in the eyes of brutish men,  
 Like the needle to the blinded, of discerning clear the foe.<sup>38</sup>  
 One the beggar's bowl would be with the tiara of the King,  
 Were it but reversed, for then like to the royal crown 'twould show.<sup>3</sup>  
 Though it be coarse as a rush-mat, is that soul the seat of grace,  
 Which doth, like the wattle-basket, freely bread to guests bestow.  
 "Yonder hair-waist I encircled," did the braggart rival say;  
 But her waist exists not—hair-like slight his boasting's truth doth show.<sup>4</sup>  
 O thou vain one! see, what anguish to the head of Nimrod brought  
 Was by one gnat's sting, which like to trunk of elephant did grow.<sup>4</sup>  
 SĀMĪ, it is thy intention to compare to Heaven's bowers  
 These thy distichs eight, with shining flowers of rhetoric that glow.<sup>4</sup>

## II

## FRAGMENT.

*Medh-i Kezserle guul sanma dusher me'mūla.*

THINK not that with Kezser's praises hearts become of joy full;<sup>50</sup>  
 Preacher, rather doth the tale of mouth and kiss the soul rule.  
 Thinking of her rubies red, whene'er I drink tobacco,  
 The nargila's a flask of wine, the pipe-bowl is a sumbul.<sup>53</sup>  
 Know how holy is her land:—who dwelleth in Edirna,  
 Ere he to the Ka'ba bends, doth turn him to Istambul.<sup>54</sup>



## NEV-RES.

1175 [1761 ca.]

## GAZEL.

*Dezr-i la'linda bash egmem bād'-i gul-fāma ben.*

**N**EAR thy rubies, ne'er I bow my head to wine of rosy hue ;  
 'Neath the shadow of the Magian priest, I ne'er the glass eschew.  
 Now it makes me exile's prisoner, now the comrade close of pain—  
 What to do I know not, what with this sad fate of mine to do !  
 E'en the Home of Peace it turneth to the cot of woe for me,  
 Through the longing for thy dusky mole, when Shām I journey through,<sup>21</sup>  
 Since 'tis needful midst the people that I still reside and move,  
 If the days ne'er suit me, I shall suit myself the days unto.  
 Never unto NEV-RES, never, will thy sweet words bitter seem ;  
 Speak thou, then, for I'm contented all reproach to hearken to.

## SHĀHIN GIRĀY.

(KHĀN OF THE CRIMEA.)

1205 [1789]

GAZEL.<sup>217</sup>*Yār gelip 'āshiqın menziline qılsa jāy.*

**I**F the fair one would but come in her lover's home to stay,  
 Were his eyes not filled with light by her face as bright as day?  
 Or would yonder Moon but dart that her glance as dagger keen,  
 And my rival's bosom pierce that, like flute, he breathe dismay!<sup>218</sup>  
 Fly not this poor one, Moon-face, who hath drunken deep of woe:  
 Order not that I be burned in the fire of love, I pray.  
 If the grace of God the Lord to a slave should aider be,  
 Though he lack a single groat he'll the Sphere as monarch sway.  
 Rush the tear-drops from my eyes through their longing for thy face;—  
 By its power thy sun-like face doth the dew-drops steal away.<sup>219</sup>  
 By the Mystic Pathway's side, if thou'rt wise, a hostel build,  
 For the travellers of Love, as a caravanseray.  
 Proud and noble mistress mine, with those eyebrows and those eyes,  
 Where a need of bow and shaft this thy lover fond to slay?  
 Thou hast loosed thy tresses dark, o'er thy day-face spread a veil—  
 Or in House of Scorpio is the Moon eclipsèd, say?<sup>144</sup>

Should my loved one pierce my breast, right contented sooth were I ;  
 Only worthy of her grace let that Moon-face me survey.  
 Write, O pen, that I desire, like the salamander, fire ;  
 Thus declare, should she it will, yonder lovely Queen Humāy.<sup>250</sup>  
 Is it then the shining moon that the world doth silver G'er,  
 Or the radiance of thy face that doth earth in light array ?  
 Did the caviller dispute and thy sun-bright face decry,  
 Would thy lover, like the mote, to that fool the truth convey.<sup>251</sup>  
 Lovers surely for their loves do their talents aye employ ;  
 Is it thine thy tribute now to present, SHĀHĪN GIRĀY ?

GĀLIB.

1210 [1795]

I

FROM HIS HUSN U 'ISHQ, "BEAUTY AND LOVE."<sup>252</sup>

## THE SONG OF LOVE'S NURSE.

*Ey māh uy uy ki bu shēb.*

**O** MOON! sleep, sleep thou, for this night  
 The cry "O Lord!" upon thine ear shall smite:  
 Though formed, its purpose is yet hid from sight,  
 It shall be seen—the stars' potential might.  
 Thou'lt be the roast upon the spit of pain!

O Rosebud! sleep thou then this little while:  
 The Sphere's design against thee sooth is vile.  
 For pitiless is it and strong in guile:  
 Ah! never trust it, even though it smile.  
 Thou'lt have, I fear me, reason oft to plain!

O Love's Narcissus ! sleep the sleep of peace !  
Fall at the skirt of Fate and beg surcease :  
Thy soul's eye ope—and, lo ! thy fears increase !  
Guard thee against the end of woe, nor cease.  
    Thou'lt be as plaything by Misfortune ta'en !

Come, in the cradle of repose thee rest  
A few short nights, by sorrow undistrest :  
Bid care and all it brings leave thee unprest :  
In place of milk, blood shall be thy bequest.  
    Thou'lt need the goblet of despite to drain !

O Jasmine-breast ! within the cradle lie ;  
Thus will not long remain the rolling Sky :  
The stars do not aye in one circle hie ;  
See what they'll do to thee, Love, by-and-bye.  
    Thou'lt be the mill on sorrow's torrent's train !

From slumber do not thou thine eyelids keep,  
If aid can reach thee, it will come through sleep ;  
The Sphere will give a draught of poison deep,  
Then will thy work, like GALIB'S, be to weep.  
    Thou'lt be the rebeck at the feast of pain !

## II

FROM THE SAME.

## LOVE'S SONG

*Ey khosh o zemān kī dil olup shād.*

SWEET were those moments when the heart was gay,  
 And the soul's realm, the court of joy's array ;  
 Thoughts of those times now o'er my spirit stray,  
 For love of God ! O Heavens ! mercy ! pray !  
 The pride of both the day and night was I.

A garden fair was that my soul's repose :  
 Like those in Eden's bower, its every rose :  
 But parting comes and all of that o'erthrows,  
 Now in my heart nought but its mem'ry glows.  
 With honour's wine then drunken quite was I.

Then to the Sphere I never uttered prayer ;<sup>114</sup>  
 Feast, music, and delight—all mine—were there ;  
 Moved ever by my side my Cypress fair ;  
 Unopened then my secret and despair.  
 The envy of the springtide bright was I.

Now before grief and woe I'm fallen prone .  
 Like nightingale in early spring, I moan.  
 Through fire I've past and to the shore have flown.  
 And, like the shattered glass, to earth am thrown.  
     Sipping the wine, the fair's despite, was I.

Ah me ! alas ! those happy hours are past :  
 The spring is past ; the rose, the flowers, are past :  
 The smiles of her who graced the bowers are past :  
 The thirsty soul remains, the showers are past.  
     Drinking with her the wine so bright was I.

I with my loved one feast and banquet made,  
 Wild as the whirlpool then I romped and played :  
 At wine-feasts I myself in light arrayed,  
 And with my songs the nightingales dismayed.  
     Like GĀLIB, blest with all delight was I.

## FITNET KHANIM.

1215 [1800 *ca.*]

I

GAZEL.

*Khiyāl-i gamzasini sīneda nihān buldum.*

THE mem'ry of his glance hid in my breast deep laid I found ;  
 It seemed as though a fawn within the lion's glade I found.  
 O heart ! a parallel unto those eyebrows and that glance,  
 In Rustem's<sup>193</sup> deadly bow and Qahramān's<sup>177</sup> bright blade I found.  
 When, through my grieving at thine absence, dead of woe was I,  
 That mem'ry of thy rubies' kiss new life conveyed I found.  
 My heart's wound, through the beauty of the spring of love for thee.  
 By turns, rose, tulip, Judas-tree of crimson shade, I found.<sup>92</sup>  
 Is't strange, O FITNET, if my soul around do scatter gems ?  
 Within the ink-horn's vault a hidden treasure laid I found.'



## II

## M U S E D D E S.

*Sahâb-î nez-bahâr 'âlema pâher-nisâr 'âm.*

THE fresh spring clouds across all earth their glistening pearls profuse  
                   now sow ;

The flowers, too, all appearing, forth the radiance of their beauty show

Of mirth and joy 'tis now the time, the hour to wander to and fro :

The palm-tree o'er the fair ones' picnic gay its grateful shade doth throw

O Liege, come forth! from end to end with verdure doth the whole  
                   earth glow ;

'Tis springtide now again, once more the tulips and the roses blow.

Behold the roses, how they shine, e'en like the checks of maids most fair :

The fresh-sprung hyacinth shows like to beauties' dark, sweet, musky hair.

The loved one's form behold, like cypress which the streamlet's bank doth  
                   bear ;<sup>253</sup>

In sooth, each side for soul and heart doth some delightful joy prepare.

O Liege, come forth! from end to end with verdure doth the whole  
                   earth glow ;

'Tis springtide now again, once more the tulips and the roses blow

The parterre's flowers have all bloomed forth, the roses, sweetly smiling, shine;  
 On every side lorn nightingales, in plaintive notes discoursing, pine;  
 How fair, carnation and wallflower the borders of the garden line!  
 The long-haired hyacinth and jasmine both around the cypress twine.

O Liege, come forth! from end to end with verdure doth the whole  
 earth glow;

'Tis springtide now again, once more the tulips and the roses blow.

Arise, my Prince! the garden's court hath wondrous joys in fair array;  
 O hark, there midst the rose's boughs, the wailing nightingale's fond lay;  
 Thy bright cheek show the new-oped rose and make it blush with shamed  
 dismay;

With graceful air come then, thy cypress-mien before the mead display.

O Liege, come forth! from end to end with verdure doth the whole  
 earth glow;

'Tis springtide now again, once more the tulips and the roses blow.

Enow! thy lovers pain no more, of faithful plight the days are now;  
 On streamlet's banks, of mirth and joy and gay delight the days are now;  
 In hand then take the heart's dear joy, the goblet bright, its days are now;  
 O FITNET, come, and these thy verses sweet recite, their days are now.

O Liege, come forth! from end to end with verdure doth the whole  
 earth glow;

'Tis springtide now again, once more the tulips and the roses blow.

## ILHĀMĪ.

(SULTAN SELİM III.)

1222 [1807]

I

GAZEL.

*Küz u şeb didelerim derdin ile gan u . . .*

AH! through grief for thee mine eyes blood, every night and day, weep.  
 Those who know my bitter sorrow's secret pang for aye weep.  
 When they see me blood-besmeared by my bosom's red wound,  
 Pitying my doleful plight, the garden's flowerets gay weep?  
 When he viewed my bleeding heart, ruth had yon physician:  
 Quoth he: "Doth the cure for thee, Sick of love-dismay, weep."  
 Yet to me doth yonder Torment of the Soul no grace show;  
 For my plight do all my friends, who me thus sick survey, weep.  
 E'en as gazeth on thy check, amidst his woes, ILHĀMĪ,  
 Though his face may smiling be, his heart doth blood always weep.

## II

## GAZEL.

*Bāg-i 'ālem ichre zāhīda safā dir saltanat.*

**M**IDST the orchard of the world though empire may appear delight.  
 Still, if thou wouldst view it closely, empire is but ceaseless fight.  
 Vain let no one be who ruleth kingdoms in these woeful days ;  
 If in justice lie thy pleasure—then is empire truly right.  
 Reacheth e'en one lover union in the space of thousand years ?  
 Let whoever sees it envy—empire is of faithless plight.  
 Think, O heart, alas ! the revolutions of the rolling Sphere !  
 If at times 'tis joy, far oftener empire bringeth dire affright.  
 Do not envy, do not covet, then, the Kingship of the world ;  
 O ! take heed, I, HĀMĪ, empire bides not, swift indeed its flight.

F Ā Z I L B E G,

1225 [1810]

I

G A Z E L

*Giydi shejer 'umame ziyâh u sefte u sâkkh.*

THE trees and flowers their turbans roll of black and white and red,  
 The garden fastens on its stole of black and white and red.  
 With sable eve and ermine dawn and fes of sunset bright,  
 The sky doth all its pomp unroll of black and white and red.  
 The pupils of my eyes are points upon the gleaming page,  
 With tears of blood I've writ a scroll of black and white and red.<sup>264</sup>  
 The youthful Magian's<sup>265</sup> locks and breast were shadowed in the wine  
 It seemed as though they filled the bowl with black and white and red.  
 Is't ambergris, or is it pearl, or coral, FAZIL, say,  
 This pöesy thy reed doth troll, of black and white and red?<sup>266</sup>

## II

FROM THE ZENĀN-NĀMA.<sup>276</sup>

## DESCRIPTION OF CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

*Ey rukhi āide-rubā-vi khūrshīd.*

**A**H! her cheek doth rob the fair sun of its sight.  
 And her sweet grace envy brings to Venus bright.  
 Like to moons are the Circassian damsels fair:  
 Whatso'er the lover seeks he findeth there.  
 Like to tall palm-trees their slender forms in grace,  
 Or a ladder to the clear moon of the face.  
 With the two feet of the eyes doth one ascend,  
 But the vision of the mind too one must bend.  
 Since their lips and cheeks are taverns of wine,  
 Is it strange their eyes inebriate should shine?  
 Since like rubies are created their two lips,  
 Doubly scared the lover's heart, like the tulip's.<sup>277</sup>  
 Since their bodies are distilled from moon and sun,  
 How an equal to their pure frame find can one?  
 Though they lovelier than Georgians may be,  
 Still in Georgians one will great attractions see.

Closely curtained sit they all in virtue's place  
Pure of skirt is ever this unrivalled race :<sup>8</sup>  
Pure and free from stain is every act of theirs  
Not a soil the vestment of their honour bears  
Marked with chastity indeed, of noble heart.  
Ever seeking to fulfil the righteous part :  
Bright with bounty and fidelity and sense,  
How that blessèd nature glows with light intense !  
Think not with this race that any can compare  
Upon earth, unless it be the Georgian fair.

## III

FROM THE SAME.

DESCRIPTION OF GREEK WOMEN.<sup>265</sup>*By kelîsâ-yî telû nâjâs.*

O H! thou the Bell upon the church of pain!  
 Thou the Pride of all the Messianic train!<sup>266</sup>  
 Source of being! if a mistress thou should seek,  
 Then, I pray thee, let thy loved one be a Greek.  
 Unto her the fancies of the joyous bend,  
 For there's leave to woo the Grecian girl, my friend.<sup>267</sup>  
 Caskets of coquetry are the Grecian maids,  
 And their grace the rest of womankind degrades.  
 What that slender waist so delicate and slight!  
 What those gentle words the sweet tongue doth invite!  
 What those blandishments, that heart-attracting talk!  
 What that elegance, that heart-attracting walk!  
 What that figure, as the cypress tall and free -  
 In the park of God's creation a young tree!  
 What those attitudes, those motions, wondrous fair!  
 What that glance inebriate that showeth there!



Given those disdainful airs to her alone,  
 And her legacy that accent and that tone,  
 All those letters on her sweet tongue's tip are rolled,  
 And those words with many graces she'll unfold ;  
 Strung the regal pearls of her enchanting speech,  
 Pounded seem they when her gentle mouth they reach .  
 To her tongue if come a letter harsh to say,  
 Then her sweet mouth causeth it to melt away ;  
 Her mouth would fain the words conserve in sooth,  
 For her mouth is speech-conserves in very truth ;<sup>251</sup>  
 Speaking parrots are they surely one and all,<sup>252</sup>  
 To their portion doth the birdies' language fall.<sup>253</sup>  
 With a thousand graces saith her rosebud-lip  
 "Zee vine, O noble Lord, vill zou no sip ;<sup>254</sup>  
 When thy glass is empty, fill it full again,  
 To my love drink, O my Pasha, drink amain !" <sup>255</sup>  
 To the soul add life her ways and charms so dear,  
 Surely thus is it a mistress should appear.  
 E'en the old misogynist would conquered be,  
 Saw he yonder maid, uxorious were he.  
 So symmetrical the line her body shows,  
 One would it a balanced hemistich suppose.  
 Other women seek to imitate her grace,  
 As their pride and frontispiece she holds her place  
 What that figure tall, and what that graceful mien'  
 Fair-proportioned is her body ever seen.

Moving lithely, she from side to side will turn,  
 That the hearts of all her lovers she may burn.  
 That cap which on one side she gaily wears ;  
 That jaunty step : those joyous heedless airs ;  
 Those motions—they are just what me delight ;  
 And her tripping on two toes—how fair a sight !  
 'Twere as though with fire her pathway were inlaid,<sup>266</sup>  
 That would burn the feet of yonder moon-like maid.  
 Thou wouldst deem her lovers' hearts upon her way,  
 Burning with their love for her, all scattered lay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is't herself they call "Qoqona" let us see ?<sup>267</sup>  
 Or her locks ?—how wondrous sweet their odours be !  
 As the sash trails on the ground beneath thy feet,  
 So will she thy feet salute with kisses sweet.  
 Misbeliever, thou dost sense steal from the heart ;  
 Torment thou—I know not what a Woe thou art ;  
 Know not I if thou be hūrī or perī,<sup>268</sup>  
 Know not I of Mary what is found in thee ;  
 Art thou Mary's, child of 'Imrān's, rosebud bright ?<sup>269</sup>  
 Of the dwelling of the monks art thou the light ?  
 Envy bearing to her hinna-crimsoned hand,  
 Doth the red egg covered o'er with blushes stand.<sup>270</sup>  
 With the Greek cannot thy genus e'er compare,  
 Deem I, be thou genius or hūrī fair !<sup>271</sup>

## W A S I I

1236 [1820 *et.*]

## I

T H I R T Y - S E C O N D .<sup>272</sup>

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IN EGYPT BY THE  
CAPTAN HUSEYN PASHA.

*Ey jedel-gâh-i jihânin Nûem-i jeng-âver!*

O THOU Nirem, battle-waging, of the world's fierce field of fight  
O thou Sām, fell dragon-visaged, of the age's plain of might  
Thou art he in whom the favours of the Lord Most High unite;  
Earth and ocean thou hast conquered, waging war on left and right  
Gold, in Islām's cause, thou pouredst like to water down a Fight,  
Legions like the Nile on Egypt's shore thou madest to alight  
With thy sabre's blow right fiercely thou the foeman's head didst smite  
Giddy made thy sword the misbelievers' chieftains with affright  
Midst the earth's oak-grove a valiant lion like to thee in might,  
Since the days of Rustem, ne'er hath passed beneath the Heavens' sight  
"Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight"  
O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy sabre, sparkling like the Pleiads bright"<sup>273</sup>

Lion! Alexander!<sup>274</sup> had he seen that battle thou didst gain,  
Crown and throne to thee to offer Key Qubad were surely vain!

O most noble ! thou a Vezir to such fame that dost attain,  
 That the God of Hosts did surely Lord of Fortune thee ordain !  
 Like to flame, the fiery blast scathed foemen's lives, it blazed amain :  
 Threw'st thou, cinder-like, the misbelievers' ashes o'er the plain,  
 "Conqueror of the Nations' Mother" as thy title should be ta'en ;<sup>171</sup>  
 Since thou'st saved the Nations' Mother, all the nations joy again.  
 Wishing long ago, 'twould seem, to sing thy splendid glory's strain,  
 Nefi wrote for thee this couplet—for thy deeds a fit refrain :<sup>172</sup>

    " Bravo ! Champion of the Epoch ! rending ranks in serried fight !  
     O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy sabre, sparkling like the Pleiads bright ! "

When the misbelieving Frenchman sudden swooped on Egypt's land,  
 Thither was the army's leader sent by the Great King's command :  
 But at length o'erthrown and vanquished by the foe his luckless band,  
 Then thou wentest and the vile foe scatter'dst wide on every hand ;  
 Then, when they thy lightning-flashing, life-consuming cannon scanned,  
 Knew the hell-doomed misbelievers vain were all things they had planned.  
 Hundred vezirs, joy-attended, countless foemen did withstand ;  
 Day and night, three years the misbelievers fought they brand to brand ;  
 Worn and wretched fell those at thy feet, and quarter did demand :  
 It beseems thee, howsoever high in glory thou mayst stand !

    " Bravo ! Champion of the Epoch ! rending ranks in serried fight !  
     O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy sabre, sparkling like the Pleiads bright ! "

Through this joy beneath thy shade the world doth its desires behold ;  
 With thy praises eloquent the tongues of all, both young and old.  
 Thou to Faith and Empire then didst render services untold

Hurling down to earth the foeman's house in one assault mighty and bold,  
 O Vezir! Jem-high! think not that flattery my words entold,  
 Though a poet, not with false or vaunting boasts I've thee extolled,  
 Midst the fight for Egypt's conquest firm in stirrup was thy hold,  
 Under thy Egyptian charger trod'st thou foemen like the mould;  
 From the handle of thy sword, like water, down the red blood rolled,  
 Thou the foe mad'st turn his face, mill-like, in terror uncontrolled.

“Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight,  
 O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy sabre, sparkling like the Pleiads bright

Those who sing thy glories, like to WAsIF, wildered eye must be,  
 Sayeth WAsIF: “None on earth like Huseyn Pasha I shall see.”  
 If there be who has in vision seen a peerless one like thee,  
 As a dream all void of meaning, let him it relate to me,  
 Cannon-ball like, 'gainst the foe thou threw'st thyself from terror free,  
 Like the winter blast thou mad'st the foeman shake in front of thee,  
 Claim to manliness forsaking, even as the blind was he,  
 Sword in hand despairing stood he, like to one who nought can see,  
 Quick his throat thou seizedst, like the dragon direful in his glee,  
 Neath thy sabre's wave thou drown'dst the misbeliever, like the sea.

“Bravo! Champion of the Epoch! rending ranks in serried fight,  
 O'er the 'Arsh hang now thy sabre, sparkling like the Pleiads bright

## II

SHAFQ.

*ky goncha'-'i bāg-'i merān.*

O ROSEBUD of joy's flowery lea!  
 O graceful one with step so free!  
 If thou wilt yield thee not to me,  
 On earth the glass of mirth and glee  
 To me's forbid, apart from thee.

Behold my breast, by guile unprest.  
 Is't not mid thousand treasures best?  
 Until thou tak'st me to thy breast,  
 On earth the glass of mirth and glee  
 To me's forbid, apart from thee.

O Rose-leaf fresh! concealed from sight  
 With thee till morn a livelong night  
 If I may not enjoy delight,  
 On earth the glass of mirth and glee  
 To me's forbid, apart from thee.

Yearning for union fills my soul,  
Patience and peace have no control  
O wanton one ! my longing's goal !  
    On earth the glass of mirth and glee  
    To me's forbid, apart from thee.

Seek, WASTE, her who hearts doth share  
Yon maid with bosom silver-fair ;  
Until thou thither dost repair,  
    On earth the glass of mirth and glee  
    To me's forbid, apart from thee.

## III

## SHAKUJ.

*Kimi yosa a la' i man.*

TO whom that wine-red ruby's shown  
Is captive by those locks o'erthrown.

'Tis meet like nightingale I moan :

A lovely Scio Rose is blown.<sup>290</sup>

Unmatched yon maid with waist so spare,

Unrivalled too her wanton air ;

Her ways than e'en herself more fair :

A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

The roses like her cheeks are few :

That rose—blush-pink its darling hue :

This summer ere the roses blew,

A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

The rose—the nightingale's amaze :

The rose the nightingale dismays :

A smile of hers the world outweighs :

A lovely Scio Rose is blown.

O WASU, on the rosy lea,

The nightingale thus spake to me :

“Be joyful tidings now to thee—

A lovely Scio Rose is blown.”



## RĀMĪZ PASHĀ

1236 [1820 *ca.*]

GAZEL.

*Ḡunul olīnsa da mislāq-i nās-i* Esrefū' yâ Rabb

**A**LTHOUGH my heart the truth of *Those who wrong themselves* show, O Lord!<sup>281</sup>

In virtue of the words *Do not despair*, Thy love bestow, O Lord!  
 Beside the mead of truth and calm make ave my soul to go, O Lord!  
 My virtue's rose to tint and scent as captive do not throw, O Lord!  
 From vain attachments' stain wash pure and clean my heart as snow, O Lord!  
 Against me place not Thou the loathsome pool of lies or foe, O Lord!  
 The burning pain of exile no relief can ever know, O Lord!  
 Enow, if Thou the camphor-salve, the dawn of hope, did show, O Lord!  
 Thy slave is RĀMĪZ; unto none save Thee doth he bend low, O Lord!  
 Before Thy mercy's gate his tears from eyes and eyelids flow, O Lord!

## IZZET MOLLA.

1252 [1836 *ca.*]FROM THE MIHNEI-KESHÂN.<sup>282</sup>

## GAZEL.

*Meyl edermi kuhne serba qāmet-i bālā-yi 'ishq.*

AFTER old rags longing hath the figure tall and slight of Love?  
 Fresh and fresh renews itself aye the brocade fire-bright of Love.  
 'Gainst the flames from thorns and thistles ne'er a curtain can be wove,  
 Nor 'neath honour's veil can hide the public shame, the blight of Love.  
 Through a needle's eye it sometimes vieweth far-off Hindustān—  
 Blind anon in its own country is the piercing sight of Love.  
 It will turn it to a ruin where nought save the owl may dwell,  
 In a home should chance be set the erring foot of plight of Love.  
 Will a single spark a hundred thousand homes consume at times:  
 One to me are both the highest and the lowest site of Love.  
 Never saw I one who knoweth—O most ignorant am I!  
 Yet doth each one vainly deem himself a learnèd wight in Love.  
 Rent and shattered—laid in ruins—all my caution's fortress vast  
 Have my evil Fate, my heart's black grain, the rage, the blight of Love.<sup>283</sup>  
 In its hell alike it tortures Musulmān and infidel,  
 'IZZET, is there chance of freedom from its pangs, this plight of Love?  
 Of reality hath made aware the seeker after Truth,  
 Showing lessons metaphoric. He, the Teacher bright, St. Love!

## ‘A D L I .

(SULTAN MAHMŪD II.)

1255 [1839]

## G A Z L I .

*Muhtesib: aldun ol ne qurun mezarını.*

THAT I'm fall'n her conquered slave, yon maiden bright feigns not  
to know ;

Thus pretending, she who doth the soul despite feigns not to know

Though I fail nought in her service, she doth me as alien treat .

Know not I why yonder Darling, earth's Delight, feigns not to know

If I dare to speak my eager longing those her lips to kiss,

Friendship she disclaims, in sooth with cruel slight feigns not to know

That she whets her glance's arrow and therewith doth pierce the heart

E'en her bow-like eyebrow, yonder Ban of might feigns not to know

Well the loved one knows the Sphere doth keep no faithful troth, I tell

How she copies it, that Heart-ensnarer bright feigns not to know

There is ne'er a refuge, 'ADLI, from the grief of rivals' taunts ,

I my love conceal not, still yon maiden slight feigns not to know

## LEYLĀ KHĀNIM.

1275 [1858]

I

TĀRĪKH.

ON THE DEATH OF 'ANDELĪB KHĀNIM.<sup>285</sup>*Akhiretīk 'Andelīb Khānim fenāden gītī, oh!*

'ANDELĪB, th' adopted sister, from this transient world hath flown,  
 Yonder midst the flowers of Eden whilst still in her youth to stray.  
 No physician, neither charmer, on the earth her pain could ease:  
 So that youthful beauty bided not to smile on earth's mead gay.  
 With her two-and-twenty summers, cypress-like was she, ah me!  
 But the sullen blast of autumn smote her life's bright, lovely May.  
 For its tyranny and rancour might have blushed the vile, hard Sphere,  
 As the sister of earth's Monarch pined in grief without allay.  
 Though her kind friend never parted from her eye's sweet, gentle beam.  
 Still did she to God her soul yield, and the call, *Return*, obey.<sup>286</sup>  
 Down the wayward Sphere hath stricken that bright Jewel to the earth:--  
 What avail though men and angels tears of blood shed in dismay?  
 Length of days to that great Sultan grant may He, the God of Truth '  
 And yon fair Pearl's tomb make rival His own Eden's bright display!  
 With the dotted letters, LEYLĀ, thou the year tell'st of her death—  
 Calm amongst *delightsome* bowers may 'Andelīb her nest array!

## II

## TAKHIMIS.

ON A GAZEL OF BAQI.<sup>28</sup>

*Beit ke mest u kuytan eyanon e jafar-e-madani.*

'TIS yonder Darling of my soul that wildering my sense o'erthrows  
 My waving Cypress 'tis that freshness to the garden doth disclose  
 The bird, my heart, my gardener is in Love's fair parterre of the rose  
*Mine eyes' field with thy cheek's reflection as my gloryy orchard shines*  
*For long my heart the picture of thy palm-like figure doth encline*

The world seems in my eyes as prison that doth my dear love control,  
 Through love for thee my heart acquireth many a scar, and that's the whole  
 From hour to hour thine absence makes my tears like rushing waters roll  
*The heart bores down through grief for thee, and constant weeps the life,*  
*the soul;*  
*The fountain of this vineyard is the stream that from my weeping flows*

As well thou knowst, through fire of love for thee how sad my plight of woe,  
 My smiling Rosebud, wilt thou ne'er a glance of pity toward me throw?  
 My sighs and wailings thou dost see, O but for once compassion show  
*Through gazing on the rose and bower, my heart repose shall never know*  
*The ward where doth my loved one dwell alone can yield thy love repose*

O how I think upon thy box-tree form in sorrow's night so drear '  
 My story would Mejnūn's and Ferhād's tales from mind make disappear.  
 My groans and sighs and wails thus high do I unto the Heavens uprear.

*By reason of the sparks my sighings raise that steely bowl, the Sphere,  
 Revolves each night, my gold-enamelled beaker at the feast of woes.*

From thought of yonder witching eye my heart is ne'er a moment free ;  
 When flow thy tears recall not thou to mind, O LEYLĀ, 'Omān's Sea.  
 Beneath thy shade my own heart's blood is all that hath been gained by me :

*My tears, an ocean vast ; my lashes, coral branches, O Bāqī !  
 The mem'ry, 'tis of thy palm-form that as my Juāias-tree bright glows.*

## R E F F E T — B E G.

## S H A R Q I.\*

*Amâlinez gharourij be'vatan-ij*

OUR hopes, our thoughts, are for the weal of our dear native land  
 Our bodies form the rampart strong to guard our frontier strand  
 We're Ottomans—a gory shroud our robe of honour grand.

“God is Most Great!” we shout in rush and charge on field of fight,  
 We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

The name of Ottoman with terror doth the hearer thrill,  
 The glories of our valiant fathers all the wide world fill,  
 Think not that nature changeth—nay, this blood is yon blood still.

“God is Most Great!” we shout in rush and charge on field of fight,  
 We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

A sabre on a blood-red field—our banner tained behold!  
 Fear in our country dwelleth not, in mountain or in wold,  
 In every corner of our land croucheth a lion bold.

“God is Most Great!” we shout in rush and charge on field of fight,  
 We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.

Then let the cannon roar, and shower its flames on every side!  
For those our brothers brave let Heaven ope its portals wide!  
What have we found on earth that one from death should flee or hide?  
"God is Most Great!" we shout in rush and charge on field of fight;  
We're Ottomans! our lives we give, our gain is glory bright.



## Z I Y Ā B E G .

1296 [1879 *ca.*]

I

## GAZEL.

*Alir her lahza zevja 'unr bir mey-khāne do 'ālem*

**A** TAVERN which each moment takes a life as pleasure's pay is earth  
 A glass which for a thousand souls doth sell each drop of spray  
 is earth.

The world's a Magian that adores the flame of power and fortune high.

If thou should brightly shine, a moth about thy taper's ray is earth.

Anon one is, anon is not—thus ever runs the course of time.

From end to end a warning-fraught, a strange, romantic lay is earth.

'Twixt sense and frenzy 'tis indeed right hard to draw the sund'ring line.

Ah me! if understanding's wise, demented sooth always is earth.

The desolation of the world beside its weal is truth itself.

Just as prosperity it seems, so ruin and decay is earth.

How many Khusrevs and Jemshids have come, and from its bower have part.

A theatre that vieweth many and many an act and play is earth.

ZIYĀ, a thousand caravans of wise men through its realms have past.

But yet not one can tell its tale, and all unknown this day is earth.

## II

## F E S D I S.

ON A BEYT OF MAHMŪD NEDĪM PASHA.

*Gumul, gumul, ne bu huzn te clem bu gam tū kev?*

**H**EART! heart! how long shall last this sorrow, anguish and dismay?  
 All things upon earth's ruin-cumbered waste must needs decay.  
 What was the splendour of Jemshid? where Khusrev and where Key?<sup>291</sup>  
 Hold fast the goblet and the wine, let chance not fleet away!

“Our coming to this world is one; man must reflect, survey;  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”

Be he Khusrev, or Rustem, or Nerimān, or Jemshid,  
 Or be he beggar; be Islām or heathenesse his creed;  
 A few days in earth's inn a guest is he, then must he speed:  
 Something to render gay that time is surely wisdom's need.

“Our coming to this world is one: man must reflect, survey;  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”

When viewed with understanding's eye, the mote hath no repose:  
 The world must thus be imaged for exemption from its woes:  
 Of my coming and my going it no lasting picture shows—  
*That* a departure surely is which no returning knows.

“Our coming to this world is one: man must reflect, survey;  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”

Events the workings of the Lord Most High make manifest ,  
 Being the mirror is in which the Absolute's exprest ;  
 He who this mystery perceives in every state is blest ;  
 The exit of each one who enters earth decreed doth rest.

“ Our coming to this world is one ; man must reflect, survey ,  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”

See that thou grieveest not thyself with sorrows all unwise ;  
 'Tis need all pleasure to enjoy as far as in thee lies ;  
 Alike is he who lives in joy and he whom trouble tries ;  
 If thou be prudent, ne'er thine opportunities despise.

“ Our coming to this world is one ; man must reflect, survey ;  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”

Since first the banquet fair, this world, was cast in form's designs,  
 How many rakes have passed away ! how many libertines !  
 As counsel meet for revellers, when he perceived those signs,  
 Around the goblet's rim the Magian priest engraved these lines :<sup>“</sup>

“ Our coming to this world is one ; man must reflect, survey ,  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”

At length, ZIVĀ, shall joy beam forth, and grief an end shall find ,  
 But yet, O man, these ever enter Fortune's feast combined.  
 This hidden mystery learn thou, by Mahmūd Beg defined,  
 Who has the secret of the same within this verse enshrined

“ Our coming to this world is one ; man must reflect, survey ,  
 Care must one banish, and look out for calm and quiet aye.”



# BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.







MÜHÜRÜ  
SULTAN SÜLEYMÂN I.

*From a Turkish Painting.*



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

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THE following Biographical Notices are, for the most part, compiled from Von Hammer's *Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst*. The greater length of the sketches of the earlier Poets is accounted for by the fact that the materials for drawing out such sketches are much more accessible in their case than in that of the more modern authors. The originals of the verses translated in some of the Notices will be found in the *Tezkeras* of Latifi and Qinali-Zāda. The dates immediately following a poet's name show the year of his death, the first, according to the Hijra; the second, to the Christian era.

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ĀSHIḠ PASHA (733 = 1332) is the earliest writer of the Ottomans. he flourished as far back as the reign of Orkhan, second monarch of the nation; and consequently, as may be imagined, his work is of great interest as a specimen of the language at that distant period. He lived where he was born, in the town of Qir-Shehr in Anatolia. His title of *Pasha* is a spiritual one; he was not a leader of warriors, but a chief among mystics; in the same way the great Sheykh Bukhara is called *Emir*, and the son of Mevlana

Jelālu'd-Din, *Sultan* Veled. The following is one of 'Āshiq's sayings, recorded by Latīfī : " He is a dervish who forsakes the world : he is a beggar whom the world forsakes."

AHMEDĪ (815 = 1412) is the first and perhaps the greatest of the Ottoman epic poets. He does not, however, owe this high position to elegance of diction, for his words and phrases are not unfrequently rough and uncouth, but to the immense sweep of subject contained in his great work, the *Iskender-Nāma*, which is an epitome, not only of Oriental history from the earliest times down to the period when he wrote, but also of Eastern mysticism, philosophy, and science. He was born at Sivās, and flourished during the reigns of Murād I. and Bāyezīd I. The biographers relate that when Ahmedī took his *Iskender-Nāma* to his patron, Prince Suleymān, the ill-fated son of Bāyezīd, he met with but a poor reception, being told that an elegant *qasīda* would have been preferable to so ponderous a work. Ahmedī, deeply chagrined at this, went and complained to the great poet Sheykhi, with whom he lived ; so Sheykhi that night composed a *qasīda* in Ahmedī's name and gave it to the latter to take to his patron. The Prince, at once perceiving the difference between the graceful diction of Sheykhi and the unpolished style of Ahmedī, said smilingly to the poet : " If this *qasīda* is thine, then yonder book is not ; and if yonder book is thine, then this *qasīda* is not." When Timūr in his Anatolian campaign, which so very nearly proved fatal to the Ottoman power, arrived at Amāsiya, he made the acquaintance of Ahmedī : for he was fond of the society of men of letters, and the exploits of Ahmedī's hero, Alexander the Great, were congenial subjects to the Tātār conqueror. One day, in the public bath, the monarch said to the poet : " Value me these fair boys thou seest here." Ahmedī valued them, some, at

the world filled with gold and silver, others, at the tribute of Egypt in pearls and jewels. "And at how much dost thou value me?" said the mighty conqueror. "At eighty *aqchas*,"\* replied the poet. "The towel I have about me is alone worth eighty *aqchas*," said Timur. Ahmedî's answer was bold: "It was therefore I valued thee thereat, and above that thou art worth nothing; for the Commanding Soul † is not worth a red tarding." Timur, instead of being angry, was pleased with this reply, and rewarded the poet. Besides the *Iskender-Nāma*, Ahmedî left a romantic poem called *Jemshid and Khurshid*, and a *Divān* of *gazels* and *qasidas*. He had a brother, who wrote in twenty-four volumes the romantic history of Hemza, the uncle of the Prophet. This work earned for its author the surname of Hemzavi; and to this day the fabulous tales and poems wherewith the *Meddahs*, or public story tellers, amuse the guests in the coffee-houses are called in Turkey *Hemza Nāmas*.

ШЕYKHĪ (830 = 1426 *ca.*), the first of the Ottomans to write a romantic poem, was born, during the reign of Bāyezīd I., in Germiyan in Asia Minor. His name was Sinān, the *takhallus*, or surname, of Sheykhī being given to him partly on account of his advancement in the mystic path, and partly by reason of his being the Sheykh, or chief, of the poets of his age. He studied

\* An *aqcha* is a small coin, one-third of a *para*, and consequently  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a *para*, or the  $\frac{1}{15}$ th of a penny.

† There are three states of the passions in Muslim ethics: (1) *Nafs-i-Lammīya*, "the Commanding Soul or Flesh," that state of the passions when they had finally control and compel the individual to obey their exigencies; (2) *Nefs-i-Lawwāma*, "the Upbraiding Soul," that state when the passions can be controlled, though they still strive to make their voice heard; (3) *Nefs-i-Mutma'inna*, "the Peaceful Soul," that state when the passions are totally subdued.

for a time at Brūsa with Ahmedi, the author of the *Iskender-Nāma*, and then under the celebrated Sheykh Hāji Beyrām, founder of the Beyrāmi Order of dervishes. To gain his livelihood, Sheykhī undertook the study of medicine, giving particular attention to the diseases of the eye, a branch of the science to which he may have been attracted by some such malady in himself. Anyhow the story is told of a patient, to whom he had for an *aqcha* given an ointment for the eyes, making him a present of another *aqcha* that he might prepare a further supply for his own organs of vision. Sheykhī was the trusted medical adviser of Sultan Muhammed I. Things had not gone very well with that monarch on one of his military expeditions, and in consequence thereof he had lost both his spirits and his health. The physician, perceiving what was the cause of the Sultan's indisposition, promised him complete recovery with the news of the first victory. This was not long of coming, and with it returned the sovereign's heart and health. Muhammed, pleased with his doctor's penetration, rewarded him with the rich fief of Toquzlu. This, however, did not meet with the approval of the then possessor of that demesne, who waylaid Sheykhī on his road thither, robbed him of all he had about him, and gave him a severe cudgelling into the bargain. The poet brought this incident under the Sultan's notice by means of a satire written in verse and entitled *Khar-Nāma*, "The Ass-Book," in which he related the whole adventure. Sultan Murād II. held the poet-doctor in even higher esteem than had done his predecessor, Muhammed; for he desired to make him his vezir. This the enemies of Sheykhī prevented: under guise of zeal for literature they represented to Murād how much better it would be to first employ such a distinguished poet in some great literary work, and then to reward him with the vezirate. The Sultan was deceived: he requested Sheykhī to translate into Turkish some of the works of the great Persian poet

Nizāmi. *Khusrev and Shirin* was the poem selected; but Sheykh did not live to finish it; he died during the reign of Murād II., to whom his translation is dedicated, and lies buried at Kutāhiya. His nephew Jemali, the author of several poems, completed the work. Five Ottoman poets besides Sheykh have sung the story of Shirin: Ābi, Jelili, Khalifa, and Mü'eyyed Zada composed *Khusrev and Shirin*; whilst Lāmiri wrote the tale of her adventures with Ferhād, under the name of *Ferhād-Nāma*, "The Book of Ferhad." We are told that once, shortly after the capture of Constantinople, when the great Sheykh, Aq Shemsu'd-Din, was seated in deep meditation amongst his disciples, he repeated over and over again, as it were from the depths of his soul, the words, "O Germiyān! O Germiyān!" When his wondering pupils asked him what he meant thereby, he said to them that the exclamations had been wrung from him by admiration of these lines of the great poet of Germiyān:

Ne'er can Reason, of the caravan of God's might, news convey;  
Through that means, not e'en the tinkling of its bell can reach the soul.\*

YAZIJI-OGU (853 = 1449), called also Ibn-Kātib—the first name being Turkish, the other Arabic, for the *Scribe's Son*—lived at Galipoli with his brother Bijān, who was, like himself, a mystic poet. The first, who had studied under the celebrated Sheykh Hājī Beyram, founder of the order of dervishes, called the Beyrāmi, wrote in Arabic a great theological work entitled, *Magāribu'z-Zemān fī Garā'ibi'l-Eshya fī'l-Ayn ze'l-'Avan*, which his brother translated into Turkish under the name *Enzaru'l-'Ashiqin*, "The Lights of Lovers." Both brothers then took the *Magārib* as material for new

\* *Kibriyānün kārābānından khāber ze me: 'uqu'.*  
*Ermez andan jān qulāgına meger bāngı: 'eriz*

works: Bijān compiled from it the *Durr-i Mekkūn*, "The Hidden Pearl," and the other, known as Yaziji-Oglu, the great poem of the *Muhammediyya*. This immense work, which consists of 9109 couplets, comprises the whole doctrine of Islām, as well as the history of the Prophet. It was completed in 853 (1449), four years before the capture of Constantinople.

SULTAN MURĀD II. (855 = 1451), sixth sovereign of the House of 'Osmān, is notable as being the earliest of the Ottoman Monarchs who encouraged poetry by personal example, the first of the long line of poet-sultans. The principal events of Murād's reign are, an unsuccessful siege of Constantinople, and the memorable victory of Varna, where a host of forsworn Christians under Hunyades met in an utter and ignominious rout the just reward of treachery. In this battle the standard of the Ottomans consisted of a lance on which was reared a copy of the treaty violated by the Christians, who, having seen Murād occupied in Asia, pounced upon his European territories, after swearing upon the Gospels to leave them undisturbed. Murād II. twice abdicated and was twice recalled to the throne, the first time to gain the battle just spoken of. More to his taste than the pomp of sovereignty was his quiet and pleasant retreat at Magnīsa, where twice a week he held re-unions of savants and poets, at which the guests discussed literary questions and recited verses of their own composition. Murād died in Adrianople, after a glorious reign of thirty years.

'AVNĪ: SULTAN MUHAMMED II. (886 = 1481) was girt with the scimitar of 'Osmān when twenty-one years of age. Two years later Constantinople, and with it the last vestige of the Roman Empire, fell before his victorious legions. When, after the capture of this great city, the Sultan

entered the deserted palace of the Emperors, gazing upon the scene of desolation, and pondering on the transitoriness of the glories of earth, he repeated this famous Persian couplet :

Midst the palace of the Cæsars doth the spider weave her toil ;  
And the owl stands sentry o'er the turrets of Efrāsiyāb.\*

Many conquests mark his reign : the Principality of Sinūb and the Empire of Trebizond were annexed to the Ottoman dominions ; and the Kingdom of Qarāmān, which had been the rival of the 'Osmānli power from its earliest days, was finally subdued. Sultan Muhammed II. fought and overthrew the Vallahian Prince, Vlad the Impaler, one of the most cruel tyrants of whom history makes mention. The Ottoman admiral, Gedik Ahmed Pasha, towards the close of this Sultan's reign landed in Italy and captured Otranto. Muhammed II. died at the age of fifty-two, having in his thirty years' reign conquered 2 empires, 7 kingdoms, and 200 towns. M. Servan de Sugny, who ought to have known better, gives credence to the fable of Irene (who never existed), and even goes so far as to connect one of the Sultan's poems with this mythical tragedy ! Sultan Muhammed II., himself a poet, was a great patron and protector of literature and men of letters ; thus, as his many and brilliant achievements in war have earned for him the title of *Ebu'l-Ieth*, "Father of Victory," so have his zeal and liberality in building *medresas*† and the like gained for him the surname of *Ebu'l-Khayrāt*, "Father of Good Works." Thirty Ottoman poets were pensioned by him, and every year he sent 1000 ducats a-piece to the Indian Khoja'i Jihān and the Persian Jami, the latter of

\* *Perde-dāri mī-kuned der qasr-i Qaysar 'ankebūt ; Būm bāng mī-zened der gumbe'at-i Efrāsiyāb.*

Efrāsiyāb is the name of a Turanian Prince, the chief opponent of the Persian Rستم ; his exploits are detailed in the *Shāh-Nāma*.

† A *medresa* is a college for the study of law and divinity.

whom composed an ode in his honour. Muhammed II., like many other of the Ottoman Sultans (who resemble in this respect the old Khalifas of Bagdād), delighted exceedingly in the society of poets. Persians especially had for him a great attraction; and the story is told of a Turk who, to gain admittance to the Imperial circle, gave out that he was a native of Irān; he was however detected and summarily dismissed. Muhammed wrote most of his *gazels* under the *takhallus* of ‘Avnī. Many of his *vezirs* were poets; amongst whom may be mentioned Ahmed Pasha, Mahmūd Pasha, and Jezerī Qāsīm Pasha; the two latter wrote under the names ‘Adenī and Sāfi, respectively. These, like their master, were men of action as well as of letters.—Sultan Muhammed II. had full, round cheeks, tinted red and white; and a firm mouth; the moustachios that adorned his lips were “like leaves over two rosebuds, and every hair of his beard was as a thread of gold;” while his hooked nose over his red lips was like “the beak of a parrot above a cherry.”

The practice of imperial fratricide, though not originated by Muhammed II., was by him made into a state maxim. If it be true that it is better one should die than many, that “an insurrection is more grievous than an execution,”\* then was this otherwise atrocious custom altogether justifiable; for as surely as an Ottoman Prince had the power to assault his brother’s throne, he did so with might and main; and even if he had not the power, so long as he lived there was always a host of restless spirits and disappointed adventurers ready to make his detention the excuse for an attack upon the existing authority. For an empire, surrounded by inveterate and powerful foes, and containing within its own borders a conquered, and therefore hostile, population, to be periodically exhausted by furious and useless fratricidal wars would

\* Qur’ān, ii., 187.



have been simply ruin. The sagacity of Muhammed foresaw this, and his grim fortitude did not shrink from applying the only possible remedy. In this case, as in many another, a swift stern blow dealt uncompromisingly at the root of the evil was, in the long run, the most merciful course that could be adopted. It need scarcely be said that with the necessity for it, this custom died out. With the Jagatây Turkish Emperors of Dihil this rule did not hold; and, as a consequence, the empire of the "Great Moguls" was rarely free from civil war. It would seem that nothing less than a crown could satisfy the lofty ambition of a Turkish Prince.

'ADENÎ: MAHMUD PASHA (879-1474), the conqueror of Negroponte, one of the poet-grand-vezîrs of Sultan Muhammed II., was the son of an Illyrian father and a Byzantine mother. He constructed many public buildings in Constantinople, some of which remain to this day. His bounty and liberality are highly praised by the Ottoman biographers. Qnâh Zâda tells us that on the completion of the college he built in the capital, he gave to each of the students two turbans, a piece of scarlet cloth (for a garment), and 500 *aqchas*. Every Friday he held an entertainment of savants, and regularly among the dishes served was a plate of rice and peas, a great number of the latter being of pure gold; every guest kept those he took up in his spoon. Mahmûd fell eventually under the Sultan's displeasure, was dismissed from office, imprisoned in the Seven Towers, and there, after a little, put to death. Shortly before his disgrace he said: "I came to the threshold of the Pâdishâh with a horse, a sword, and 500 *apçakos*; whatsoever I possess besides has been gained in the service of the Padishah; and in the shade of his good fortune have heart and soul attained each hope and wish."

ĀFITĀBĪ (880 = 1475 *ca.*) was a native of the city of Amāsiya. He gained admittance to the court of Sultan Bāyezīd II.; but there “the fraternity of envy, to force and expel him from the court of the Pādishāh, blocked up the path of propriety with the thorns and thistles of spite and rancour, and drove him far from the Imperial presence : and in the time of old age shattered the glass, his tender heart, with the stone of cruelty.” In his retirement he composed a *qasīda* giving an account of his misfortunes. Latifi says that “his *Dīwān* is composed of flowery poesies : and his sweet expositions, of the delicious flavour of expressions.”

ZEYNEB (886 = 1481 *ca.*), according to Latifi, was born in Qastamūni ; but ‘Ashīq Chelebī states that Amāsiya, where her father was *qādī*, was her native town. Perceiving her talent, her father made her study the Persian *Dīwāns* and the Arabic *qasīdas*, with happy result ; for she herself composed a *Dīwān* of Turkish and Persian poems, which she dedicated to Sultan Muhammed II. She seems never to have been married. Latifi says of her “She was a lady of virtue and chastity, a maiden, modest and pure : in the female sex, in the class of womankind, a wonder of the age, one renowned and covered with fame.” And thus Qinali-Zāda : “The bride, her learning and poetry, is not hidden and concealed by the curtain of secrecy and the veil of bashfulness ; but the rosiness of her beauty and the down and mole of her comeliness are beheld and esteemed of the public, and the object of the gaze of every man and woman.”

PRINCE JEM (901 = 1495) was the younger brother of Sultan Bāyezīd II., with whom (after the wont of Turkish Princes) he contested the Imperial throne. Being defeated at Yeni-Shehr, he fled to the court of the Sultan of

Egypt, where he was hospitably received, and whence he made the pilgrimage to Mekka. Next year he renewed the war and was again defeated, and this time, unfortunately for himself, he sought refuge in Christian lands. He fled with thirty followers to Rhodes and begged protection from the Knight of St. John. D'Aubusson, the Grand Master, received him, not out of any kindness, but for the sake of the coffers of the Order. The Knights soon came to the conclusion that their prisoner would be safer in one of the *commanderie* owned by the Order in France, so they shipped the Prince and his few retainers off to Nice. The Grand Master then made an arrangement with Sultan Bāyezid, whereby the former was to receive a yearly payment of 45,000 ducats, ostensibly for the maintenance of the Prince, but in reality as a bribe for his compulsory detention in some possession of the Order. On Jem's arrival at Nice, he composed his celebrated *gazel* which begins with the lines

Come, O JEM, thy Jemshid cup drain; 'tis the land of Frankistan;  
Aye, 'tis fate, and what is written on his brow must hap to man.\*

He was detained for some months in that city under various pretexts, and most of his Turkish followers were forcibly separated from him; then he was removed to the interior, where he was transferred from castle to castle. At one of these, that of Sassenage, the beautiful Philipinne Hélène, daughter of the châtelain, fell in love with the Turkish Prince, and by her kindness did much to cheer the dreary hours of his captivity: long after his removal from Sassenage his only solace was in correspondence with this fair friend. During his thirteen years of captivity among the Franks, so far as history tells, Prince Jem received no sincere kindness from any Christian, except this lady. Knights, Kings, and Popes, though they treated him with outward respect

\* *Jem-i Jem nûsh eyle, ey Jem, bu Frenkistan dîr*  
*Her qulun bashına yazılan ge'ir, dîr ran dîr.*

and flattered him with false promises of aid to gain his father's throne, made him an object of barter among themselves for the sake of the ducats that could be got from Stamboul for his safe custody.

From the hands of the Rhodian Knights, Jem was transferred to those of Pope Innocent VIII., who, dying shortly afterwards, was succeeded by the infamous Alexander Borgia. This pontiff sent an ambassador to Constantinople to arrange about the continuation of the payment of the 45,000 ducats, but he also stipulated that he was to have the option of receiving 300,000 ducats down, if he effectually relieved Bāyezīd from all further anxiety on the score of Jem, by putting an end to that Prince's life. Charles VIII., King of France, invaded Italy, entered Rome, and acquired possession of Jem. Borgia saw that his chance of profit through the maintenance of the Ottoman Prince was gone, so he chose the still more profitable alternative, and caused the unfortunate fugitive to be poisoned.

The biographers record that, when at the Egyptian Court, Jem sent to his brother this verse :

Thou liest on couch of roses, smiling with delight ;  
Whilst I am fall'n mid suff'ring's fires—O wherefore is it so ?\*

to which Bāyezīd replied :

Since from eternity to us hath Kingship been decreed,  
To destiny yield'st thou thee not ? O wherefore is it so ?  
“ I pilgrim am to Holy Shrine,” 'tis thus thou dost declare :  
O why then such desire for earthly empire dost thou show ? †

\* *Sen bister-i gulda yatasın, shevq ile khandān :*  
*Ben kul dushinem kulkhan-i mihnetda, sebeb ne ?*

† *Chūn Rūz-i ezel qismet olunmush bize devlet,*  
*Taqdīra rizā vermeyesin buyle sebeb ne ?*  
*Hajju'-l-Haremeynim deyipin da'wa qilirsın,*  
*Bu saltanat-i dünyevīya bunja taleb ne ?*

Prince Jem was endowed with a large share of the poetic talent by which his House is so distinguished; many of his verses are full of fire, grace, and originality; he was indeed a poet in the most restricted meaning of the term.

AHMED PASHA (902 = 1496), the son of Veliyyü'd Dm, a *Qazîyâ*, 'Asker\* under Murâd II., is the first really great lyric poet of the Ottomans. Quick at repartee and highly endowed with the poetic genius, he was raised to the rank of vezîr by the poet-fostering Sultan, Muhammed II., whose tutor he had been in earlier days. As an instance of his ready wit the biographers relate that one day when he and the Sultan were together, the latter, a great lover of literature, and as such naturally well versed in the most famed productions of the East, repeated with much admiration the following couplet of the Persian poet, Hâfîz of Shirâz:

Those who can make, with but one look, the dust elixir grow,  
O that a sidelong glance they would toward us in kindness throw!

whereupon Ahmed at once improvised in Persian and in the same metre

Those who can make, with but one look, the dust elixir grow,  
To tûtya turn the pearly dust where'er thy footsteps go!

So delighted is the Sultan said to have been with this ready answer, that he ordered the Vezîr's mouth to be filled with jewels.

Ahmed, however, did not continue in the Sultan's favour. Qinali Zâdî gives the story of his fall in this wise (Latîfî tells it somewhat differently). Amongst the pages of the Seraglio was a beautiful boy of whom the Vezîr was

\* "Judge of the army," the title of two high legal functionaries, sublimately the *Sheykhu-'l-Islâm*.

† *Ânân ki khâkrâ be-nazar kimiyâ kunend, Ayâ bu'ad ki gû-he-î, he'shm. k. ma kunend.*

‡ *Ânân ki khâkrâ be-nazar kimiyâ kunend, Khâk-î ferâh-î qademet tûtya kunend.*

*Kimiyâ* is properly "the Philosopher's Stone," not "elixir."

very fond ; Muhammed suspected this, but not being sure, resolved to put the Pasha to the test. He ordered the boy's beautiful hair to be cut off, and sent him with a cup of sherbet to the Vezir, who was in the bath. Ahmed, when he saw the boy shorn of his locks, gave utterance to his sorrow and dismay in these words :

Yon Idol hath removed his locks, his infidelity disclosed ;  
The Magian hath his girdle rent, but yet no Musulman is he ; \*

which, being reported to the Sultan, at once confirmed his suspicion, and, in his rage, he ordered his minister to be shut up in the Chamberlain's apartment, there to be put to death. Imprisoned there, in the hope of moving the clemency of the Sultan, Ahmed Pasha composed and sent out to him his famous *Kerem Qasīdasi*, "Grace Qasīda," so called because the word *kerem* "grace" forms its *ratif*. It commences thus :

O a drop from grace's ocean ! thou that art the Main of grace !  
Fills thy hand's cloud bounty's flowery garden with the rain of grace.  
Should the slave do wrong, what harm then if the King of kings forgive ?  
Were my two hands steeped in blood, blood's dye away were ta'en of grace !  
What the grace that can be vanquished, aye, and even slain of sin !  
What the sin not to be vanquished, aye, and even slain of grace ?  
Water drowns not, no, it fosters these things which itself hath reared ;  
Wherefore then should overwhelm me ruin from the Main of grace ?

This poetical petition had the desired effect, for Muhammed, who was a son of Hārūnu-'r-Reshīd, was so pleased that he not only forgave the Pasha, but presented him with the page ; he, however, banished him to Brūsa, with the appointment of director of the legacies of the Mosque of Sultan Murād. After a while he was named *Sanjaq-Begī* of Sultan-U nu : and unde

\* *Zulfun gīdermiş ol sanem kâfirliğin qonar henüz ;  
Zunnārini kesmiş mugbeche zeh Musulmân olmamış.*

Muhammed's son and successor, Bāyezid II., he was appointed governor of Brūsa, an office which he held during the remainder of his life.

At one time Ahmed Pasha stood high in the favour of the great Conqueror of Constantinople, who, himself a poet, was always very partial to those who cultivated his favourite art: he gave him the revenues of the village of Ekmekji near Adrianople, along with one of his slave-girls, called Tūti, "*Parrot*," by whom Ahmed had a daughter, who died in childhood. Von Hammer, in his History of the Ottoman Empire, tells the following anecdote, taken from the work of Seyyid Ismā'il, who is known as "the Rhetorician of Brūsa": One day, when Sultan Muhammed, Ahmed Pasha, and one of the pages of the Seraglio were out riding, annoyed by the dust which blew in their faces, the Pasha repeated the words of the Qur'an: "Would that I were dust!"\* The Sultan, not hearing exactly, asked: "What does he say?" whereupon the boy, witty as handsome, repeated Ahmed's quotation, but with the words which in the verse come immediately before: "Saith the *Kāfir* ("infidel," "scoundrel"), 'would that I were dust!'"

As already stated, Ahmed Pasha is the first Ottoman lyric poet with any claim to greatness; but he was soon eclipsed by Nejati and Zati, who, in their turn, paled before the brilliancy of Bāqī, the sun of 'Osmāni lyric poetry. Ahmed's poems lack polish and, still more, originality; most of them being close imitations, if not indeed translations, of Persian models.

NEJATI (914-1508), whose real name was 'Isa (*i.e.* Jesus), was, according to Qinali-Zāda, born at Adrianople, but brought up at Qastamuni. At Brusa, where he dwelt with the lyric poet, Ahmed Pasha, whose adventures form the subject of the preceding notice, he gained his first laurels by the composition

\* Qur'an, lxxviii, 41.

of two *gazels*, imitating, but surpassing in merit, one by a poet called Nūh, which was then much spoken of in the town. His poetical talent began to show itself towards the close of the reign of Sultan Muhammed II., to whose notice he chose a singular method of introducing himself. He wrote a *gazel* in praise of the Conqueror, and fastened it in the front of the turban of one of that monarch's favourites who was in the habit of playing chess with his master. The first time they seated themselves to play, the Sultan noticed the piece of paper on his friend's turban, took it, read it, and admired it, and forthwith appointed the poet Secretary of the Divan. Shortly after obtaining this post Nejāti dedicated to the Conqueror his Winter *Qasīda*, and, a little later, his Spring *Qasīda*. On the death of Sultan Muhammed he composed a poem of the same class in honour of that monarch's son and successor, Bāyezīd II. An extract from all three of these *qasīdas* will be found among the translations from Nejāti's works in the present volume.

Nejāti accompanied Bāyezīd's son, Prince 'Abdu'-llāh, to the province (shortly before the kingdom) of Qarāmān, of which the latter had been appointed Governor; and there, on that Prince's death, he wrote an elegy in which occur these lines:

O heart! from out Love's register thy name erase;  
 Go, be a qalender,\* those like thee hermits praise;  
 Look thou no more upon the world, for from the eyes of him  
 Tears roll, who would straight at the sun's bright visage gaze.

Nejāti now entered the service of Prince Mahmūd, another of Bāyezīd's sons, with whom he went to Magnisa in the capacity of *nishānĵi*. On the occasion of this promotion he composed some lines which begin thus:

\* A wandering dervish.



That turn of time has changed or altered me, conceive thou never ;  
 It has but moved a ringlet of its dark mask-shedding hair,  
 The secretary, Fate, from out of Destiny's Divan  
 Has marked and set me forth as sign before the whole world's stare.

Nejâti collected his poems into a *Divân*, which he dedicated to his master, Prince Mahmûd, at whose suggestion he translated into Turkish Gazâlî's famous ethical treatise *Kimîya-î Sa'âdet*, "The Alchemy of Happiness,"\* and Jemâlu'd-Dîn Muhammed's historical work, *Jamî'u'l-Hikayat ve Tamî'u'r-Ri'âyât*, "The Collector of Stories and the Illuminator of Traditions." On the death of this Prince, Nejâti again wrote an elegy in which are found the words :

This world is but the home of pain, sorrow, and decay ;  
 That which they call the court of joy is the palace of dismay  
 At last a winding-sheet shall shroud us every one :  
 Alike the beggar's lowly plight, the emperor's display,  
 Thus would the grave's mouth cry to thee, had it a tongue to speak ;  
 " False ! vain ! is all that I about this monster dare to say ! " †

Sultan Bâyezîd, to whom he brought this elegy, gave him his choice of a public appointment ; but Nejâti, who above all things preferred leisure and freedom from business, contented himself with a monthly pension of two *aqchas*. He built himself a house in Constantinople where he lived almost entirely alone. He had several sons, all of whom died before him, and one daughter, who was married to a distinguished philologist.

Nejâti was a true poet : he wrote indeed no *mesnetts*, only *gazels* and *qasidas*, but in these he surpassed all his predecessors, including the friend of his youth, Ahmed Pasha, who till then had been regarded as the greatest of the

\* This has been translated into English by Mr. H. A. Homes, of New York.

† It has not dared to tell the whole truth ; the monster is Death.

Ottoman lyric poets. His immediate successor Zati, if he equalled, which is doubtful, certainly did not surpass him ; it was reserved for Bâqi, Sultan of all Turkish lyrists, to excel Nejâti, even as he had himself excelled all those who had preceded him.

MESİHİ (918 = 1512), who was born at Piriştina, near Uskub, was a poet of high merit, and is held in great repute by the biographers. His strength, like that of Lâmi'i, lies in elegant descriptions of the beauties of nature, but unlike that great poet, he wrote no *mesnevîs*—if we except one *shehr-engîz* composed, as this style of poem always is, in the *mesnevî* form—confining himself to *gazels* and the like. According to Qinali-Zâda, his *takhallus* of Mesîhî, “Messianic,” or “Follower of the Messiah,” was well chosen : “it is fit that he should have fame through that name, for his Jesus-like words would raise the dead, and from the channel of his musky reed he caused the Water of Life to flow ; and it is meet that that poet of eloquence should be styled a second Messiah by reason of his soul-nurturing poesies and his verses that life bestow.”\* He became Secretary of the Divan to the Grand Vezîr ‘Alî Pasha the Eunuch, who gave him a fief, on the revenues of which he lived. He owed this post to a petition in verse, a *qasîda*, a few distichs of which are translated in this book. This poem, in which he showed unmistakable signs of genius, was addressed to the Nishânji Tâji-Zâda Ja’fer Chelebi.

However, according to the biographer ‘Āshîq, on the authority of the poet Nedîmî’s father, likewise a servant in ‘Alî Pasha’s employ, Mesîhî was very negligent of the duties of his office and much more frequently to be found in taverns and other places of amusement than in the minister’s cabinet, which,

\* See Note 189.

on being learned by the Sultan, was the cause of a considerable reduction of the poet's salary. On 'Alī Pasha's death Mesihī sought employment from the Grand Vezīr Yūnus Pasha, and then from Tajī Zādā Jāfer Chelchī, but without success in either case.

Zāī, the poet-laureate, who was jealous of Mesihī, charged the latter with having appropriated some of his ideas; the accusation was conveyed in this form :

O Mesihī, who doth honour steal must surely be a thief;  
 Thou art king of verse's city, yet somehow is this thing clear;  
 That from Zāī's realm of poems certain thoughts have stolen been,  
 And that these thy *Dīwān* ent'ring, there in altered guise appear.

Mesihī thus replied :

Do not think that I stretch forth my hand unmeaning thoughts to grasp;  
 I'm no infant, food by others mashed and chewed that I should eat;  
 Knowing that the soul within me is to me nought save a loan,  
 For my life each day a thousand times I blush with shame complete.

Besides his *Dīwān*, Mesihī wrote an *Insha*\* called *Gūl-i Sād Bierg*, "The Hundred-Leaved Rose," and, as has been said, a *Shahr-angiz*.

HARĪMĪ: PRINCE QORQUD (918—1512), WAS SON OF BAYCĪD II and brother of Selīm I. When that fierce monarch prevailed upon his father to abdicate the throne, Prince Ahmed, another brother, raised the standard of revolt, with the result of his own defeat and death, besides affording Selīm an excuse for ordering the execution of his five nephews. When Prince Qorqud in his government of Sari-Khan heard the tidings of this massacre, he knew what was sure to be Selīm's purpose regarding himself, and tried hard to gain

\* A collection of epistolary forms.

to his side the janissaries and Sanjaq-Begis, vainly hoping to ward off the coming blow. Selim heard of his attempt, and, professing to go upon a hunting expedition, arrived suddenly with a formidable body of horsemen before Magnisa, the capital of Qorqud's province. The Prince had barely time to escape with a single attendant and take refuge in the hills. After hiding among the rocks for twenty days, their retreat was discovered by some Turkmāns, who informed the Imperial officers. No sooner was the Sultan made aware of the discovery of his brother than he ordered Sinān, the *Qapji Bashi*, or Grand Chamberlain, the officer of the Imperial Court in whose charge is the bow-string, to go and perform his duty. Sinān arrived in the middle of the night, awakened Qorqud, and announced to him the death-sentence passed upon him by the Sultan; the Prince asked for an hour's respite, which, being granted, he occupied in writing a letter in verse to his brother, in which he bitterly reproached him for his cruelty; and then gave his neck to the fatal cord.

Qorqud, though not possessing the talent of his uncle Prince Jem, was nevertheless a fair poet; he was besides well versed in Muslim Law and compiled a highly valued collection of *Fetwas*, called *Qorqudīyya*; he encouraged poets and legists by every means in his power, filling many of the offices of his provincial court with men of letters; he was, moreover, very fond of music, and composed an air known as *Gadā-yi Rūh*, "The Nourishment of the Soul."

M I H R Ī (920 = 1514 *ca.*) was a poetess of Amāsiya, whose *gazels*, breathing ardent love, fully justify her *takhallus*, which means at once "Follower of Love" and "Follower of the Sun." Von Hammer styles her the Ottoman Sappho. She was deeply in love with the fair Iskender Chelebi, son of Sinān

Pasha, whom she frequently alludes to—sometimes even mentions by name—in her verses. The first of her poems in this book is an example. In 1002 she thus sang aloud her love, the voice of slander was never raised against her: she was as famed for virtue as for talent. She carried on a literary correspondence with several of the poets of her time, notably with Zati and Guvâhi, to the latter of whom she dedicated a poem, thanking him for all his kindnesses towards her. She appears never to have been married. The biographers do not mention the year of her death.

SELİMÎ: SULTAN SELIM I. (926 ÷ 1520) ascended the throne in the year 918 (1512), on the abdication of his father, Bayezid II. Like his grandfather, Muhammed II., Selim was a great warrior; in a short reign of less than nine years he doubled the extent of the Ottoman Empire. At first he spared his brothers, but some of them, revolting against him, were defeated, captured, and executed. His first great foreign victory was on the field of Châldirân, where he totally defeated Shâh Ismâ'îl and the chivalry of Persia. He afterwards led his victorious legions to Cairo, overthrew the Circassian dynasty of the Memlûks, and added Egypt with its dependencies, Syria and Hijâz, to the Ottoman dominions.

Selîm I. is the only Ottoman Sultan who shaved his beard after ascending the throne; the Imperial Princes wear only moustaches, but whenever one succeeds to the throne, he lets the whole beard grow. On being asked by a Muftî why he departed from the established custom, Selim factiously replied that he shaved his beard in order that his veuzs might not find anything, whereby to lead him. This Sultan changed, likewise, the Imperial turban: he abandoned the pointed cap, the top of which appeared above the surrounding shawl, that had been worn by his predecessors, and adopted in its

place a head-dress modelled after the tiara of the ancient Kings of Persia. This turban received the name of *Selimi*, "Selimean." A glance at the portraits of Muhammed II. and Selim I. in this volume will show the difference between the two head-dresses.

Sultan Selim I., though often fierce and ruthless, was a great lover of literature and patron of men of learning. He left a *Divān* of poems in the Persian language, which, for literary purposes, he seems to have preferred to Turkish.

By his conquest of Egypt, Selim gained the Khalifate for the House of 'Osmān. *Khalifa* (Caliph), *i.e.* "Successor of the Prophet in the government of the Muslims," is properly an elective, not a hereditary, office. The titular Khalifa of the Muslim world at this time was a descendant of the House of 'Abbās, who was resident in Cairo when that city was taken by Selim. An arrangement, at once recognised by the Qureyshī Sherif of Mekka, was arrived at between this Prince and the Sultan, whereby the former conferred upon Selim the rank and title of Khalifa, together with all the influence which that office commands. The title of Khalifa has ever since been borne by the Sultans of Constantinople, and their claim thereto is, and ever has been, acknowledged by the world of Sunnī Islām: Morocco, Masqit, and Zanzibar alone excepted.\*

MUHIbbī: SULTAN SULEYMĀN I. (974 = 1566), surnamed *Qānūnī*, "the Lawgiver," the most illustrious of the Ottoman monarchs, succeeded his father, Selim, the conqueror of Egypt, in 926 (1520). It would occupy too much space to recount the many glories of Suleymān's

\* See Mr. Redhouse's "Vindication of the Ottoman Sultan's Title of Caliph." London: Effingham Wilson. 1877.

reign. The people, weary of the vexatious severity of Selim, hailed with delight the accession of a prince known to be at once generous and brave—they saw in his name—that of the greatest of the Jewish Kings—a happy augury, and they were not deceived. His first military exploits were the reduction of Belgrade and the capture of Rhodes, two strongholds which had foiled even his illustrious ancestor, Muhammed II. Then followed the subjugation of Hungary, the king of which country died with all his chivalry on the battlefield of Mohacz. Three years later the Sultan laid siege to Vienna; but not even his happy star and the valour of the Ottomans prevailed to capture that famous city. Suleyman's attention was not, however, confined to Christian foes; he led several expeditions against Persia, and added Erivān, Van, Mosul, and Bagdād to his empire.

These were likewise halcyon days for the Turks upon the seas: the crescent flag waved proudly over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the Christian mariners trembled when they heard the name of Lorgud, who, after a glorious career, died, with countless others of the beleaguering Ottomans, on the blood-stained shores of Malta; or of Piyala Pasha, who announced his victory at Jerba by a vessel which entered the Golden Horn with the high standard of Spain trailing in the sea from the stern. But no Ottoman Qapudan\* ever inspired the foes of Islām with greater terror, or rendered his sovereign more valuable services, than Khayru'd Din Pasha, whom the Italians called the Corsair Barbarossa;—Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers were added by him to the Sultan's dominions. The Admiral Sidi 'Ali planted the Ottoman standard on the shores of India. This Sidi 'Ali was a poet and a man of science as well as a sailor; several works by

\* From the Italian *capitana*, a naval captain; the Lord High Admiral is called *Qapudan Pasha*.

him on geography, mathematics, and navigation still remain. Suleymān died in his tent before Sziget, in Hungary, a few days too soon to hear the glad tidings of that stronghold's fall.

This monarch is perhaps the brightest ornament of the House of 'Osmān; he was endowed with almost every quality which goes to make a great sovereign: a soul noble and generous; a genius vast and enterprising; warlike courage; love of justice: and respect for humanity. His greatest weakness was his blind passion for the Russian slave-girl Khurrem, who was all unworthy of her master's devotion; it was through her intrigues that, led to believe his gifted and noble-minded son, Mustafa, was about to rise in revolt against his authority, he gave the order for his execution, and, in so doing, deprived Turkey of one who bade fair to be amongst her most illustrious sovereigns. Among the brightest jewels in Suleymān's crown is the encouragement which he always extended to letters; his reign is the golden era of his nation's literature. A poet himself, as well as a friend of poets, he has left a *Divān* of *gazels*, in which he takes the name of Muhibbi.

Suleymān I. had a grave, calm cast of countenance, a high, wide forehead, and rather dark skin. He modified the head-dress adopted by his father, Selīm I., making it higher and not so round; it was surmounted by two heron plumes, and the point of the cap was visible above the muslin that formed the turban. This fashion of head-dress is called *Yūsufī*, "Josephian," probably after the patriarch Joseph, who is a type of wisdom as well as of beauty.

FĪGĀNĪ (933 = 1526), of Qaramān, was a secretary to Prince 'Abdu-'llāh, one of Sultan Bāyezīd's sons. The most noteworthy incident in his career is its close. When the Grand Vezir Ibrāhim returned from the capture of Ofen,



amongst the spoils that he brought to Constantinople were certain statues which had adorned the royal palace of the Hungarian city; these statues, which the Turks looked upon as idols, were set up in the Hippodrome in front of Ibrāhīm's mansion. Figāni, playing on the Vezir's name Ibrahim, the Oriental form of Abraham, and referring to the well-known story in the Qur'ān where that patriarch destroys his father's idols, composed this couplet :

Two Ibrāhīms have upon the earth appeared ;  
Idols were o'erthrown by one, by one upreared.\*

This witticism cost the poet dear ; for the offended Vezir caused him to be paraded through the streets of Constantinople on the back of a donkey with his face towards its tail, and then put to death. Figani wrote an *Iskenār-Nāma*, and a *Heft-Peyker*, "Seven Faces," in imitation of Nizami's poems of the same names.

LĀMĪ'Ī (938 = 1531), one of the very best and, at the same time, most fruitful writers of the Ottomans, passed, so far as we know, a quiet and uneventful life ; all his time and attention seem to have been sedulously devoted to study, and very great indeed is the success which he achieved in the domain of poesy. In grace and originality his poetry almost rivals that of Bāqī, while it far exceeds it in quantity.

Muhammed-bin-'Osman-bin-Naqqash (which is Lāmi's name in full) was born in Brūsa. The word *Naqqash*, which means both "painter" and "embroiderer," may in this instance bear either signification, indeed it was probably chosen on that account ; for we are told that the grandfather of the

\* *Du Ibrāhīm amed be-āyē-i nshān :*  
*Yek kut-skiken shūd āiger kut-nshān.*

poet, besides being a celebrated painter, studied the art of embroidery in Semerqand, and brought thence into Turkey the first embroidered saddle. After studying for a time in his native city (we do not hear that he ever left it), Lāmi'i turned his thoughts to the mystic doctrines of the dervishes, and entering the Naqishbendi Order, was for long a disciple of the Sheykh Seyyid Ahmed Bukhāri; eventually he became himself the Dervish-Sheykh of Brūsa.

Amongst his prose writings are: translations of Jāmi's famous work, *Nefahātu'l-Uns*, "Breaths of Friendship," under the title of *Futūhu'sh-Shāhidīn fī Terzūhi'l-Qulūbi'l-Mujāhidīn*, "Disclosures of the Witnesses for Perfuming the Hearts of the Champions," and of the same author's *Shewāhidu'n-Nubuwet*, "Witness-bearers of the Apostleship." He likewise translated into Turkish the *She'fu'l-Insān*, "The Nobility of Man," Fettāhi of Nishāpūr's mystic romance *Husu u Dil*, "Beauty and Heart,"\* and a collection of anecdotes, called *'Ibret-numā*, "Example-Shewer."

Instead of choosing as subjects for his *mesnevis* the oft told stories of Leyli and Mejnūn, Yūsuf and Zuleykāh, and Khusrev and Shirin, Lāmi'i selected three of the most ancient romances of Persia as the threads upon which to weave the web of his poetry: *Wāmiq* and *'Azrā*, *Veysa* and *Rāmīn*, and *Ebsāl* and *Selāmān* are, all three, tales belonging to a remote antiquity; indeed some see in Wāmiq the old Hindū poet Vālmiki, and in Veysa the sage Vyāsa. Among other poetical works are: a *Shehr-eugīz* of Brūsa, *Shem' u Perwāna*, "The Taper and the Moth," *Gū u Cherīgān*, "The Ball and Bat," *Heft-Peyker*, "The Seven Faces," and *Maqtel-i Huseyn*, "The Martyrdom of Huseyn." Besides all these, Lāmi'i left a large *Dīwān* of *gazels*, *qasīdas*, and such like; and, at the command of Sultan Suleymān, translated the Persian poets Ansāri

\* Translated into English by Price, 1827.

and Jurjāni. In prose and verse he composed two *Munazarats* or "Disputes," one between *Nefs u Ruh*, "Flesh and Spirit," the other, from which our extracts are taken, between *Fihar u Kāẓan*, "Spring and Autumn." Von Hammer devotes 174 pages of his History to this poet and his works.

KEMĀL PASHA-ZĀDA (941 = 1534). Ahmed the son of Kemal Pasha is a writer of great note in the annals of Ottoman literature. One day, while still a boy, he accompanied his father, who was a pasha of eminence under Muhammed II., to the Grand Vezir's divan, when the son of one of the foremost men of the Empire, Ahmed Evrenos-Oglu (a famous name, this Evrenos, in old Turkish history), entered the council-chamber in grand array, and was there received with all due deference. Shortly afterwards, in came an old man meanly attired in a worn-out dress, to whom the Grand Vezir paid a yet higher respect than that which he had shown to the descendant of the ancient and noble house. This was the great legislator Molla Futri of Toğat. There, on the spot, the admiring Ahmed resolved to abandon the military profession and devote himself to the law. He found a patron and a helper in the poet Mu'eyyid-Zāda, then *Qaziyu'l-Asker* of Rum Eyal, through whose influence he obtained several professorships, one after another, and at whose suggestion the Sultan ordered him to write a history of the Ottoman Power. Under Selim I., Kemal Pasha-Zāda attained the highest legal position in the Empire, and, as holder of such, accompanied that Sultan on his Egyptian expedition. By the imperial command he translated on the march the historical work entitled, *Nujumu'z-Zahira fi Muaki'l-Misriyye u Qahirah*, "Shining Stars concerning the Kings of Egypt and Cairo." day by day he gave his royal master the pages as they were finished, in this way acquainting him with the details of the history of that country he was about to conquer.

The biographers have preserved many stories of Kemāl Pasha-Zāda's ready wit and clever answers, one of which, related by Qinali-Zāda, will suffice here. One day when Sultan Selim, with the poet in his retinue, was passing by Qaramān, he observed a whirlwind, whereupon he enquired whether there was any reason for the frequency of whirlwinds in the land of Qaramān. "The capital of this province of Qaramān," answered Ahmed, "is Qōnya, there dwelt Mevlānā Jelālu'd-Dīn, and therefore do the very hills and stones and dust of this land perform the Mevlevi dance." Ahmed Kemāl Pasha-Zāda lies buried at Constantinople, outside the Adrianople Gate. He left a collection of historical anecdotes, called the *Nigāristān*, "The Picture Gallery," also a poem on the favourite subject of Yūsuf and Zuleykhā, which is regarded as his master-work.

GAZĀLĪ (941 = 1534) is the *takhallus* of Muhammed Chelebi, a distinguished poet of Brūsa, whose jovial but dissolute habits gained for him the nickname *Delī Birāder*, "Mad Brother." He commenced his career as a *muderris*, or teacher, at the *medresa* of Sultan Bāyezīd in his native city; but being introduced to Qorqud, the gifted but unfortunate son of Bāyezīd II., he entered the circle of that Prince's boon companions, and was one of those who accompanied him on his mission to Egypt. On the execution of his patron, Gazālī retired to a cell at the foot of Olympus, near his native Brūsa, and there, for a time, devoted himself to the solitary life of a dervish. But tiring of seclusion, he again sought office, and was appointed professor at various colleges, one after another; finding teaching, however, as little suited to his taste as meditation, he wrote a petition to the Sultan and received a monthly allowance of 1000 *aqchas*. He then took up his abode at Beshik-Tash on the Bosphorus, where he built a mosque, a cell, and a bath. His patron at this

time was the Defterdār Iskender Chelebi, on whose death he declined to retire to Mekka, where he built a mosque, and laid out a garden, in which he entertained pilgrims and lived pleasantly till his death. He is buried in the Sacred City, in the court of his own mosque.

Gazālī wrote for Prince Qorqud a work entitled *Dāfi'u'l-Humūm ze Rāfi'u'l-Gummām*, "The Dispeller of Cares and the Remover of Griets," which was so licentious that the Prince dismissed the author from his court. The bath which he afterwards built at Constantinople was a meeting place for all the dissolute and profligate of the capital, and a den of every vice; in consequence of which the Grand Vezir Ibrahim Pasha, as soon as he heard of the way in which it was conducted, sent a hundred janissaries who levelled it with the ground. Shortly afterwards, Deli Bīrāder got himself into another difficulty which necessitated his journey to Arabia.

This poet was not without talent: he was a beautiful calligraphist, understood music, had a ready store of wit, and knew something of medicine. In the gardens of his bath (for the building of which the Sultan as well as the Vezir, who afterwards pulled it down, had subscribed) he provided all manner of pleasures for his guests: fruits, sweetmeats, coffee, opium, and all the other delights of the Eastern voluptuary were there in abundance.

ISHĀQ CHELEBĪ (944—1537), the son of a sword cutler of Uskūd, was noted for his drunken and abandoned life. Along with two other poets he was summoned to attend Sultan Selim on his Egyptian campaign, in order to afford some amusement to that monarch during the tedious march; but so awkwardly did Ishāq and his companions behave themselves on their introduction to Selim, even pushing him with their swords, that that passionate Sultan ordered them to be beheaded with their own unmanageable weapons. This

sentence, however, he immediately commuted to the bastinado. The next day, again summoned to the Imperial presence, the three, in unseemly ragged garments, came before the Sultan: thinking to amuse him, they began to repeat ribald verses, whereupon Selim turned his back on them, saying: "I desired companions, not buffoons."

ZĀTĪ (953 = 1546), one of the poetic lights of the reigns of Bāyezīd II. and Selim I., was born in the province of Qarasi, where his father followed the occupation of a shoemaker. The youthful poet, not relishing his father's trade, set out for Constantinople, where, after many struggles, he succeeded in making his fortune. During the early period of his life in the capital, he used to sell his poems to gain his daily bread, and to further eke out his livelihood, he exercised the calling of a geomancer, or diviner by means of figures traced in sand. On some of his writings coming into the hands of Sultan Bāyezīd and his ministers, Zātī's abilities were recognised, and he was forthwith suitably provided for. During the reigns of Bāyezīd and his son Selim, Zātī enjoyed the favour of the great: but the second of these sovereigns had an unamiable fancy for executing his ministers, and Zātī's patrons were put to death with the rest; in consequence of which the poet found himself, on the accession of Suleymān, without a friend. Certain fiefs had been made over to him by Sultan Bāyezīd, on the revenues of which he lived; but early in Suleymān's reign a decree was issued requiring all who did not render military service to give up their holdings; so in his old age Zātī was left once more resourceless. He again had recourse to geomancy; but he died in a few months, and was buried by the Adrianople Gate, where so many poets rest.

Of Zātī's lengthy poems may be mentioned, *Shem' u Porzāna*, "The Taper

and the Moth," *Ferrukh Nama*, "The Book of Ferrukh," *Ashiq u Ma'shuq*, "The Lover and the Loved," and *Gul u Nev-Ruz*, "The Rose and the New-Year."

LUTFI (957 = 1550), the Grand Vezir and brother-in-law of Sultan Suleymān, was by birth an Albanian. Unlike his predecessor, Ayaz Pasha, Lutfi Pasha entertained a profound contempt for women. A quarrel with his wife, in which he was guilty of outrageous misconduct, occasioned his disgrace. Suleymān, highly displeased, took the Princess away from him, dismissed him from office, and banished him to Demitoka, where he died. Lutfi wrote several works during his exile, conspicuous among which is a history of the Ottoman Empire brought down to twelve years before his own fall.

MUKHLISĪ: PRINCE MUSTAFA (960 = 1552). This Prince, whom all accounts represent as being talented, courageous, generous, and refined, was heir to Suleymān's throne, having been born before any of the children of the slave-girl Khurrem. That crafty Russian, desirous of securing the succession for her own son Selim, contrived, in collusion with her son-in-law the Grand Vezir Rustem Pasha, to persuade the Sultan, when on the point of setting out on a Persian campaign, that Mustafa was about to head a revolt for the purpose of placing himself upon the throne, and that the only way to secure his crown during his absence was to crush the germ of the evil by the execution of his son. Suleymān most unhappily fell into the snare; it was the great mistake of his life: it took the reins of the empire from the hands of a brave and skilful soldier and placed them in those of a wretched profligate. When the army reached Eregli on its eastward march, Prince Mustafa was

conducted to one of the Imperial tents, and there, instead of being received in audience by his father as he expected, he was set upon by the Mutes, the private executioners of the Imperial Court, and strangled.

KHIYĀLĪ (964 = 1556), a native of Asia Minor, came to Constantinople as a *qalender* of the Order of Baba 'Alī. He found a patron in the Defterdār Iskender Chelebi, who introduced him to Ibrāhīm Pasha, the Grand Vezir, through whose influence he gained admission to the innermost circle of Sultan Süleymān's companions. He excused the silence which he displayed when before the great Pādishāh and his favourites, the most illustrious poets of the golden period of Ottoman literature, with these lines :

To such a lofty circle hath Khīyālī entrance gained,  
That there the rose of Eden had for shame unopen'd remained.

SHĀHĪ: PRINCE BĀVEZĪD (969 = 1561), one of the sons of Sultan Süleymān I., who, after the murder of the unfortunate Mustafa, led astray by the treacherous promptings of his tutor Iḫlā Mustafa, sought to oppose the succession of his brother Selim. He raised an army wherewith to make good his claim ; but being totally defeated on the plain of Qōnya, fled into Persia. There he was at first kindly received, but the Shāh, pressed by the Sultan, whose mind was poisoned against his son by lying stories and dark intrigues, gave up the hapless refugee to the Ottoman messengers, by whom he and his followers were put to death. This Prince is described as being most amiable and accomplished, and beloved by the people and the soldiery, many of the latter accompanying him in his Persian exile, where they shared his fate.

FUZŪLĪ (970 = 1562), of Bagdād, is one of the ten great poets of Sultan Süleymān's reign. The biographers give no particulars of his life, save that



he was resident in Bagdād when that city was taken by the Ottomans under Suleymān. Judging from the great number of words and phrases belonging to the Persian-Turkish dialect that are to be met with in his poems, Fuzul would seem to have been an Azerbāyjanī Turk. The fact that he was living in Bagdād at the time of the Ottoman conquest gives colour to this supposition; for before its capture by Suleymān that city had formed part of the dominions of the Shāh of Persia.

Fuzūli's *Leyli and Mejnūn* contains many touching passages of great beauty, and his *Dīwān* is distinguished, even among those of Turkish poets, by its flowery and picturesque imagery; the reader frequently comes upon passages of great profundity, which prove the writer to have been an earnest thinker and a learned scholar as well as an elegant poet. He translated the famous Persian work of Huseyn Kāshifī on the death of 'Alī and his sons, entitled *Ravzatul-sh-Shuhedā*, "The Parterre of the Martyrs," into beautiful prose, under the name *Hadiqatu's-Su'ādā*, "The Garden of the Blest." He further wrote a mystic poem called *Beng u Bada*, "Opium and Wine."

FAZLĪ (971 = 1563)—whose real name was Muhammed—nicknamed *Qara Fazlī*, "Black Fazlī," was son of a saddler of Constantinople. In youth he was a dervish of the Khalveti Order, and in civil occupation a clerk; his love of poetry, however, attracted him first to Nejātī, and then to the poet-laureate, Zātī, whose disciple he became. At the great festival with which Sultan Suleymān I. celebrated the circumcision of his three sons Muhammed, Mustafa, and Selim, Zātī, after reciting a *gasida* of his own, requested permission to recite one by his pupil Fazlī. Suleyman recognised and appreciated the student's talent, and when Prince Muhammed was shortly afterwards appointed governor of Magnisa, Fazlī accompanied him as

Secretary of Divan. On the death of Muhammed, Fazli became Secretary to Prince Mustafa (whose brief career has already been noticed), with whom he remained till his tragic end. He then entered the service of Prince Selim (afterwards Sultan Selim II.), who, in the year 970 (1562), appointed him Secretary of State. Next year Fazli died at Kütāhiya, aged about 50.

Fazli wrote a romantic poem, entitled *Humāi and Humayān*, founded on a Persian model. Two others of his works are imitations of the Persian, *Matta'u'l Envār*, "The Rising-Point of Lights," modelled after Nizāmi's *Lujjatu'l-Esrār*, "The Ocean of Secrets," and the *Nakhlis-tān*, "The Palm-Grove," after Sa'di's famous *Gulistān*, "Rose-Garden." He wrote besides, *gazels*, *qasidas*, and *rubā'is*. The gem of his works, and his chief title to glory, is his romantic poem *Gul u Bulbul*, "The Rose and the Nightingale," the simple but impassioned story of which is clad in the richest and most beautiful language. In this work, called by Von Hammer his swan-song, for he finished it but two years before his death, he is in no way indebted to any Persian or Arab master; it is a genuine Ottoman poem, original alike in conception and expression.

NISHĀNĪ (975 = 1567), Jelāl-Zāda Mustafa, was the great historian of Suleymān's reign, during which he occupied some of the highest offices of state. He was an eye-witness of many of the events recorded in his history. In 1524 he was promoted to the rank of Re'is Efendi, and, ten years later, in the Bagdād campaign, to that of *Nishānji*, or "Cipher-writer to the Sultan," this office still exists in Turkey, but the holder is now called *Tugra-kesh*.\* Nishānī is another form of Nishānji, and its employment here offers an

\* See Mr. W. A. Clouston's "Arabian Poetry for English Readers," page 434.

example of a poet choosing his *takhallus* from his occupation, not an uncommon thing, as we have seen in the Introduction.

SELİM: SULTAN SELİM II. (982—1574). One day, near the beginning of the First Rebi' of the year 974 (September, 1566), the cannons of Leander's Tower announced to the people of Constantinople that the great Suleymân was no more, and that his son Selim was Sultan in his stead—very bad news, had they known it. Selim's mother was the Russian slave girl known by the Persian name of Khurrem, "Gay,"\* who had gained a great and pernicious influence over her master, and, after a series of dark and cruel intrigues, culminating in the murder of the gallant Prince Mustafâ, had managed to secure the succession for her son. The character of this son was the very opposite to that of his illustrious father. A dissolute drunkard, who, instead of attending to the affairs of his empire, shut himself up in his harem, Selim II. is notable in history as the first Ottoman Sultan who shrank from leading his armies in person. But the empire of Muhammed the Conqueror and Suleymân the Lawgiver was too strongly built to fall to pieces even under the rule of so effeminate a sovereign; it maintained all its splendour and even extended its limits by the conquest of Cyprus from the Venetians. The wine of the island is said to have been the attraction in the eyes of the despicable semi-Russian Sultan. Towards the close of his reign a combination of all the Christian powers of the Mediterranean gained a naval victory over the Ottomans at Lepanto. Although these Christians made a great noise about this, it was for them but a barren triumph; for when, a year or two later, the Venetians sued for peace, they had not only to agree to the retention of Cyprus by the Sultan, but to pay him all the expenses of the conquest.

\* Europeans call her Roxelana.

S H E M S I P A S H A (988 = 1580), the confidant and governor of the palace of Selim II. and Murād III., was born in Hungary. He was the last scion of the House of Qizil-Ahmedli, which, on the partition of the Seljūqī Empire, had reigned on the southern coast of the Black Sea. This family—whose lands, like those of all the other petty Turkish chiefs in these parts, had been swallowed up by the ever-growing Empire of Orkhan and his successors—traced its descent from Khālid-bin-Velid, the famous general of the Khalifa ‘Osmān. Shemsī, whose talents had brought him under the notice of Sultan Suleymān, became the intimate friend of Selim II., and under Murād III. he grew to be one of the most powerful men in the Empire. He is notorious as the introducer of corruption among the high officers of the Ottoman State. The historian ‘Alī relates, that one day, when Shemsī was coming out of his cabinet, he heard him say with joy to his *kyahya* (steward): “At length have I avenged the dynasty of Qizil-Ahmedli on that of ‘Osmān; if the latter has brought about our ruin, I have prepared its too.” “How?” asked the aged *kyahya*. The minister replied: “By inducing the Sultan to sell his favours; to-day the Sultan will himself set the example of corruption; and corruption will destroy the empire.” ‘Alī, not very prudently, remarked: “Your Excellency is indeed the worthy descendant of your glorious ancestor, Khālid-bin-Velid, who, as history tells us, gave to the chamberlain of the Khalifa ‘Osmān two pieces of gold to be introduced to his master before his antagonist; and was thus the first to bring corruption into Islām.” Shemsī Pasha merely bent his head and said: “You know many things. ‘Alī.”

Y A H Y A B E G (990 = 1582) was an Albanian janissary who devoted himself with success to literature. He had the courage to compose an elegy on his friend Iskender Chelebi, put to death by the Grand Vezir Ibrāhīm, and

the still greater audacity to write another, bewailing Prince Mustata, executed by order of his father, Sultan Suleymān. This last one, coming to the knowledge of the Grand Vezir Rustem Pasha, Ibrahim's successor, and an enemy to all poets, he reported it to the Sultan, at the same time advising him to put Yahya to death; but this Suleymān refused to do. Rustem then summoned the poet-officer to the Imperial presence, hoping to make him say something which would offend the Sultan. "What meanest thou," asked the Vezir, "by undertaking to censure the death-sentence on Mustata, and degrading the deeds of the Pādishāh before the people?" Yahya answered: "With the Pādishāh's judgment have we judged the Prince, but with those who wept his death have we wept." Though unable to bring about his death, Rustem succeeded in procuring his dismissal from the posts he held under Government; later on, however, he received a large fief of 27,000 *akhas*. He used to frequent the parties of learned men and was acquainted with many of the great writers of his day; amongst others with the poet Khyali, with whom he had a quarrel, arising from that author's charging him with the appropriation of certain of his verses. When 'Ashiq wrote his biographical work, Yahya was with "the Heroes of the Faith fighting the Holy War at Temeswar."

He wrote several poetical works besides the *Shah u Gola*, of which the best known are, the *Usul-Nama*, the *Genjina'i Ra'i*, "The Casket of Mysticism," and a *Yusuf and Zuleykha*.

MURĀDĪ: SULTAN MURAD III. (1003 = 1595), who succeeded his father, Selim II., in 982 (1574), was a mild and well-meaning prince, but destitute of those high qualities which are necessary for the guidance of a mighty empire. His favourite wife, Safiyya, a Venetian lady of the noble

house of Baffo, who had been captured by Turkish cruisers along with three other women, one of whom was Murād's mother, had the chief voice in the direction of the Imperial affairs. The most prominent features of his reign were wars with Persia and Austria, and the rapid progress of corruption and military insubordination. Murād III.—unworthy namesake of the valiant Khudāvendigār, who died by an assassin's hand on the plain of Kosova after laying the pride of Servia in the dust—found his chief pleasure in the society of his ladies and eunuchs, jesters and dancers. Though a voluptuary, he was a protector of poets and philosophers, with whom he was fond of conversing. His own poems are mostly religious or mystical, and he is remarkable as the only one of the Ottoman Sultans who has written an ascetic work. On the morning of the last day of his life, he was lying in a beautiful kiosque that looked out upon the Bosphorus, watching the vessels sailing to and fro, when, feeling the presentiment of approaching death, contrary to his custom of allowing his minstrels to choose what airs they pleased, he told them to play him that one, of which the appropriate words commence thus :

I am sick, O Death, this night come thou and watch keep by my side ; \*

just then two Egyptian galleys arrived and saluted the Seat of Empire ; the glass dome of the kiosque where the dying Sultan lay was shattered by their cannon-fire. "Formerly," said Murād, bitterly weeping, "the salute of all the fleet would not have broken this glass, which now falls at the noise of the cannon of these galleys : thus is it with the kiosque of my life."

B Ā Q Ī (1008 = 1600), whose full name was Mahmūd 'Abdu-'l-Bāqī, is, according to the unanimous verdict of the Ottoman critics, the greatest lyric

\* *Bimārim, ey Ejel, bu gece tekke yanımda.*

poet that their nation has produced. Part of his *Divan* has been translated into German by Von Hammer: when that illustrious Orientalist published this translation, he was under the impression that it comprised the whole of Bâqi's poems; but, as he afterwards pointed out in his *Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst*, it really contains less than half of the great Ottoman poet's works, the manuscripts which he made use of being very imperfect. Bâqi was born in Constantinople in the year 933 (1526). His father, who was *Mu'ezzin*, or summoner to prayer, at the Mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror, died in 973 (1565), whilst on the pilgrimage to Mecca. In his youth Bâqi was a saddler, but he soon gave up this trade to devote himself to literature. He entered the service of Qaraman-Zada Muhammed Eterah, to whom he dedicated his *Hyacinth Qasida*. His verses soon attracted the attention of Sultan Suleymân, who conceived a great esteem for him, conferred upon him many favours, and even wrote a poem in his honour. Under Selim II. Bâqi rose to even greater eminence; but during the reign of Murâd III., certain of his rivals procured a *gazel*, by an old writer called Nâmi, in which the poet openly avows his love of wine; this they altered, by substituting Bâqi's name, for that of Nami, and brought it to Murad, saying, that the highly-favoured poet had composed it for Selim II., who was by no means a strict Muslim. The enraged Sultan dismissed Baq from office and ordered him to be banished; however, before the sentence of exile was carried out, the *gazel* in question was found in an old collection of Nami's poems, and Bâqi was pardoned and reinstated in his position. On quitting his trade as a saddler, Bâqi had studied Law, and he gradually rose in the profession till he attained the highest legal position in the Empire. This celebrated poet died on Friday, 23 Ramazan, 1008 (11 April, 1600). The Sheykhul-Islam recited the burial-service over his remains in the Mosque of Muhammed the

Conqueror, where his father had been *Mu'ezzin* ; and they buried him outside the Adrianople Gate, on the way to the suburb of Eyyüb.

Qinali-Zāda says, the first verses that brought Bāqī into notice were these :

When the mem'ry of the fair one's cheek across my heart doth stray,  
Beams it brightly as reflected sunbeams in the mirror play.  
Should I die through longing for the form of yonder Cypress fair,  
Where the juniper shall shade me, in some spot, I pray, me lay.  
For this reason go I never to thy ward, that weeping sore,  
Fear I, O my Life, my tears should wet the dust that lines thy way.

The same biographer gives the following story, referring to the above poem, from the mouth of Bāqī himself: "When I brought this *gazel* to Mevlānā Zāti, the chief of the Roman\* poets of the time, he refused to believe that this fair poem was the offspring of my genius, I being very young. Throwing gems of advice from the mine, his heart, and scattering pearls of counsel from the shell, his soul, he said: 'If, like the plane tree, thou stretchest forth thy hand to the pocket of the words of other people and to the treasury of their verses, there is no doubt that the constable, Fate, will cut off the hand,† thy being; nor is there any uncertainty that he whose thoughts, his brides, thou through violence pressest to thy breast, will make thee the object of punishment and castigation.' I through bashfulness and confusion had no power to utter many words, and could only say: 'No, the verses are my own.' Then he showed me some places in his own *Divān*, and, to try me, asked: 'Which are the spots of elegance, the nooks of grace?' As I had ever applied the finger of criticism to the pages of his poems, I pointed out with my finger the nooks of elegance in these verses. Although from this reception perfect confusion

\* See Notes 64 and 259.

† Alluding metaphorically to the punishment of thieves in Muslim countries by cutting off the hand.



overcame me, still in my heart I rejoiced for that my verses had been worthy of acceptance and had attained the rank of approbation. When hereafter I brought him two *gazels*, he gave them perfect credence, and, from the depths of his heart, bestowed numberless blessings and scattered the jewels of approval." By-and-by Zāti himself took a distich of Bāqī's as the foundation for a *gazel*, saying, that it was no shame to steal from such a poet.

A marginal note in Von Hammer's copy of Qinali-Zada says that the following Persian distich was engraved on Bāqī's seal, the impression of which is found on several legal documents :

Fleeting is the earth, therein no faith lies ;  
HE doth alone endure, all else dies.\*

Bāqī has never lacked admirers ; during his lifetime he was the valued friend of four Sultans, Suleymān I., Selim II., Murād III., and Muhammed III., one of these, Suleymān, the most magnificent emperor of the Ottomans and one of the greatest sovereigns the world has ever known ; he filled, as we have seen, some of the highest offices of state, and all the poets of his time, even Zāti himself, acknowledged him as master ;—the later critics and biographers cannot find words to express their admiration ; and so long as Ottoman literature shall exist, one of its most brilliant ornaments must be that poet whose very name signifies *Enduring*.

\*ADLĪ: SULTAN MUHAMMED III. (1012 - 1603), SON OF MURAD III.

\* The Persian of this verse, which, as Von Hammer says, would do equally well for the seal of a Fanny, is :

*Fānist jihān derū wefā nist,—Bāqī kema ist jum'ā janat.*

Fleeting (*Fāni*) is the world, in it fidelity is not ;  
All that endures (*Bāqī*) is HE, all (else) is fleeting (*Fāni*)

and the Venetian Sāfiyya, succeeded his father on the throne. He was, unfortunately for his country, another of those *rois faibles* whose feeble arms had no strength to wield the scimitar of 'Osmān. As in his father's days, so in his own, corruption held high carnival, and revolt and anarchy laid waste the land; and thus continued till crushed by the grim justice of Murād IV., to whom, whatever may be said of his severity, belongs the eternal glory of having saved the Empire from dissolution. The Battle of Keresztes was the great event of the reign of Muhammed III. The war in Hungary was going hard with the Ottomans; and the great historian Sa'du'd-Din had much ado in getting the Sultan to place himself at the head of his army and make an effort to retrieve the fortunes of the campaign. At length he was successful; and Muhammed was present at the three-days' battle on the marshy plain of Keresztes. At the beginning of the conflict fortune was adverse to the Muslim troops, and the faint-hearted Sultan wished to flee, but Sa'du'd-Din prevailed upon him to keep the field; and when the battle was over, Muhammed saw the Christian army scattered in every direction, and its leaders, Prince Sigismund and the Archduke Maximilian, flying for their lives. No share of the credit for this splendid victory is due to the Sultan; the day was won by the firmness of Sa'du'd-Din and the valour of Cicala, a noble Genoese who had embraced Islām, and who is known in Ottoman history as Jigali-Zāda. One day, a dervish met Muhammed going into his palace, and prophesied to him that fifty-five days thence he would meet with a great misfortune—a prediction which made a great impression upon the Sultan, and may perhaps have tended to work its own fulfilment, since he died on the fifty-fifth day after this singular incident. Sultan Mahmūd II. used 'Adli for his *takhallus* as well as Muhammed III.

BAKHTĪ: SULTAN AHMED I. (1026 = 1617) succeeded his father, Muhammed III., when only fourteen years old. His reign is one of the most barren periods in Ottoman history. It may be remarked that tobacco was introduced into Turkey in the second year of his reign: coffee had come into use before this, in the days of the great Suleyman. This Sultan died in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign. He was succeeded by his half-witted brother, Mustafa I., who was speedily deposed in favour of 'Osmān II., Ahmed's eldest son.

FĀRISĪ: SULTAN 'OSMAN II. (1031 = 1622). When the imbecile Mustafa I. (one of whose amusements consisted of throwing gold coins into the Bosphorus for the fish) was removed from the throne, his young nephew Prince 'Osmān, then in the fourteenth year of his age, was named Sultan in his stead (1027 = 1618). This monarch formed a plan, bold enough in design, but which he lacked vigour to carry out, for destroying the Janissaries and Sipāhis, whose insolence had grown beyond all bounds. These fierce Pretorians got word of the Sultan's scheme, and, dashing into the Seraglio, seized 'Osmān and dragged him off to the famous prison of the Seven Towers. There they slew their sovereign with circumstances of insolent cruelty; and thus were the Ottoman annals for the first time stained with the crime of regicide.

'ATĀ'Ī (1045 = 1635). 'Atā'ī Nev'ī Zāda, the most distinguished man of letters of his time, was born in 991 (1583). He studied first under his father, Nev'ī, who had been tutor to Sultan Murad III., and afterwards under the celebrated savant and biographer, Feyzi'llah Etendi. He entered the legal profession, and was successively appointed judge

at many places of note, amongst others, at Silistria, Rusjuk, Monastir, and Uskub. He died shortly after his return from Uskub to Stamboul. His greatest work is the continuation of Tash-Kupru-Zāda's biography of learned men, known as *Sheqāyīqu'n-Nu'māniyya*, "The Red Anemone." Besides this prose work he left several poems: *Suhbetu'l-Ebkār*, "The Converse of Virgins;" *Heft Khān*, "The Seven Trays;" *Nefhatu'l-Ezhār*, "The Breath of Flowers;" *Sāqi-Nāma*, "The Cup-Bearer Book," and a complete *Divān*.

NEF'Ī (1045 = 1635), of Erzerūm, was the greatest poet of the reign of Murād IV. His principal work is a collection of satirical verses known as *Sihām-i Qazā*, "The Shafts of Fate." Once when Murād was reading this book a thunderbolt fell at his feet; regarding this as a sign that the work was displeasing to Heaven, the Sultan tore it up, and banished the author from Constantinople. Nef'ī was shortly afterwards recalled; but having given mortal offence to the Vezir, Beyrām Pasha, by a violent satire, he was condemned to death. The execution was carried out in the wood-store of the Seraglio; the headsman, a rough provincial, when leading him thither, called out: "Come, Nef'ī, we are going to a wood where thou mayst cut thy darts!" "Wretched Turk,"\* responded the poet, "do thy business, and meddle not thou with satire." He was beheaded, and his body cast into the sea.

HĀFĪZ PĀSHA (1041 = 1632), the Grand Vezir who, early in the reign of Murād IV., made an unsuccessful attempt to recover Bagdād

\*The word *Türk* is a term of reproach among the Ottomans, implying a rude, uncultured, country boor; they always call themselves '*Osmānlī*, i.e. Ottoman.

from the Persians. A melancholy interest is attached to this brave and gifted but unfortunate officer, by reason of his tragic fate—a fate which, unhappily, has been the lot of too many Ottoman ministers. The story runs thus: The disaffected sipāhīs of the capital, incited, it is said, by Rejeb Pasha, a rival of Hāfīz, broke into open revolt and demanded the head of the Vezīr, along with those of many of his associates. The following day they forced their way into the sacred precincts of the Seraglio itself, and there repeated their demand. Murād, the recently-ascended Sultan, loved Hāfīz and would fain have saved him; and he in vain tried to appease the infuriated rebels. The noble Vezīr, who, in an adjoining apartment, had made the ablution of those about to die, now came forth and stood before the Sultan, and said: “My Pādīshāh, may a thousand slaves like Hāfīz die for thee.” Stooping, he kissed the ground, and repeated the words used by the Muslim in the last extremity: “In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate! There is no strength nor any power save in God, the High, the Mighty: God’s we are, and verily to Him we return.” Then he strode forward towards his murderers; a well-aimed blow laid the foremost on the ground, the next instant the Pasha fell pierced by seventeen wounds. A janissary knelt upon his breast and severed his head from the body. Before the Sultan retired he addressed to the assassins these bold words: “If God wills, vile murderers, ye shall meet with terrible vengeance—ye who fear not God, nor are shamed before the Prophet!” They little heeded the threat; but they soon discovered that he who uttered it never menaced in vain; and many were doomed to die ere the blood of Hāfīz Pasha was avenged.

MURADI: SULTAN MURĀD IV. (1049 = 1640) ascended the throne when but twelve years of age, at a time when the Empire was in a state of woeful disorder. The imbecile Mustafa had been raised a second time to the imperial dignity, to take the place of 'Osmān II., the victim of the janissaries; but the Empire needed a very different hand to guide it through the dangers which threatened it on every side. Ever since the days of Selim II., things had been going from bad to worse: each Sultan had been more effete than his predecessor; corruption was rampant in every branch of the government, and military insubordination threatened to overthrow the state. A stern will and an iron arm were needful to save the Empire from dissolution;—Murād possessed them both. The Persians, having taken Bagdād, were victorious along the eastern frontier; revolts and insurrections were starting, or threatening to start, into existence on every hand; and the troops of the capital itself were in open mutiny (we have just seen how they compelled the youthful Sultan to deliver his Vezir into their murderous grasp). The promised day of vengeance was not long delayed: adroitly and boldly Murād disposed of the leaders of the mutineers, then heavily fell his hand upon the rest. He was a great monarch, though severe. He tolerated no corruption, and sternly repressed every incipient revolt; no petty oppressor or provincial tyrant was permitted to vex the people while he held sway; and whenever, during his progresses through Asia with his army, he heard of an unjust judge or tyrannical governor, the death of the guilty was the instant and inevitable issue. Thus, during his reign, though he was himself ruthless and unsparing, the Empire was in far better plight than under those feeble Sultans whose meekness, or weakness, was the cause of confusion and revolt.

In 1045 (1635) he took Erivān; and three years later he marched from Constantinople to redeem Bagdād from the Persians. We are told that at Mosul he received an Indian ambassador, who brought him, amongst many splendid gifts, a shield, said to be proof against sword and bullet, made of the ears of elephants covered with rhinoceros hide: this the Sultan placed before him, and, with one blow of his battle-axe, cleft in two the "impenetrable" buckler. Bagdād was retaken after forty days of bloody battle, in which many a noble Ottoman fell, notably the Vezir Tayyār Pasha, who, when reproached by Murād on the failure of an assault, replied: "Would to God, my Pādishāh, it were as easy for thee to take Bagdād as it is for thy slave Tayyār to give his life in serving thee!" and the next day, scaling the ramparts in the first rank of the assailants, fell dead, shot through the throat. Quarter had been granted to the defenders; but a mine, treacherously sprung, whereby eight hundred janissaries were killed, was the signal for a general massacre. Thirty thousand Persians, say the Eastern historians, perished beneath the Ottoman scimitars. A Persian musician named Shāh-Qūh, brought before Murād, played and sang so sweetly, first a song of triumph, then a dirge, that the Sultan, moved to pity by the music, gave orders to stop the massacre. Murād died in Stamboul, in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

'Azīzī (1050 = 1641 *ca.*), the poetic pseudonym of a certain Mustafa of Constantinople, who held the appointment of provost of the Seven Towers. He is principally known from his *Shehr-engiz*, a few extracts from which are translated in the present volume.

NÂLÎ (1077 = 1666). Of this poet little is known save that he was a native of Constantinople, that his real name was Yeni-Zâda Mustafa Efendi, and that he held a position under government.

SİDQÎ (1115 = 1703) was a daughter of Qamer Muhammed Efendi, a member of the *'ulemâ* of the time of Sultan Muhammed IV. She lies buried by her father's side without the Adrianople Gate, not far from the convent of Emir Bukhârâ. Besides her *Diwân*, she wrote two mystic poems, entitled *Genju'l-Entâr*, "The Treasury of Lights;" and *Mejma'u'l-Akhbâr*, "The Collection of Information." Several poets have written under the name of Sidqî.

İQBÂLÎ: SULTAN MUSTAFA II. (1115 = 1703). When Sultan Mustafa II., son of Muhammed IV., the great hunter, succeeded his uncle, Ahmed II., in 1106 (1695), he set himself vigorously to redress the many corruptions which had crept into the State during the last reigns. He placed himself at the head of his army, and was for a time successful against the Austrians; but being eventually worsted, he was obliged, by the Treaty of Carlowitz, to leave almost the whole of Hungary in the hands of the Imperialists. Shortly before his death, in 1115 (1703), Mustafa II. abdicated in favour of his brother Ahmed, who became third Sultan of that name.

NÂBÎ (1124 = 1712), who was born at Roha, came to Stamboul in the reign of Muhammed IV., where he attached himself to that monarch's favourite, Mustafa Pasha, whom he accompanied through his Morean campaign. On the death of his patron, Nâbî made the pilgrimage to



Mekka, and on his return from the Holy City, fixed his residence at Aleppo, where he made the acquaintance of Baltaji Muhammed Pasha, who, after his first Grand-Vezirate, had been appointed governor of that town. This minister conceived a great attachment for Nabî, and on his recall to Constantinople, to resume the highest office of the Empire, he accorded to the poet an important official position. Nabî, who was over eighty years of age when he died, left an immense number of works, partly in prose and partly in verse: many of the latter are *qasidas* in praise of the various vezirs who befriended him. His *Divân* contains nine thousand couplets. The *Khayrîyya* and the *Khayr-Âbâd*, two long ethical poems addressed to his son, are considered his masterpieces.

‘ARIF (1125 = 1713), a distinguished member of the legal profession, famed for his great erudition and the elegance with which he wrote the *ta’liq* character. Besides some prose works on metaphysics and syntax, he composed a long poem on the *Mi’râj*, or Night-journey of the Prophet, also a complete *Divân*. He founded a *medresa* at Eyyüb; and left a sum of money in order that, on every anniversary of the Prophet’s Night-journey, his poem on that subject might there be read.

NEDİM (1140 = 1727 *ca.*). Regarding this poet we have very few particulars. He was patronised first by the Grand Vezir ‘Ali Pasha, after whose death, on the battlefield of Peterwardein, Ibrâhim Pasha, third famous Grand Vezir of the name, took him under his protection. Nedim was appointed librarian of the library founded by this minister.

VEHBÎ (1146 = 1733 *ca.*). This name has been adopted by several Ottoman poets. The author, of whose *gazels* a specimen is given in this work, flourished

during the reign of Sultan Ahmed III. ; but the most famous Vehbi is the poet styled, for distinction's sake, Sumbul-Zāda Vehbi, who lived some seventy years later.

SABQATI: SULTAN MAHMŪD I. (1168 = 1754). The reign of this monarch, who succeeded his uncle Ahmed III. in 1143 (1730), is marked by an attack made by Russia and Austria upon the Ottoman Empire. The first of these powers was on the whole successful, but the second was unfortunate, and, by the Treaty of Belgrade, compelled to restore to the Porte several provinces she had taken from it by the Peace of Passarowitz. It is to the honour of Sultan Mahmūd that he did not join in the attack made by many of the European powers on Austria when the youthful empress Maria Theresa succeeded to the throne: the opportunity for avenging himself upon the hereditary enemy of his country was a golden one, but he was too generous to take advantage of it.

BELIG (1170 = 1756 *ca.*). Little is known of this poet, save that he was the son of a certain Qara Bāg 'Ali Efendi of Qaysariyya, and that he came to Constantinople in 1115 (1703), and dwelt there in one of the *madrasas* of the Mosque of Muhammed II.

SAMI (1170 = 1756 *ca.*) is the annalist, whose history, along with those of Shākir and Subhī, forms one of the volumes of the Imperial Historiographers. Many of his poems contain pretty and original ideas, which are usually conveyed in graceful and appropriate language. He is particularly strong in *mufreds*. A *mufred* is a single *bayt*, or couplet, the hemistichs of which may or may not rhyme with one another: it stands by itself, unconnected with any

other piece of verse, and must contain some *bon mot* neatly and briefly expressed. Sāmi has a great number of these; the following will serve as a specimen :

Stone about its middle fastened, and with iron staff in hand,  
Tremblingly the compass-needle seeketh for the darling's land.\*

NEV-RES (1175 = 1761). Nev-res 'Abdu'r-Rezzāq was a poet of the times of Mahmūd I. and Mustafa III., the praises of whom are sung in many of his verses. Von Hammer has no particulars regarding him, save that on account of some offence given to a contemporary savant, called Hashmet Efendi, he was banished, in 1761, to Brūsa, where shortly afterwards he died.

SHĀHĪN GIRĀY: KHĀN OF THE CRIMEA (1205 = 1789). When the vast empire of Jengīz fell in pieces, the Khāns who governed that portion of it which is now the southern half of Russia became independent monarchs. This territory was divided into three Khānates; Kazan, Astrakhan, and the Crimea. For centuries the princes of the last of these bore the surname of Girāy; the origin of which is stated to be as follows. It was a custom of the Crimean Khāns to send their sons in their youth to nomad tribes to receive a warrior's education. A certain Khān who had been thus brought up by the

\* *Bagrini tash basip, almish elina āhen 'asā, Kū-yi jānāni arar titreyerek qibla-namā.*

The allusion in the first line is to the *qanū'at tashi*, or contentment-stone; a stone which dervishes and Arabs, when going on a journey, sometimes tie tightly against the pit of the stomach to repel the pangs of hunger.

The following is the most celebrated of all Sāmi's *mufreds*, but it does not admit of translation :

*Bend-i shakvarin chuzuf, ufsem kus-i nermi nola ?  
Yarma sheftālisi bāg-i rusletin gāyet leziz !*

tribe Girāy happened to meet his foster-father who was returning from Mekka, and at the earnest request of his old guardian named his infant son Girāy, in honour of the tribe, and further ordered that all future princes of his house should bear that style as surname.

Shortly after the capture of Constantinople, the Crimean Khāns declared themselves vassals of the Ottoman Sultans, and such they continued to be till within a few years of the theft of their territory by Russia, which put an end alike to their sovereignty and to the freedom of their people.

Shāhin Girāy, the last of the line, seems to have been a talented and accomplished prince, but totally wanting in political foresight; he had a difficult game to play, and played it badly. The Russians had penetrated into the Crimea by force and fraud, and, seeing their arms everywhere victorious over the Turks, and importuned and flattered by their agents, he very foolishly and wrongly forsook his old allegiance and proclaimed himself the vassal of Catherine. He was speedily deposed and sent into Russia; his country was formally annexed, and the last gleam of Tātār freedom drowned in the blood of 30,000 men, women, and children, massacred by the Russian soldiers. The treatment of those Crimean Princes, who placed themselves under Stamboul and St. Petersburg respectively, shows well the difference between Turk and Russian. Refused the pension that had been promised him, and insulted by his cruel captors, Shāhin Girāy fled to Constantinople; but desertion of his liege and betrayal of his people were crimes too great for the Sultan to overlook: the hapless Prince was sent to Rhodes and there executed as a traitor.

GĀLIB (1210 = 1795), son of a musician in a Mevlevī convent, was born in Constantinople in the year 1171 (1757). From his youth he was much

given to study, and to frequenting the society of learned men. In his twenty-fourth year he compiled his *Dirwān*, and two years later composed his most celebrated poem, a beautiful mystic romance, named *Husu u 'Ishq*, "Beauty and Love." Sultan Selim III. conferred upon Gālib the office of Sheykh of Galata, in return for which that poet composed a magnificent *qasīda* in honour of his royal patron. In 1795 Gālib undertook the pilgrimage to Mekka, on his return from which he died in Damascus, where he is buried. This author, who is frequently styled *Gālib Dada*, "Father Gālib," is regarded as one of the greatest of modern Ottoman poets; he left a large number of works, principally on religious subjects.

FITNET KHĀNIM (1215 = 1800 *at.*). Of this poetess I can find no particulars save that she was the daughter of a Mufti named Es'ad. 'Izzet Molla mentions her in one of his poems as being married to someone who was unworthy of her.

ILHĀMĪ: SULTAN SELĪM III. (1222 = 1807). During the reign of this monarch, who ascended the throne in 1203 (1789), the star of the House of 'Osmān was at its nadir. On his accession the Empire was engaged in a disastrous war with Austria and Russia. Peace was made with the former, but Catherine continued the struggle on her own account, until the intervention of Prussia and England secured a respite for the Ottoman State. Selim maintained neutrality during the European wars occasioned by the French Republic, till Napoleon's wanton assault upon Egypt compelled him to take up arms in his own defence. Familiar to every Englishman is the story of this war—how England went to her ally's aid; how the veterans of France, under the eyes of Bonaparte himself, dashed time after time against the walls of St.

Jean d'Acre, only to be repelled by Jezzâr Pasha and his valiant comrades; and how Nelson destroyed Napoleon's fleet, and with it all his dreams of Eastern Empire, at the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Aboukir.

Selim, seeing that the constantly-recurring defeats sustained by the Ottoman troops resulted from their weapons and organisation being those of the Middle Ages rather than of modern times, resolved to adopt the arms and tactics of the nations of Western Europe. This he began to accomplish, and the reason of the exceeding weakness of the Empire throughout his reign was this change of front in the face of powerful foes. That these reforms were absolutely necessary, is beyond question—they have saved the Empire. And now, after nearly a hundred years, we see the result: the Ottoman soldiers of to-day have shown on many occasions that, when at all fairly matched, they are able to cope successfully with the best-equipped troops in Europe; but it was very different in Selim's time. That monarch's reforms, however, met with violent opposition, especially from the Janissaries, and eventually cost him his life: a revolution, occasioned by his innovations, hurled him from the throne, and shortly afterwards he was strangled in his private apartments. Thus perished Selim III.; but the reforms which he originated have been nobly and successfully carried out by his son Mahmūd II. and his successors.

FĀZIL BEG (1224=1810) was the son of Tāhir Pasha (the Sheykh Daher of Volney and Savary), the accomplice of 'Alī Beg of Egypt in his revolt against the Ottoman Porte. Though for a time successful, 'Alī Beg was at length defeated, and Tāhir was driven into 'Akka, where he defended himself till killed in a sortie (1775).

Fāzil, who, with his younger brother, Kāmīl Beg, likewise a poet, was

brought up in the Imperial Seraglio, early devoted himself to literature, and after holding several official appointments, was eventually made one of the *Khojagān*, or Members of the Divan. Besides the *Zenān-Nāma*, "Book of Women," he wrote the *Khūbān-Nāma*, "Book of Fair" (*i.e.* Youths), the *Defter-i 'Ishq*, "Register of Love," and the *Chengī-Nāma*, "Book of the Public Dancer." The *Defter-i 'Ishq* comes first in the little volume of his works, next follow the *Khūbān* and *Zenān Nāmas*, companion poems, and then lastly the *Chengī-Nāma*. He left also a *Dirwān* of gazels.

In his little work on Turkish Poetry, Mr. Redhouse cites an elegy on the death of a lady, which is so pretty that I cannot forbear offering a translation of it. The verse is said to be by one Fāzil, but whether he be the same Fāzil as composed the *Zenān-Nāma*, I have failed to ascertain: that author is, however, the only poet of the name mentioned in Von Hammer's work :

## ELEGY ON A LADY. BY FĀZIL.

Ah! thou'st laid her low, yet flushed with life, Cup-bearer of the Sphere!  
 Scarce the glass of joy was tasted when the bowl of Fate blimmed o'er:  
 Hold her, O thou Earth! full gently, smile on her, O Trusted One! \*  
 For a wide-world's King this fair Pearl as his heart's own darling wore. †

WASIF (1236 = 1820 *ca.*). Von Hammer makes Wāsif, the poet, identical with the historian of the same name: but, as the latter died in the year 1221 (1806), while the former has in his *Dirwān* some *tarikhs* as late as 1236

\* See Note 7.

† *Hayf! ol mest-i hayāta qiyādin ey Sāqī-i Cherkh!*  
*Jām-i kāmā qanmadan dōlmush Ejel peymanesi:*  
*Ey Zemīn, khosh tut! nuvāzish eyle, ey Kūhū'-i-Emīn!*  
*Kīm bu zevher-fāra bir shāh-i jihān jānānesi.*

(1820), the great Orientalist must be mistaken. I have been unable to gain any information concerning the poet, save that in his *Divân* he is styled *Wāsif-i Enderûn*, which shows that he was brought up in the Imperial Seraglio.

RAMİZ PASHA (1236 = 1820 *ca.*) was the *Qapudan*, or Lord High Admiral, and intimate friend of Sultan Mustafa IV. The revolution which dethroned that monarch compelled Rāmiz to flee to Russia for his life; he lived for some time in that country, and there he wrote his *gazels*, which show how sorely he yearned for his friend and his native land. The original of the poem translated in this work may be found in the *Mines de l'Orient*.

‘IZZET MOLLA (1252 = 1836 *ca.*) was one of Sultan Mahmūd the Second's Vice-Chancellors. "At some time," says Mr. Redhouse, "during the calamitous days of the Greek insurrection, before the epoch of the destruction of the Janissaries, Navarino, and the Russian War that led to the treaty of Adrianople—namely, at about the date when the Prince, afterwards the Sultan, ‘Abdu’l-Mejid was born, in 1823 or 1824—‘Izzet Molla had incurred the displeasure of a powerful colleague, and had been banished from Constantinople to the town of Keshān, situated between Rodosto and the Lower Maritza. At his death, a poem of about seven thousand couplets, and entitled, according as its name, *Mihnet-Keshān* (*Mihnet-i Keshān*), may be read or understood. ‘The Suffering,’ ‘The Sufferers,’ or ‘The Sufferings of Keshān,’ was found among his papers, and published by his grandson, Nāzım Bey.”\* Fu‘ād Pasha, the celebrated

\* *On the History, System, and Varieties of Turkish Poetry*, p. 5.



statesman, was the son of 'Izzet Molla; like his father, he cultivated poetry. a few lines by him will be found in Mr. Redhouse's work, from which the preceding remarks have been taken.

**'ADLĪ: SULTAN MAHMŪD II.** (1255 = 1839). When the Janissaries deposed Sultan Selim III., they placed upon the throne his cousin Mustafa, the eldest son of 'Abdu'l-Hamid I. This prince was not long allowed to enjoy the honours of royalty, for Mustafa Bayraq-dār, the Pasha of Rusjuq, a loyal adherent of the unfortunate Selim, entered the capital with an army of 40,000 men, and proceeded to storm the Seraglio. Sultan Mustafa IV. gave orders for the immediate execution of his cousin, the deposed Selim, and his own brother, Prince Mahmūd, hoping by this means to secure his own life and throne, as he knew no one would dare to injure the sole male representative of the House of 'Osmān. The Pasha and his followers were a few minutes too late to save Selim, but in time to rescue Mahmūd, whom a faithful slave had hid in the furnace of a bath. Sultan Mustafa was at once deposed, and the youthful Prince raised to the throne. Mahmūd resolved to follow the example of his cousin, and energetically proceeded with the reforms inaugurated by the latter. One of the most remarkable incidents of his reign was the Destruction of the Janissaries; this once most formidable body of troops, which had been founded 500 years before, in the days of Sultan Orkhan, had turned into a horde of military tyrants, who set up and pulled down sultans as they pleased, and whose lawless violence not unfrequently drenched Constantinople with blood. As these men consistently and bitterly opposed every attempt at reform, and as there was, and could be, no security either for the monarch or for any of his subjects so long as their power was unbroken, Mahmud deter-

mined on the bold, but most necessary, stroke of their annihilation. The story of how he effected this is too well known to need repeating here: suffice it to say that it was an act which was justified, as it could alone have been, by extreme necessity. Many reverses, such as the loss of Greece and Algiers, the defeat of Navarino, the Egyptian rebellion, and the Russian invasion, fell to this Sultan's lot: but he met all with the undaunted calmness of one who is conscious that his cause is just. Worn out with continual anxiety and ceaseless labour, Sultan Mahmūd II. died in 1839, when, to use the words of Sir Edward Creasy, the English historian of the Ottoman Empire, "as gallant a spirit left the earth, as ever strove against the spites of fortune—as ever toiled for a nation's good in preparing benefits, the maturity of which it was not permitted to behold."

LEVLĀ KHANĪM (1275 = 1858), the sister of 'Izzet Molla, and aunt of the famous Fu'ād Pasha, was a poetess of considerable merit. Her *Divān*, which contains many fine passages, consists for the most part of *tārīkh's* on events that occurred during the first half of the present century.

ZIYĀ BEG (1296 = 1879 *ca.*), son of an Albanian father, was one of the most distinguished men of letters of modern Turkey. He was a member of what is known as the "Young Turkey" party. Having temporarily fallen under the displeasure of Sultan 'Abdu-l-'Aziz, whose secretary he was, he retired to London, where he became connected with the papers, *Mukhbir*, "Informer," and *Hürriyet*, "Liberty," published by his party in the English capital. When Sultan 'Abdu-l-Hamīd II. opened the Ottoman Parliament, Ziyā Beg, now Ziyā Pasha, was among those whom the people chose as their representatives. He has written a good deal of poetry, and compiled

an excellent Turkish, Persian, and Arabian Anthology, called *Khāna*, "The Tavern," from which many of the poems translated in the present work have been selected. Ziyā was more a courtier than a statesman, and his poems were held in high esteem by Sultan 'Abdu-l-'Aziz. He was a friend and associate of Kemāl Beg, the poet, and of the celebrated writer 'Alī Su'āvi Efendi.\*

\* I am indebted for most of these particulars concerning Ziyā Beg to Dr. Charles Wells, who knew him for many years. Dr. Wells, I may say, has written by far the best Turkish Grammar that exists in the English language.



NOTES.







SULTAN MURĀD IV

*From a Turkish Painting*



## NOTES.

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1 These dates are the year of the poet's death ; the first, according to the Muhammedan, the second, to the Christian era.

2 The *Dīwān* of 'Āshiq Pasha is a long mystical poem, modelled after Mevlānā Jelālu-'d-Dīn's famous *Mesne'vī*. The extract here translated is given by Latīfī in his *Tazkira*, or Biography of Poets. 'Āshiq's poem is a *mesne'vī*, not a *Dīwān* at all, in the ordinary sense of the word.

3 *Jinn*—the genii ; a race of material, intelligent beings, whose bodies are similar to the essence of fire or smoke. See Lane's *Thousand and One Nights*.

4 Prince Cantemir, in his *History of the Ottoman Empire*, remarks : " The Turks say that God has created 17,000 worlds, but that this will be the last." And on page 272 of Mr. Redhouse's translation of the First Book of Jelālu-'d-Dīn's *Mesne'vī* occur these lines :

" Though worlds there may be, eighteen thousand globes, and more,  
Not every eye has power to witness all their store."

5 The *Iskender-Nāma* is a romantic *mesne'vī*, detailing the mythic and mystic history of Iskender, or Alexander the Great, a hero who, as we have seen in the Introduction, is a great favourite with the Orientals. Besides the story of the Macedonian conqueror, the whole of the science and philosophy of the Muslims is set forth in this immense and extraordinary book. The Persians Nizāmī and Jāmī, Khusraw of Dihlī, and the Jagatāy Turk Newā'ī wrote *mesne'vīs* on the history of Iskender.—Like several other monarchs of ancient Persia, Iskender is frequently quoted as the type of a great and warlike sovereign.

6 The *'Anqā* is a fabulous bird which figures largely in Oriental poetry and romance. It is sometimes called the *Sīmurg*, and is very similar to, if not identical with, the better known *Rukh*. It is said to dwell somewhere in the mountains of Qāf, which, like a vast ring, enclose the Circumambient Ocean (*Bahr-e'l-Muhīt*) that surrounds the whole habitable earth, which, according to this cosmography, is flat, not round. These mountains are com-

posed of green chrysolite, the reflection of which causes the greenish (or bluish) tint of the sky. El-Qazwini says that the 'Anqā is the greatest of all birds, and carries off an elephant as a hawk does a mouse. This strange creature is further said to be rational, and to possess the power of speech. The 'Anqā plays to a certain extent the same part in the East as the Phoenix and Griffin in the West.—In the line before us Sheykhi is, of course, simply calling on his own muse, which, in the spirit of his class, he declares to be sweet as the nightingale, and wondrous as the 'Anqā.

7 *Rūhu'l-Emīn*, "the Trusted Spirit," is the Archangel Gabriel, who is held to be trusted by God with all His revelations to the Prophets.

8 Iskender here complains to his Vezīr Āristū (Aristotle) of having no more worlds to conquer.

9 *Rub'-i Meshkūn*, the "Inhabited Quarter" of the earth, is divided into the Seven Climates, each under one of the Seven Planets, an account of which will be found in El-Mes'ūdi's *Meadows of Gold and Mines of Gems*, translated from Arabic into English by Dr. Aloys Sprenger.

10 The romances of Khusrev and Shīrīn, Leylī and Mejnūn, and Yūsuf and Zuleykhā are the three favourite love-stories of the Muslim poets. Khusrev (according to Ottoman, Khusraw, to Persian pronunciation) is the general title of the Kings of the Fourth, or Sāsānī, Persian dynasty; but it is specially applied to Khusrev Perviz. The Greek *Chosroes*, or *Chosroes*, is a corruption of this word.

The glories of Khusrev Perviz, his matchless steed Shebdīz, and his charming mistress Shīrīn are favourite subjects with the poets of the East. Wishing to perpetuate in stone the lovely features of his mistress, Khusrev ordered Ferhād, the first sculptor of the age, to carve her likeness on the solid rock; but the artist, smitten by the charms of Shīrīn, madly endeavoured to gain her love. The monarch took advantage of his infatuation, and employed him in many works, encouraging him with the hope of gaining Shīrīn; and at length definitely promised that if he cut through a certain mountain and brought a stream through, the lady should be his. Ferhād had all but completed his task, when Khusrev, fearing he should have to part with his beautiful mistress, sent an old woman to the "mountain-hewer" to tell him that Shīrīn was dead; on hearing which Ferhād cast himself headlong from the rock. Khusrev, however, met with his due reward; for his son Shīrūya, likewise enamoured of the enchanting Shīrīn, stabbed him, in the vain hope of gaining that wonderful lady.

Ferhād is often mentioned in Ottoman poetry as the type of a sincere but unfortunate lover. The sculptures and cuneiform inscriptions, deciphered by Sir Henry Rawlinson, on

the mountain of Bīsūtūn (or Behistān) near Kermānshāh in Persia, are legendarily reported to be the work of Ferhād.

11 A *moon* is a constantly recurring metaphor for a *beautiful woman or youth*.

12 The "curling serpents" are her shining, curling tresses.

13 The "dawn" is her fair face.

14 The Signs of the Zodiac are divided into Fiery, Earthy, Airy, and Watery. Aries, Leo, and Sagittary are Fiery; Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn are Earthy; Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius are Airy; and Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces are Watery. There are many other ways of dividing the Signs, such as Masculine and Feminine, &c.

The allusion in the text is, of course, a play upon the moon-like Shīrīn bathing in the pond.

15 Orientals express surprise by biting the fore-finger.

16 That is: her locks covered her eyes. Be it said, once for all, that in Ottoman poetry the *hyacinth* continually represents the hair, and the *narcissus*, the eye.

17 The *hair* is also frequently likened to *musk*, being dark and sweet-scented.

18 Here the *moon* means her *face*, as does "her day" in the last line.

19 These three last couplets are of course mystic: the "Loved One" is God. See Introduction, Sec. I.

20 The *Muhammediyya* is a long poem, descriptive of the creation of the universe, the dogmas of Islām, and the life of the Prophet.

21 The following passage, from Sale's Preliminary Discourse to his translation of the Qur'ān, will serve as a commentary to this poem; I have spelt the Arabic words in accordance with Turkish pronunciation: "They [the commentators] say it [Paradise] is situate above the Seven Heavens [or in the Seventh Heaven], and next under the Throne of God; and, to express the amenity of the place, tell us, that the earth of it is of the finest wheat flour, or of the purest musk; or, as others will have it, of saffron; that its stones are pearls and jacinths, the walls of its buildings enriched with gold and silver, and that the trunks of all its trees are of gold; among which the most remarkable is the tree called *Tāhira*, or the 'Tree of Happiness.' Concerning this tree they fable that it stands in the palace of Muhammed, though a branch of it will reach to the house of every true believer; that it will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruits of surprising bigness, and of tastes unknown to mortals. So that if a man desire to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately

be presented to him, or if he choose flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. They add, that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on, ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years.

"As plenty of water is one of the greatest additions to the pleasantness of any place, the Qur'ān often speaks of the rivers of Paradise as a principal ornament thereof: some of these rivers, they say, flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey; all taking their rise from the root of the tree Tūba; two of which rivers, namely, El-Kevser and the *River of Life*, we have already mentioned. And, lest these should not be sufficient, we are told, this garden is also watered by a great number of lesser springs and fountains, whose pebbles are rubies and emeralds, their earth of camphire, their beds of musk, and their sides of saffron; the most remarkable among them being Selsebil and Tesnīm.

"But all these glories will be eclipsed by the resplendent and ravishing girls of Paradise, called, from their large black eyes, *Hūru-l-'uyūn*, the enjoyment of whose company will be a principal felicity of the faithful."

This gorgeous picture—which in all its details is regarded as true by the illiterate, and, by reason of its splendour and beauty, is accepted in poetry as the idea of Paradise—rests solely on one or two simple passages of the Qur'ān, of which the following is perhaps the most explicit:

"And the foremost foremost!\*

These are they who are brought nigh.

In gardens of pleasure!

A crowd of those of yore,

And a few of those of the latter day!

And gold-welt couches, reclining on them face to face.

Around them shall go eternal youths, with goblets and ewers and a cup of flowing wine; no headache shall they feel therefrom, nor shall their wits be dimmed!

And fruit such as they deem the best;

And flesh of fowl as they desire:

\* On the Last Day mankind will be divided into three companies: (1) Those who have been foremost in professing the faith upon earth, who shall be foremost then—among these will be many of the olden time, but few of the latter day; (2) The "fellows of the right," the rest of the best; (3) The "fellows of the left," the lost.

And bright and large-eyed maids like hidden pearls ;  
 As a reward for that which they have done !  
 They shall hear no folly there and no sin ;  
 Only the speech, ' Peace, Peace !'  
 And the fellows of the right—what right lucky fellows !  
 Amid thornless lote-trees.  
 And talh [banana] trees with piles of flowers ;  
 And outspread shade,  
 And water out-poured ;  
 And fruit in abundance, neither failing nor forbidden ;  
 And beds upraised !  
 Verily we have produced them [the celestial damsels] a production,  
 And made them virgins, darlings of equal age [with their spouses] for the fellows of  
 the right !  
 A crowd of those of yore, and a crowd of those of the latter day \* †

It is almost needless to state that the great majority of cultured Muslims regard this and similar passages as figurative. (See Syed Ameer Ali, chap. xvi.)

22 This repetition of the rhyming word is in imitation of the original.

23 Their ruby-lips are like red wine. Whenever in Ottoman poetry a lady's *rubies* are mentioned, her *lips* are meant. The *lips* are likened to *wine*, not only on account of their colour and sweetness, but also because of their intoxicating power.

24 "Therein are maids of modest glances,  
 As though they were rubies and pearls."—Qur'an, lvi., 57-58.

25 Alluding to the famous sentence, said to have been addressed by God to Muhammed. *Lev tākā lemā khuliqatu'l-sflāku*, "Had it not been for thee, verily the heavens had not been created."

26 "For the blest are prepared," said Muhammed, "such things as eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Compare Isaiah, xiv., 4; 1 Corinthians, ii., 9; and Qur'an, xxxii., 17.

27 *Habību'llāh*, "the Beloved of God," is the special designation of Muhammed; *Safīyyu'llāh*, "the Pure Friend of God," is that of Adam; *Najīyyu'llāh*, "the Saved of God,"

† Qur'an, lvi., 10-39, Professor Palmer's translation

that of Noah; *Khalīlu-llāh*, "the Intimate Friend of God," that of Abraham; *Kalīmu-llāh*, "the Addressed of God," that of Moses; and *Rūhu-llāh*, "the Spirit of God," that of Jesus.

28 In a diagram in my copy of the *Muhammediyya* the Tūba Tree is represented as an enormous hanging plant, springing from under the 'Arsh, or Throne of God (which is above the highest Mansion of Paradise), and descending thence through all the Seven Mansions, which are arranged one over the other, like seven storeys. These Seven Mansions of Paradise are in order as follows, commencing at the lowest: 1st, *Dāru's-Selām*, "the Mansion of Peace," formed of ruby; 2nd, *Jannatu'l-Meva*, "the Garden of the Abode," of green chrysolite; 3rd, *Jannatu'l-Khuld*, "the Garden of Eternity," of coral; 4th, *Jannatu'n-Na'im*, "the Garden of Delight," of white silver; 5th, *Jannatu'l-Firdaws*, "the Garden of Paradise," of red gold; 6th, *Jannatu'l-Qarār*, "the Garden of Permanence," of white pearls; 7th, *Jannatu'l-'Aden*, "the Garden of Eden," of great pearls. Above these, but under the 'Arsh, which crowns everything, are the 'Alīyān, "the Sublime Heights," often reckoned as an Eighth Mansion. Different writers arrange the Mansions differently, but the above is the order shown in my diagram. Of course, all these Seven, or Eight, Mansions of Paradise are above the Nine Spheres, concerning which see Note 84.

29 *Ebū-Qāsim*, "the Father of Qāsim," is one of the styles of Muhammed. Qāsim was the name of that Prophet's only son.

30. No one figures more frequently in Ottoman poetry than the Cup-bearer, who is supposed to be young and fair, but cruel and hard-hearted, and pitiless towards his or her hapless lovers.

31. (These figures have been accidentally omitted in the text; they should appear at the end of the second line of Sultan Murād's *Rubā'ī*.) The *rebūb*, which I translate by "rebeck," is a kind of viol with only one chord. A picture and description of this instrument are given in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, Ed. 1860, p. 364. Two sketches of the *cheng*, or "Persian harp" (the instrument mentioned as the harp in these poems), may be seen in the same author's *Thousand and One Nights*, Ed. 1842, vol. I., p. 228.

32 The *cypress* is an emblem of the *slender figure* of a beautiful woman or youth, whose *graceful movements* are likened to the *swaying* of that tree. The *pine*, the *juniper*, the *box-tree*, the *palm*, and the *bān*, or Oriental willow, are all used with the same sense, but much less frequently. With some of these it is rather a twig than the whole tree that is alluded to. They may be regarded as the types of *the beauty of motion*. These comparisons show how absurd is the notion that the Turks admire excessive fatness in women.

33 Her bewitching and all-subduing tresses, blown across her beautiful face, are like the invincible Ottoman heroes scouring the fair province of Rûm-Eyli (Rumelia).

34 *Reng u Bû*, "Tint and Scent," is a favourite expression for embellished beauty. "Her quarter" is the ward of the town where she lives; *K'û* means "street" in Persian but "ward of a town" in Turkish.

35 Compare *Twelfth Night*, Act I., scene 5 :

" With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of flame."

The practice of introducing the *takhallus*, or, poetic *nom de plume*, towards the end of a *gazel* has been noticed in the Introduction, Sec. II.

36 The *Ka'ba* is the Sacred Temple at Mekka towards which all Muslims turn in their devotions ; the *mihvâb* is the niche in a mosque wall showing the direction of the Holy City. "Worship" is a much better translation than "prayer" for *salât*, the five-times-a-day repeated devotional exercise of the Muslims. It is simply an act of adoration, not of prayer in the sense of entreaty at all, as any one may see by reading the formula given in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, pp. 76-78. A short petition, it is true, may be offered immediately before the close of the ceremony ; but, far from being obligatory, this is not even recommended, it being thought more respectful to leave the issues of all things entirely in the hands of God. The word for "prayer" is *du'â*.

37 These words, which in the original are in Arabic, occur several times as an injunction in the Qur'ân, though not exactly in the order used by the Sultan in this *gazel*. Whenever Arabic clauses occur in these poems they are represented in the translations by italics.

38 *Rijâl i Gayb*, "the Unseen Ones," are a set of forty mysterious beings who wander over the surface of the earth, ready to impart spiritual aid to those who seek it. For an account of them see pp. 82,83 of an interesting work called *The Dervishes*, by the late Mr. John P. Brown, of Constantinople (Trulner and Co.).

39 The "Saints" here mentioned are the *Idris*, or "Friends of God," concerning whose miracles and supernatural powers many wonderful stories are related.

40 The Prophet is sometimes called Ahmed Mukhtâr instead of Muhammed Mustafa, both names having the same meaning.

41 See Introduction, Sec. I., for the true signification of this and similar expressions.

42 *Tutya*, "zinc," "oxide of zinc," "sulphate of zinc," is used as a remedy for the eyes; pearls are powdered with it, hence a poet often compares it to the dust on which his mistress has trodden, mingled with his own pearly tears.

43 *Ambergris*, like musk, is a favourite simile for the *hair*, being likewise dark and sweet-scented.

44 Her moon-like brow, perfumed by her musky hair, is seen beside her rose-cheeks and hyacinth-tresses.

45 Her curling snake-like locks are fallen across her day-fair face: just as the snake gains strength for his deadly work by sleeping in the day-time, so do her locks seem all the more beautiful against her white skin, and thereby increase their power to wound her lover.

46 This is a pretty example of the Oriental rhetorical figure *Ilusn-i ta'îlî*, which may be translated, "Eloquent Indication of the Cause:" it consists in attributing the cause of a well-known fact to some poetical and fanciful idea. Flowers, as is well-known, tied to slips of wood, are carried through the *bâzârs* for sale; but here the poet says that it is on account of having stolen their tint and scent from his mistress's cheek, that they are bound and paraded through the public places, as is done with criminals.

47 A lady's *chin* is frequently likened to an *apple*: the meaning of the line is: "someone has been amorously biting thee." Throughout this *gazel* (which is more curious than beautiful) the poet upbraids his mistress for entertaining his rivals.

48 A *peach* is the poetical expression in Turkish for a *kiss*; so "they've eaten peaches in thine orchard" means: "they have been kissing thee."

49 Bitten by the passionate rival.

50 *Kevser* is the name of a river in Paradise (see Note 21); here it is used for *kindly speech*, the ripples being the words; so the line means: "speak to us."

51 The *down* upon the cheek of the beloved is frequently alluded to by Asiatic poets. There is here, in the original, a favourite equivoque, the word *khatt* meaning alike "down" and "writing." Zeyneb's idea is: "when thou movest thy face, the down (*khatt*) upon thy cheek traces in the air lines of writing (*khatt*), so fragrant that they form, as it were, written command to the breeze to go, and, through the sweetness with which they have impregnated it, conquer the native land of musk."

52 From Cathay (*Khatâi*) and Eastern Tatar, the home of the musk-deer, the finest musk is procured.



53 Somewhere in the western portion of the Circumambient Ocean (Note 6) lies the *Bahr-i Zulumât*, "The Sea of Darknesses," and in this sea is situated the *Dâr-i Zulumât*, or Land of Darknesses." There flows the "Fountain of Life," whereof if any drink he lives forever; but so many and terrible are the dangers that confront the traveller in the Dark Regions, that only one man has ever succeeded in overcoming them and partaking of the Water of Life. This is Khizr.\* Nothing certain is known of this mysterious personage, though many legends are current concerning him. Iskender (Alexander the Great), with all his army, penetrated into the Dark Land in quest of the Life-giving Stream. He sent forward Khizr, who acted as his guide, to explore. Finding his way in the surrounding gloomy means of the light emitted by a great jewel that he held in his hand, Khizr penetrated to the very centre of these mysterious regions. There he saw a narrow stream, like a thread of silver, issuing from the ground. That was the Water of Life. He knelt down, drank a deep draught, then rose, looked to the ground, and lo! the Stream had disappeared. Iskender wandered backwards and forwards for a time in the Land of Darkness, but could find no trace either of Khizr or the Fountain of Life, and, at length giving up the hopeless search, returned to his own country. Khizr is by some thought to be identical with Elijah, by others with St. George; others again believe him to have been the vezîr of Zû'l-Qarneyn, an equally vague and uncertain hero, who is said to have been a universal conqueror and to have lived at the time of the patriarch Abraham. We are told that Khizr often comes to assist or direct poor Muslims in difficulty, when his appearance is that of a venerable man clad in green vestments. No myth is a greater favourite than this of the Fountain of Life; the Ottoman poets continually refer to it, generally mentioning at the same time *Darkness* and *Khizr* or *Iskender*. The lips of the beloved are frequently compared to it, as in these verses, by Husnî :†

My loved one's lips a bright carnelion called I ;  
But vain words these, did all my comrades count :  
"For that," said they, "a worthless stone of Yemen ;  
But this, in sooth, the margin round Life's Fount."

54 Latîfî, after quoting this poem of Zeyneb, gives in his *Tizkera* the following *gazel* of his own composition, as a *Nâzîra* (Introduction, Sec. II) to the verses of the poetess; it is translated here to serve as a specimen of the *Nâzîra* :

\* In the translations, for the sake of metre, I have generally spelt this name Khizar, but Khizr is the correct spelling and pronunciation.

† The original will be found in Mr. Redhouse's *Turkish Poetry*, p. 32.

Hūm, again our feast as shining Paradise array !  
 With thy sweet lip the beaker fill brim-high with Kevser's spray.  
 O Sūfī ! if thy cell be dark and gloomy as thy heart,  
 Come, then, and with the wine-cup's lamp it light with radiance gay.  
 Heap up, like aloes-wood,\* the flame of love within thy breast ;  
 From thine own breath to all earth's senses odours sweet convey.  
 O Zephyr ! shouldst thou pass the home of her we love so well,  
 Full many blessings bear to her from us who her obey.  
 Come, O LAFĪFĪ, and ere yet the Sphere roll up thy scroll,  
 (Mad be not,) make thy songs a book, and brook thou no delay.†

55 The down on the cheek, which, as we have already seen (51), is frequently mentioned, is often spoken of as *green* (*khatt-i seb*). The word *green* in this expression is not used in its sense of *colour*, but in its meaning of *fresh, tender*; as the young corn when newly come up is beautifully *green* and *delicate*. However, for the sake of their literary conceits, the poets, while using the word *seb* in this sense, still retain in view its original meaning of *green colour*. Such is the case in the present instance, when Prince Jem desires his mistress to lay her green (*i.e.* soft) down (*i.e.* her cheek) upon his breast, scorched by the fire of love, because *it is right that fresh greens be spread upon roasted meat*. Such a simile as this, though revolting to European taste, is neither repellent nor ridiculous in the eyes of the bolder Asiatics; and we shall by-and-by see some others like it.

56 The *basil* is his *dishvelled hair*, or perhaps his *beard*; the *gardeners* are his *eyes*; and the *water* they nightly sprinkle over the basil is his *tears*. The basil, like the hyacinth, is a common metaphor for the *hair*.

57 *Kevn u Mekān*, "Existence and Space," the whole Universe.

58 *Durr-i shekavār*, "a regal pearl," the finest of the twelve classes into which, according to their lustre and purity, pearls are divided. The word *durr*, one of the general terms for "pearl," is also the special name of the second quality. See Note 146.

59 The occasions when the *qasīdas* were composed, from which this and the two following extracts are taken, are mentioned in the Biographical Notice of Neajāfī, page 180.

60 Key-Khusrev (Cyrus) is one of the greatest monarchs of the Keyānī dynasty of Persia. For his adventures see Atkinson's *Shāh-Nāma*.

\* Aloes-wood is celebrated for the fragrance it emits when burned.

† These two lines are full of untranslatable equivoques.

61 Alluding to the dark heart of the tulip. The comparison of the centre of the tulip to a burn or sear is of constant occurrence.

62 According to the Oriental tradition, Jesus did not die, but was translated to heaven.

63 Jemshīd was the fourth King of the Pīsh-lāwī dynasty, the first line of Persian Kings whose adventures are recorded in the *Shāh-Nāma*. He was eminent in learning and wisdom. Coats of mail and swords, and garments of silk were first made in his time. He reached the summit of power and glory, compelling the very demons to construct for him a gorgeous palace:

He taught the unholy Demon-train to mingle  
Water and clay, with which, formed into bricks,  
The walls were built, and then high turrets, towers,  
And balconies, and roofs to keep out rain,  
And cold, and sunshine. Every art was known  
To Jemshīd, without rival in the world.\*

After a time, however, pride got the better of this King, and his arrogance and presumption so displeased God that He raised up an Arabian usurper named Zuhāq, who drove the Persian sovereign from his throne. After years of wandering in poverty and misery, he fell into the hands of his enemy, who put him to a cruel death. Jemshīd is represented as a joyous monarch, fond of wine, music, and other pleasures; his splendour and subsequent fall are favourite themes with the Eastern poets.

64 *Rūm* is "Rome;" *Rūmī*, "Roman." The names "Greck" and "Greece" are unknown in the East: *Yūnān* represents "Ionia." The Roman conquest of Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria completely wiped from the Asiatic mind all recollection of the former movers in these lands: Alexander the Great is known only as *Iskender-i Rūmī*, "Alexander the Roman." From that day to this the dwellers in these regions have been indiscriminately called "Romans" by the Orientals; and their emperor—Byzantine or Ottoman—is *Qaysar-i Rūm*, "Cesar of Rome": no other *Qaysar* is recognised in the East. Therefore the Ottoman Empire is, and has been for centuries, styled the *Roman Empire*, or simply *Rome*, by Persians, Eastern Turks, Afgāns, and Indians; an Ottoman Turk is called by these a Roman, and the Ottoman language, the Roman language. See Note 259.

65 *Khusrev*, as has been noticed (Note 10), though sometimes applied specially to *Khusrev Pervīz*, is the general title for the Kings of the Sasānī dynasty, just as *Cesar* is the peculiar style of the Emperors of Rome; *Pharaoh*, of the ancient Kings of Egypt; *Nejāshī*, of those

\* Atkinson's *Shāh-Nāma*, p. 8

of Abyssinia ; and so forth. It is used here in this general sense, simply to signify a powerful sovereign.

66 These verses are addressed by Neĵātī to a painted handkerchief which he is about to send as a present to his mistress. The custom of sending presents of painted handkerchiefs, which are much esteemed by the Turks, has given rise to the otherwise groundless fable, current in Europe, of the Sultan throwing a handkerchief toward her among his *odaliqs* whom he desires to honour with his favours.

67 To rub up, as artists do their colours. The meaning of the second line of the last verse is that the poet sheds tears of blood (Notes 77-80) so profusely that a thousand handkerchiefs would be stained crimson by them in a single moment.

68 This is from Mesīhī's petition-*qasīda* which he addressed to the Nishānji Pasha. See Biographical Notices, page 182.

69 This ode of Mesīhī is perhaps more widely known in Europe than any other Turkish poem. Sir William Jones first published the original along with prose renderings in English and Latin, and a paraphrase in English verse. His Latin version was reproduced by Toderini in his *Letteratura Turchesca*; and his English prose rendering by Davids in his Turkish Grammar. A German paraphrase appears in Von Hammer's work, and a French one in Servan de Sugny's; in fact, I doubt if there be any European treatise on Ottoman literature in which this poem does not figure. It does not appear, however, to have attained such a celebrity in its native land, at least it is not mentioned by either Latifī or Qinali-Zāda, nor does Ziyā Beg reproduce it in his *Kharābāt*.—The present translation has already appeared in the Appendix to Mr. W. A. Clouston's *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*.

70 The season (*hengām*) of spring is said to cover the gardens with *hengāmas*: a *hengāma* is a circle of beholders drawn round a juggler or any other strange sight; here it means the clusters of flowers, or perhaps the parties of friends who walk about in the gardens in spring. In the next line the almond-tree is represented as throwing down its white blossoms, like the silver coins scattered at weddings: perhaps it is supposed to throw them to the imaginary jugglers.

71 Ahmed, as we have seen (Note 40), is another form of Muhammed. The "parterre" here referred to is the world (of Islām), the garden, or mead, being its poetic symbol. The "Light of Ahmed" (*Nūr-i Ahmed*) means, primarily, "the Glory of Muhammed;" but it seems also to be the name of some flower, and, lastly, probably refers here to some Turkish victory recently gained, or peace concluded.

72 The expression "gipsy-party" is a paraphrase here. The original word *tavila* means, in this instance, "a row of horses from a stable, picketed out at grass in the open." Therefore the line

*Zhūdele aldī herwā-yī tavila-la gulsheni*

signifies: "the dew-drops have taken possession of the garden, with the wish to picket their horses there," *i.e.*, hold a pic-nic party in it.

73 This again may allude to some battle in which many illustrious Turks fell. Sir W. Jones' original, which is in many places corrupt, has in this line *shemsin*, "of the sun," instead of *shimshek*, "lightning."

74 Literally: "had its head in its heart," referring to the unopened rosebud.

75 "May the worthy," *i.e.*, may those who appreciate these verses, etc.—A youth with new moustaches is called "four-eyebrowed." The "four-eyebrowed beauties" are the verses of four hemistichs each.

76 It is perhaps needless to remind the reader of the well-known Eastern myth concerning the love of the *bulbul*, or Nightingale, for the Rose, and his consequent joy in springtide and despair in autumn. *Mesihī* himself is the *bulbul* here. The nightingale is sometimes called the Bird of Dawn, or of Night.

77 "To drink one's own blood" means to suffer intense sorrow; similarly, "to shed tears of blood" is to weep in bitter anguish.

78 Jupiter, in astrology, is the most auspicious of all the planets. He is called *Sa'd-i Ekber*, "the Greater Fortune" (the *Sa'd-i Sghr-i Aşgar*, "the Lesser Fortune;" Saturn, on the other hand, is *Nahs-i Ekber*, "the Greater Infortune;" while Mars is *Nahs-i Aşgar*, "the Lesser Infortune." The Sun, the Moon, and Mercury are indifferent, but their positions exercise a great influence in horoscopes.

79 See Note 53. *Iskender* was the name of *Mihri's* beloved (see Biographical Notices page 184), hence the aptness of the allusion.

80 This *gazel*, like most of the works of Sultan Selim I., is written in Persian; in it he refers to his many conquests. This is the only poem in the present collection the original of which is not in Ottoman Turkish.

81 *Istambol* is the Turkish name for Constantinople, whence the European corruption, *Stamboul*. *Īrān* is Persia.

82 The Turks used to call the Persians *Qizil-Bash*, "Gold-Heads," on account of the gold, or gilt, helmets worn by the guards of the Shāh. *Qizil* means "red" in Ottoman, but "gold" in Persian (Āzerbāyjānī) Turkish : Fuzūli sometimes uses it in this latter sense.

83 Alluding to the Memlūk, or Slave-Sultans of Egypt, overthrown by Selīm's courage or resolution.

84 In Note 28 the Nine Spheres are referred to as being between the earth and the lowest of the Mansions of Paradise. According to the Ptolemaic astronomy of the Muslims, these Spheres are as follows, commencing from below and going upwards : 1st, the Sphere of the Heaven of the Moon ; 2nd, of Mercury ; 3rd, of Venus ; 4th, of the Sun ; 5th, of Mars ; 6th, of Jupiter ; 7th, of Saturn ; 8th, of the Fixed Stars, the Firmament, the Starry Vault ; 9th, the Empyrean, the *Primum Mobile*, the Heaven of Heavens, "beyond which God holds His state in unapproachable, inconceivable grandeur, majesty, and splendour." When personified in poetry, the Moon usually represents a fair girl or youth ; Mercury, a penman ; Venus, a beautiful female musician ; the Sun, a sovereign ; Mars, a warrior ; Jupiter, a judge ; and Saturn, an old man.

85 'Irāq and Hijāz are the names of well-known musical modes as well as of provinces, hence the *jeu de mot*.

86 The *kuhl*, "kohl," "stibium," of Isfahān is the most celebrated. Selīm means to say that he defeated the lords of Isfahān.

87 The Āmū is the river Oxus.

88 Literally, "elephant-mated : " the Bishop in chess is called the "elephant" in the East. That piece is here mentioned on account of India being celebrated in connection with elephants. "Queenly troops" are troops formidable, as is the Queen in Chess. See Note 220.

89 That is : "God gave me the dominion of the world because I loved Him." Sa'du'd-Dīn, the historian of the Empire, the author of the *Tājū't-Tevārīkh*, "The Tiara of Histories," calls Selīm I. a Dervish in heart.

90 Iblīs is the Muslim name for Satan. The word is probably the same as *Diabolus*.

91 The moth's love for the taper is a constant theme with Asian poets. The moth is a truer lover than even the nightingale : for, whereas the latter tells its love and its woes to all the world, the former, without a sigh, perishes in its beloved flame.

92 The Eastern poets always speak of *wounds* as *flowers*.

93 Oriental writers frequently call a pretty woman or youth *ni'ar*, "a picture;" just as we might say, "a perfect picture of a girl." In the fourth line occurs the phrase *sh u dani*, "water and grain," all that a bird requires to live upon; here, of course, it is an equivoque referring to the *watered* and *grained* steel.

94 *Ergatewîn*, "the Judas-tree," *Cercis Siliquastrum*, is often mentioned in Oriental poetry, always in connection with its beautiful red flowers. It is common in Persian gardens, where it attains the height of the laburnum.

95 Joseph is the type of youthful beauty. In this poem of Lamî'î, the Sun is compared to him by reason of its lustre. The Sun enters *Libra* in September; Joseph sold corn to the Egyptians by *weight*; hence their "passing to the Balance." The loves of Joseph and Zuleykhâ (Potiphar's wife) are as famous in the East as those of Khusrev and Shirin, or Leyli and Mejnûn. Zuleykhâ spent great riches in purchasing and rearing Joseph; here "the year's Zuleykhâ" is autumn, and the gold coins she scatters are the yellow leaves.

The following is an abridgment of the romance of Joseph and Zuleykhâ. Joseph, the youngest and best beloved son of Jacob, was so lovely even in his infancy that his aunt, who nursed him, owing to the death of his mother, attempted, though vainly, to retain possession of him by fraud.

The King of Magreb (Marocco) had a daughter called Zuleykhâ, the most beautiful of her sex, as Joseph was the fairest of his. One night this Princess saw Joseph in a vision, and, though she knew not who he was, fell deeply in love with him, and her passion so preyed upon her that she lost her health and all pleasure in her old pursuits. On two other occasions the beautiful object of her love appeared to her in visions, on the second of which, in reply to her question as to his name and country, he told her that he was Grand Vezîr of Egypt. Ambassadors from many kings came to her father, asking her in marriage for their masters, but Zuleykhâ would have none of them, and induced her father to send a messenger to the Grand Vezîr of Egypt, requesting him to accept her as his wife. The Egyptian noble at once agreed, and Zuleykhâ was sent with a splendid retinue to the capital of the Pharaohs; but great was her dismay on seeing in the Vezîr an aged man, very different from the lovely youth of her visions.

In the meantime, Joseph's brothers, envious of the great love borne by their father toward the fair boy, persuaded Jacob to allow his darling son to accompany them to the well, and here cast him into a deep pit, purposing to let him perish of hunger. A caravan happened shortly afterwards to pass that way, when one of the merchants, feeling thirsty, came to draw water from the well into which Joseph had been cast. The latter, when the bucket was let down, got into it, and was drawn up; the merchant being greatly delighted at finding

so valuable a prize. He took his fair captive with him to the Egyptian capital, and exposed him for sale in the slave-market there. The fame of the wondrous beauty of the young Hebrew was noised all over the city, and princes and nobles bid against each other to obtain possession of him. The sad Zuleykhā in her splendid palace heard of the lovely slave, and determined to go and see for herself this peerless beauty. She did so, and at once recognised in him the youth she had seen in her dreams, and for whose sake she had left her father's land and come to the banks of the Nile. She implored the Vezīr to buy the boy and bring him up as his own son; for, as the translator of Jāmi's poem says, "Zuleykhā's nominal husband belonged to 'that unhappy class which a practice of immemorial antiquity in the East excluded from the pleasures of love and from the hope of posterity.'"<sup>\*</sup> The noble did so, Zuleykhā giving many of her jewels and treasures to aid in the purchase. Under the same roof with the object of her love, the Magrebī Princess imagined that her woes were over, but she was greatly mistaken. Joseph was as virtuous as he was beautiful, and all Zuleykhā's wiles and entreaties were in vain, for the descendant of the Prophets would not even raise his eyes to hers. The love of the Grand Vezīr's lady for her slave, and his coldness towards her, became the talk of the city; and the ladies of the capital severely blamed Zuleykhā for her conduct. In order to reprove them, the Princess invited them all to a grand banquet, in the course of which she asked if they would like to see Joseph; they all replied that there was nothing they desired so much. She then gave to each an orange and a knife, telling them not to cut the fruit till Joseph appeared. Then she summoned the youth, on beholding whose perfect loveliness all the ladies, bewildered, cut their hands instead of the oranges. They at once declared that Zuleykhā was free from all blame, for it was impossible to resist such charms. Angered at last by Joseph's stubbornness, Zuleykhā determined that she should not be the only one to suffer; so she falsely accused him to the Vezīr of having tried to seduce her. The minister, enraged at this return for his many kindnesses, cast his slave into prison; but Zuleykhā's love still burned fiercely as ever, though she was the cause of Joseph's present misfortune, and her only pleasure lay in gazing on the roof of the dungeon in which he was enclosed. Joseph soon made friends with his fellow-captives, among whom were two officers of the King's household. One night they each had a singular dream, which they related to their Hebrew friend: he told the one that his vision signified impending execution, the other that his indicated approaching release and restoration to favour, and requested the latter to mention his own hard case before the King. Things fell out as Joseph had predicted; but the fortunate officer forgot all about his friend until the King had a strange

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. R. T. H. Griffith's translation of Jāmi's *Yūsuf and Zuleykhā*: p. 140 (London: Trübner and Co., 1882).



dream of seven fat kine followed by seven lean, and seven full ears of corn followed by seven thin. No one was found able to interpret this vision, till the officer, bethinking himself of Joseph, ran to the prison and inquired of him the signification. The Hebrew answered that it meant seven years of plenty followed by seven years of dearth. Hastening back to the King, the officer related what he had heard; the monarch, delighted, requested Joseph to appear before him, but this the latter declined to do until his innocence was established. So Zuleykhā and the ladies who had been present at her banquet were summoned to the royal presence, where they all acknowledged that Zuleykhā herself was the guilty one. Joseph was then brought before the King, who made him Grand Vezir and practical ruler of his dominions. The old Grand Vezir died soon afterwards, and Zuleykhā lost all her worldly wealth. With hair turned grey through bitter sorrow, and eyes blinded from constant weeping, she dwelt, a poor beggar, in a hut of reeds by the roadside. Pondering there on her sad lot, she thought how ill her god had treated her, and she resolved to embrace the One True Faith. So she rose and broke her idol; and a little afterwards she stood in Joseph's way as he rode past, and begged for alms. The Vezir did not recognise her, but struck by her sad voice, he ordered her to be brought to his palace. There she told her tale, and how she had embraced Islām; she entreated Joseph to pray to Allah that she might receive back her sight and her beauty. He did so, and she became again fair as when she left her native land. Her husband being dead, there was nothing now to prevent her union with Joseph; so they were wedded with all pomp, and lived in happiness till death sundered them.

96 The yellow leaves.

97 Brides in Turkey sometimes deck their faces with gilt spangles: the line alludes to the vine-leaves beginning to wither.

98 The stems of the vine are supposed to be in the stream.

99 The "hands" of the plane-tree are its *palmated* leaves.

100 Henna, *Lawsonia inermis*, the well-known red dye with which Oriental women stain their hands. Here again Lāmi'ī refers to the leaves withering.

101 Shooting-stars are supposed to be flaming bolts, hurled, by the angels that guard the confines of the lowest heaven, at those demons who creep up to overhear the divine secrets discussed in Paradise. The meteors are, of course, the falling leaves.

102 That is, blossoms. The "poor," in the second last line, are the bare trees.

103 The tossing of the rosebud in the wind is here likened to the acrobatic performances of the "tumbler" pigeon.

104 Like dancers with tambourines, and knives tossed about.

105 The original word here is *jojjana*, meaning wild orgies. The allusion is to the motion of branches in the wind.

106 This is the concluding strophe of an Elegy on Sultan Selim I.; the original will be found in Mr. Redhouse's *Turkish Poetry*, p. 28.

107 Āsef, the Asaph of the Psalms, is reputed in the East to have been the vezir of Suleymān (Solomon); he is the type of ministerial wisdom.—A *mushīr* is a "field-marshal." Selim was his own vezir and mushīr, minister and general.

108 This couplet is very highly esteemed in Turkey; it is quoted in all the anthologies. In a brief reign of less than nine years, Selim I. doubled the extent of the Ottoman dominions. I have attempted to preserve here the equivoque between '*asr*,' "epoch," and '*asr*,' "afternoon."

109 The entire strophe shows many instances of the Oriental figure called *tejnīs*, which I render by "equivoque;" but as this and the three following lines contain even more examples than the others, I give them here in Turkish (printing the *tejnīs* in italics) to serve as a specimen of this favourite, and often very ingenious, literary conceit; I have made an effort to retain some of them in the translation:

*Rezm ishinda ve bezm 'tshinda,*  
Gurmedi pīr-i cherkh ana nazīr.  
Chīqsa *eyvān-i bezma*, mīhr-i munīr!  
Girsa *mevdān-i rezma*, shīr-i dilīr!

110 This poem was composed by Gazālī, on the occasion of the execution of his patron, the Defterdār Iskender Chelebi.

111 The "perfection" of a star is its ascension, its "defect" is its setting. Iskender held high place near the Sultan.

112 The intrigues of his rival, Ibrahim Pasha, were the cause of Iskender's execution. The "lofty decree for his high exaltation" is the Divine order for him to be raised to heaven.

113 Like a bird.

114 Concerning the supposed connection between Islām and fatalism, Mr. Redhouse says: "*Qader*, 'Providence,' is the Islāmic word which Europeans so unjustly translate by the terms 'fate' and 'destiny.' Islām utterly abhors those old pagan ideas, and reposes on

God's *providence* alone ; which some will say is the same thing. The terms *qada* and *qimat*, quasi-synonyms of *quâd* and *quâd*, mean, the former, God's *décret*, the latter *exécution*. Both may correctly be translated by our term *disposition*. True that astrologers, dervishes, and poets talk about *the Sphere* (Felek) as ruling or influencing sublunary events. To Islâm, this is either rank paganism and blasphemy, or a special application of the admitted truism that here below God acts through secondary causes.\*

In these poems *Fate* and *the Sphere* are frequently mentioned, sometimes even prayed to ; the Sphere especially being often spoken of as bringing good or evil in its revolutions. But such expressions are no more to be regarded as true declarations of the poet's belief than are his repeated calls for wine to be looked upon as indicating a desire for the actual juice of the grape.—The word used in the present poem is not the Arabic *quâd*, but the Persian *râzkâr*, which literally means "day-maker ;" it therefore includes the ideas of *time*, *fortune*, *events*, *accidents*, etc.—everything which goes to make up days as they affect man. These last two lines of Gazâli savour more of Hindûism than of Islam.

115 The parrot is called the *sugar-cater*. Being a beautiful creature, and possessed of the wondrous power of speech (when taught), a fair woman with a sweet voice is not unfrequently compared to it.

116 *Nûr-i Muhammed*, "the Light," or "Essence of Muhammed," was the first thing God created in eternity, though its incarnation was late. It is legendarily reported that the body of the Prophet cast no shadow.

117 Referring to the Egyptian ladies who cut their hands through their bewilderment on seeing Joseph's beauty. See Note 95.

118 In the Qur'an, liv., 1., we read : "And the moon is split asunder." This is traditionally referred to a miracle ; the unbelievers having asked Muhammed for a sign, the moon appeared cloven in twain.

119 The legend runs that when Jesus was translated from the world, he was found to have nothing earthly about him, save a needle stuck in his garment. But in consequence thereof he got only half way to Paradise, and now lives in the Fourth Heaven, that of the Sun, where he will abide till he comes again in glory.

120 Alluding to generation.

\**El-Esmâ'u'l Husnâ*, "The Most Comely Names," p. 51. Trübner and Co. Acquired from the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1880.

121 The "golden birds" are the stars; the "quicksilver-resplendent deep" is the sky. This is a very mystic *gazel*: the couplet in question means: "What if I send my intellect to fathom the mysteries of the Universe."

122 The Eastern poets seem to confuse the colours *blue* and *green*, or rather, to look upon the former as a variety of the latter; as we might call crimson and pink both red. Lāmi's poems offer two instances of this: in the last line of No. I. he compares a tree with some of its leaves withered to the starry sky; and in the eighth line from the end of No. III. he likens the green mead, covered with drops of dew, to the star-filled heavens. So Khiyālī here speaks of the Nine Spheres (the sky) as being emerald-hued.

123 Von Hammer says that Prince Bāyezīd composed these lines a few days before his death.

124 Bells are worn by the beasts in a caravan. The meaning is: "The animals are being harnessed for the journey, and I shall soon be off."

125 Suleymān, or Solomon, the King of Israel, is looked upon as the *beau idéal* of an Eastern monarch. The Oriental writers speak with enthusiasm of his justice and wisdom, his might and magnificence; he is held to have been a prophet; he was perfect in all sciences, and understood the language of birds and beasts. The winds were subject to his command, and used to bear his carpet, on which stood his throne and his troops, wheresoever he willed. Jinns, demons, and fairies were all under his control, and constrained to do his bidding. The secret of his wonderful power was his Ring (Solomon's Seal), on which was graven *The Most Great Name*: by virtue of this magic Signet he was lord of creation. The evil jinns, whom he thus subdued, he compelled to adopt the Faith of Islām—"There is no god but God"—and in case of refusal, he thrust the obstinate misbelievers into copper vessels, which he secured by the impress of his Seal, and cast them into the Circumambient Ocean. These were occasionally washed on shore in after ages. Everyone will recollect the story of the Fisherman, in the *Thousand and One Nights*, who found one while pursuing his vocation.

The legend alluded to by Fuzūlī is as follows: A demon, called Sakhr, managed to get possession of the Ring by appearing in the shape of Suleymān to one of that monarch's concubines, Emina by name, to whom the King used to entrust the Signet when he washed. Having received the Ring from her, Sakhr seated himself upon the throne, and did what seemed to him good. But so infamous was his conduct, that, on the fortieth day, the Grand Vezīr Āsef, and some doctors of the Law, determined (perhaps in the hope of admonishing him) to read the Scriptures in his presence. No sooner did the Word of God

fall upon the demon's ear than he resumed his native form, and fled in haste to the sea-shore, where the Signet dropped from him. By the providence of God, the Ring was swallowed by a fish. When Suleymān had been deprived of his throne, the light of prophecy departed from him, and no one recognised him. So for forty days he wandered about the country, begging for alms. On the fortieth he entered the service of a fisherman, who gave him as his daily wages two fishes. The fish which had swallowed the Signet was taken by the fisherman and given to Suleymān, who thus recovered his Ring, and with it his kingdom. Sakhr was caught, imprisoned in one of the copper vessels already mentioned, sealed with the Ring, and cast into the Sea of Tiberias, where he must remain till the Resurrection Day.

The identity of name between the great Turkish Sultan (Suleymān I.) and the sage Hebrew King is a very lucky coincidence for the Ottoman poets, as it affords them endless opportunities for comparing and purposely confusing these two mighty sovereigns, each the greatest of his nation. Thus it is not unlikely that Fuzūlī alludes in these lines to the defeat of some rebellious beg or pasha who had risen against Sultan Suleymān's authority.

126 "The heart turning blood" means, suffering profound vexation.

127 It is believed in the East that rubies are common stones on which the sun has shone for ages.

128 *Mihr-i rukhsārīn*. *Mihr* means alike "sun" and "love."

129 The eye is compared to a metallic mirror, such as is commonly used in the East.

130 A pretty *mouth* is sometimes likened to Suleymān's Ring (125), not only on account of its form, but also by reason of its bewitching power. At other times the *mouth* is a *caul*; the *teeth* being *pearls*, and the *gums*, *rubies* or *coral*.—See the first gazel of Muhibbī.

131 When God created man, He commanded the angels to bow before him; for the human nature is higher than the angelic, inasmuch as man has his eternal destiny in his own hands, and the choice of doing good or evil; for Islām is not, as is generally believed by Europeans, fatalistic. See Qur'ān, ii., 32, etc.; also Note 114.

132 In this beautiful couplet the moon and sun both represent the poet's mistress; he is the taper.

133 There is a poetic and very ancient Eastern notion that pearls are formed in oysters by drops of rain or dew falling into them.

134 The word *duf* means both "smoke" and "sigh;" the *āgh* is supposed to be the *smoke* of the heart, consumed by the *fire* of sorrow.

135 The district where my love dwells is, through her presence, Paradise; but there is grief enough there for me, by reason of her unkindness and my rivals' persecution.

136 Ziyā Beg has written a sort of parody on this *muṣaddas* of Fuzūli, which appears in his *Kharābāt*.

137 A poet sometimes likens the *tongue* of his mistress to the small pistachio-nut.—From *qand*, the Eastern word used here, comes our "candy."

138 A lady's *crests* are her eyebrows.

139 Her face is the moon; her hair, the clouds.

140 This is the explanation of these two lines: A cypress grows by the water, spring, or fountain—(poetically) sets its foot in it: *Bash guz ustuna*, "on (my) head and eye" ("I shall willingly do thy pleasure"), is a common phrase. Conquerors set their feet on the neck of the vanquished: Thus a cypress-like beauty may set her foot on the head, in the (streaming) eye (the fount) of her vanquished lover; but if she put it in his eye, the lashes may pierce her tender foot.

141 Her hair hung over her cheeks.

142 Eastern women sometimes tattoo their feet, hands, or face. See *Modern Egyptians*, page 39.

143 That is: "How have thy white feet become red?"

144 Her curls twisting over her face are compared to a scorpion's claws: therefore her face, encircled by her hair, is the Moon in the Sign Scorpio, a conjunction regarded as menacing by astrologers.

145 Her *dog-rose and tulip* are her white face and red cheeks.

146 The pearls of 'Aden and the Persian Gulf are highly esteemed. *K'hosh-āb*, "fair lustres," are the second class of pearls, called also *nejmī*, "starry," and *'ayūn*, "eyes," "founts." See Note 58.

147 The *bubbles* are drops of perspiration. Moisture on the face is frequently praised by Eastern poets, and compared to dew.

148 The comb is supposed amorously to bite the ringlets.

149 In Arabic, *shams*, "the sun," is feminine, and *qamar*, "the moon," masculine; therefore, in Muslim poetry, the greater luminary is represented as a female, and the lesser as a male, as is the case in old Teutonic lore.

150 *Silver*, when applied to the human frame, means *delicate*.

151 This line contains a very ingenious example of the *mih* equivoque (128). "The fillet, being in thy hair, does not enclose thy *mih* "sun (-like face)," but the chain, hanging round thy cheeks, does; therefore I am not like the former, but the latter, because I, too, enclose thy *mih*, "love;" *i.e.* "love for thee is within my breast."

152 *Surma*, a preparation of antimony used for painting the edges of the eyelids.

153 The comparison of the *eyebrow* to a *bow*, and the *glance* to the *arrow* or *shaft*, is a favourite. Eastern ladies employ powdered antimony to form streaks on the eyelids, and a paste of indigo to paint the eyebrows with. Perhaps it used to be customary to make bows of poplar branches. Fuzūli likens the lady's indigo-stained eyebrows to bows of *green* poplar; this may be an instance of the confusion of the colours *green* and *blue*, mentioned in Note 122.

154 The tale of Leyli and Mejnūn is perhaps the favourite love-story of the East. As the names of the hero and heroine are of very frequent occurrence in Turkish Poetry, I give here an outline of the romance. Qays, the son of an Arab chief of Yemen, falls in love with a maiden of another clan—a damsel bright as the moon, graceful as the cypress, with locks dark as the night, whence her name *Leyli*—*i.e.* "Nocturnal." His passion is returned; but with the departure of his beloved's tribe to the distant uplands of Nejd, his woes begin. In the wild hope of reaching her new abode, Qays rushes out into the desert, where, with matted locks and bosom bare to the scorching sun, he wanders on, making the rocks to echo with his cries of "Leyli!" In vain his friends bring him back—he always escapes, and flies again to the waste; so, seeing that his reason is shattered, they change his name to *Mejnūn*—*i.e.* "Bewitched." In the course of his wanderings he enters the land of a chief called Nevfel, who finds the wretched lover, and, hearing his story, conceives a warm friendship for him, and resolves to aid him. So Nevfel and his warriors go to Leyli's father, and demand the maiden for Mejnūn; but the father refuses. Then a battle takes place, in which Nevfel and his men are victorious; but when Leyli's father comes to offer submission, he threatens to slay the maiden before their eyes if they persist in their demand. They therefore retire, and Leyli is constrainedly married to one of her father's friends. After a time a stranger seeks out Mejnūn in the desert, and tells him that Leyli

is desirous of seeing him. At once the true lover speeds to the appointed place; but when Leyli learns he is there, her sense of duty triumphs over the passion of her life, and she resolves to forego the dangerous meeting; and Mejnūn, disappointed, returns to the wilderness, where the wild beasts become his friends. In the course of time Leyli's husband dies, and Mejnūn hastens to his loved one's side. Overpowered by emotion, both are for a space silent; at length Leyli addresses Mejnūn in tender accents, but when he finds voice to reply, it is evident that the reaction has extinguished the last spark of reason. Mejnūn is now a hopeless maniac, and he rushes from the arms of Leyli and seeks the desert once more. Leyli never recovers the shock occasioned her by this discovery. She pines away, and ere she dies, requests her mother to convey to Mejnūn the tidings of her death, and to assure him of her constant, unquenchable love. When he hears of her death, Mejnūn seeks her tomb, and, exhausted with his journey and his sorrow, and the privations he had so long endured, lays himself down upon the turf that covers her remains, and dies. Zeyd, an attendant who had always befriended Mejnūn, comes to watch by the sepulchre where the lovers sleep; there one night he sees the vision which forms the subject of the last extract from Fuzūli's works.

155 There is an untranslatable equivocal in this line and the next; *merdum* means "the pupil of the eye;" *merd im*, "I am a man (a hero)." *Merdu*, or *merdumek*, means, properly, "manikin," and refers to the small image of ourselves that we see reflected in the pupil. It is these (*i.e.* themselves) that Fuzūli says in damsels drink blood—but the blood of their lovers this time.

156 There is a proverb to this effect.

157 *Kīmiyā*, "the Philosopher's Stone," that imaginary wondrous substance which transmutes all baser metals into gold. The European appellation of *stone* seems to be a fanciful one, as it does not appear from the writings of the alchemists that the great arcanum was of a lapideous nature.

158 This line means: "I looked to find sincerity (truthfulness) in the mirror, but even there I only saw a persecuted swain (my own reflection)."

159 *Subh-i Sādiq*, "the True Dawn," opposed to *Subh-i Kāzib*, "the False Dawn," *i.e.* the Zodiacal Light, a transient brightness in the horizon about an hour before the rise of the true dawn. This phenomenon is frequently mentioned in Eastern literature, where it is sometimes called "the Wolf's Tail." See two interesting papers by Mr. Redhouse in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vols. X. and XII. (New Series).



160 The *gilmân*, or "native youths of Paradise;" the *hûnîs*, its fairy maidens.

161 The whole of this long and beautiful poem of Fazli has been published in the original, along with a German translation, by Von Hammer. That learned Orientalist considered it one of the finest productions of the Ottoman muse; it has the merit of originality, so far as its plot is concerned, not being, like most Turkish *Mesnevis*, copied from a Persian model. The story is an elaboration of the myth of the Nightingale's love for the Rose. A king called Spring has a beautiful daughter, Rose, whom he appoints Governor of Parterre, one of his cities. She, vain of her own loveliness, sends her courier, Zephyr, to search the world and see if she have any peer in beauty. Whilst pursuing his quest, he meets with Nightingale, a Prince disguised as a beggar, who is a very sweet singer. Him he tells of his errand and of his mistress's beauty, on hearing the description of which the Prince falls deeply in love with Rose. They proceed together to the latter's city, but the Princess refuses to receive Nightingale, who therefore wanders about the city singing his woes. Thorn, a *lala*, or governor, of Rose, hearing how a miserable beggar is going about the town telling all men that he is the Princess's lover, attacks Nightingale, wounds him with his sword, and drives him out of the city. He then goes and tells King Spring, who sends some guards to seize the Prince and imprison him in an iron cage. Rose, grieved at her true lover's misfortune, goes to his prison and consoles him by telling him of her love. In the meantime a great conqueror, called King Summer, has arisen in the East; he declares war against King Spring, and sends his army, commanded by his general, Sun, to take the city of Parterre. The invaders are completely successful, consuming by their flaming artillery all who venture to bar their road; and King Spring seeks safety in flight. After grievously oppressing the people, King Summer and his legions take their departure. King Autumn, in the North, hearing that the fair city is desolate, determines to take possession of it. At first his rule is pleasing, for he showers much gold (withered leaves) on all hands, but afterwards it grows harsh and severe. In the West is a great, terrible Monarch, King Winter; he holds council with his generals, and determines to expel King Autumn from Parterre. His general, Snow, steals quietly into the city one night, and when the inhabitants waken in the morning they find the town in the possession of his forces. Very cruel is King Winter; so severe are his laws that no one dares leave his house. When King Spring had been driven from his city, he had taken refuge in the South with a kinsman, King New-year (Note 214); this monarch marshals his army, and, accompanied by his deposed friend, sets out to reinstate him in his kingdom. King Winter is driven from the land, and the rightful monarch restored to the throne. All the people are delighted, and, amidst general rejoicings, Rose and Nightingale are married.—This story, like all others of its kind, is an

allegory : the city of Parterre represents the body ; Rose, the soul ; Nightingale, the heart ; King Spring, the understanding ; King Summer, anger, which drives away the understanding ; King Autumn, lust, which paves the way for King Winter, disease ; King New-Year is the grace of God. The story in detail is a very pretty one, and the language in which it is told appropriate and graceful.

162 *Rūm*, Asia Minor. See Note 64.

163 The lily's leaf, on account of its shape, is often compared to a sword. See *Mesihî's Murebba'*, stanza 4.

164 Alluding to the idea that the thorn transfixes the Nightingale when that bird tries to get near its beloved Rose : the same notion is referred to in the story told in Note 161, where Thorn wounds Nightingale with his sword.

165 The *uskuf* was a pointed felt cap worn by the Janissaries and dervishes. The earlier Sultans used it, covered with gold embroidery, as their regal head-dress. Under Muhammed II. it was appropriated to the officers of the Janissaries, and later, with certain modifications, to the Agas of the Seraglio. The cap called *altin-uskuf*, or *sirmali-uskuf*, was the same decorated with a gilt band (*yuklun*), which hung down across it in front. The *uskuf* has entirely disappeared since the destruction of the Janissaries, in 1826. See M. Barbier de Meynard's *Dictionnaire Turc-Français*.

166 A mole on the face is considered as a great beauty in the East, just as it used to be in England, when ladies represented it by a black patch. It is frequently compared to a grain of musk, which is of a dark colour.

167 The Oriental letter *Nūn*, "N," is represented by a curve.

168 Joseph, as already said (Note 95), is the type of youthful beauty ; the "well" is an allusion to the pit into which he was lowered by his brethren.

169 That is, red—blood. See Note 77.

170 This *qasīda*, by the greatest of Ottoman poets, in praise of Sultan Suleymān I., is here translated in its entirety.

171 The Sun is described as a tambourinist, referring to its form, round, like a tambourine ; it is usually a sovereign (Note 84) ; for its sex when personified see Note 149.

172 Saturn is often spoken of as the Elephant-driver of the Heavens.

173 See Note 125. Referring, of course, both to Solomon and the Sultan.

174 *Keyānī*, connected with the Keyānī, or Median, dynasty of Persia; here meaning simply, "Imperial."—*Khusrevānī*, connected with the Khusrevs, or Kings, of the Sāsānī (Sassanian) House, is used in the same way.

175 The rich merchant, Autumn, scatters gold (yellow leaves) profusely on each hand; yet even he stands in need of the Sultan's bounty.

176 Key-Qubād (Dejoces), the founder of the Keyānī dynasty. For his adventures see Atkinson's *Shāh-Nāma*.

177 Qahramān is a legendary hero who was solicited by the Kings of the Fairies to aid them in repelling the Demons, who were constantly making war upon their subjects. He complied, and met with many strange adventures, which are related in the *Qahramān-Nāma*.

178 This extravagant idea of the Sphere revolving through being struck by the Sultan's mall-bat is paralleled by the following passage in *Hāfiz* :

"My King's-dragoon, my sweet one, what doll shows half thy graces!  
Urged by thy whip, the steed-like Sphere its rapid circle traces."\*

This is *Husn-i Ta'ālil* (Note 46).

179 *Shāmiyān*, "Shāmis," means alike "Syrians" and "darknesses of evening." Thus the night-black locks are compared to Syrian, or evening, dancers, who have tucked up their skirts for a dance to Hijāz in Arabia, or to the musical mode so called (Note 85).

180 *Sujūd* is that position in canonical worship in which the forehead touches the ground; *qiyām*, that in which one stands upright. See Lane's *Modern Egyptian*, pp. 70, 77. This is another example of the figure *Husn-i Ta'ālil* (46); the rose and jasmine bend, of course, when the wind blows, but here they are said to do so in adoration of the cheek so much fairer than they; and the cypress, naturally erect, is said to stand up to worship the figure more elegant than itself.

181 "BE!" and it is. Qu'an, ii., 3, etc. *K'U'V!* "BE!" was God's fiat to creation. The hall, "BE! and it is," simply means, the Universe.

182 Trem, the terrestrial paradise, planted ages ago by King Sheddad, and now sunk somewhere in the deserts of Arabia. The mead here means, the world of Islam; the night-ingales in the next line are poets. During Suleyman's reign Ottoman Poetry reached its highest point.

\* Bicknell's *Hafiz of Shiraz*, page 42.

183 Doubtless some allusion lurks in this couplet; perhaps Bāqī prays that the Sultan may live to be an old man, till "the world-illuming sun," his face, display "a silver candelabrum," a white beard.

184 The slaty night-sky studded with stars is sometimes compared to steel inlaid with gold.

185 This assonant is in imitation of the original.

186 Bāqī here compares the elegant figure of his mistress to his own graceful poetry; her thin waist resembles one of the subtle allusions in his verses—*i.e.*, it is so fine, one can hardly see it!

187 The Lote-tree of Paradise, that stands on the right hand of the Throne of God, and beyond which not even the angels may pass. For the Tūba-tree see Note 28. Moore mentions these two heavenly trees in "Lalla Rookh" (*Lāla-Rukh*, "Tulip-Cheek"):

"Farewell, ye odours of earth that die,  
 Passing away like a lover's sigh;—  
 My feast is now of the Tuba-tree,  
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity.

Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone  
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;  
 O what are the fairest that e'er have blown,  
 To the Lote-tree springing by Allah's throne,  
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!"

188 By the usual figure (Note 92), he likens the wound on his breast to a flower—the rosebud; the shaft (her glance), that caused it, is compared to a leaf curled up in the bud.

189 The wonderful cures and resuscitations wrought by Jesus, who is the type of a skilful and benign physician, are as celebrated among Muslims as among Christians. His healing power is said to have been in the breath.

190 A beautiful girl is called *kāfir*, "infidel," because of her cruelty.

191 The legend runs: After the Creation God assembled the souls of all who were to dwell upon the earth, and to each separately put the question: *A-Lestu bi-Rabbikum?* "Am I not your Lord?" to which each made reply: *B'ala*, "Yea." He had previously put the same question to the earth, the sky, and the mountains; but none of these dared take

the responsibility of answering, "Yea." \* The remembrance of this primeval vow is said by the Sūfis and dervishes to exercise an all-engrossing power over the souls of the initiated.

192 The *eye* is the *hope*; the word in the next line, translated *air*, means also *longing*. In this couplet, by mentioning the four elements, Bāqī introduces that figure of speech called by Oriental rhetoricians *Mutazādd*, "contrariety." In Mr. Bicknell's translation of Haiz occurs this example :

"My heart and soul oft fly to love as earth in air away ;  
At times with water, as a duck, I passion's fire allay."

Ebū-'l-Ferāj-i Rūmī has the following, quoted by Mr. Bicknell :

"Air art Thou, entering my frame as breath ;  
Fire art Thou, burning hearts with love till death ;  
Water art Thou, by which all creatures grow ;  
Earth also art Thou, to which all must go."

Mr. Whinfield's translation of the quatrains of 'Omer Khayyām yields yet another instance :

"Man's seed is water from the void sea-spray ;  
And on his heart grief's fire doth ever prey ;  
And blown is he like wind about the world ;  
And last his crumbling earth is swept away."

193 This couplet contains several allusions to the Game of Chess. The word *rak̄h* means both "cheek" and "castle" ("Rook"); *at* the "steed" is the "Knight;" thus King, Queen, Castle, Knight, and Pawn are all mentioned.

194 The streams, turbid with heavy rains, are said to offer gold (their yellow water) to the trees that grow upon their banks, as though they were wishing to bide these.

195 A pretty girl is often styled a *Torment*, a *Torment of the Soul*, or a *Torment of the World*.

196 According to Von Hammer, this Elegy is the most beautiful poem in the whole range of Ottoman literature. The first strophe is addressed to the reader.

197 The Persians throw aside the lees after drinking a cup of wine.

198 A pebble thrown into a beaker is the signal for a party to break up. See Note 215.

199 *Rakhush*, "Lightning" (the word translated here by "charger"), was the name of Rostem's famous steed. Rostem is the national hero of Persia, the Hercules or 'Antar

\* Qur'an, vii. 171.

of Irān ; a great portion of the *Shāh-Nāma* is taken up with his wondrous adventures and glorious victories over his country's enemies, both human and demon.

200 Dārā is Darius, the last monarch of the Keyānī dynasty.

201 Alluding to the bent, or curved, appearance of the vault of heaven.

202 A beautiful example of the *Hasn-i Ta'ālil* (Note 46) : the tears that fill the eyes when one attempts to look upon the sun are here ascribed to sorrow for the loss of the Sultan, whose glorious visage the splendour of that luminary recalls to mind.

203 The *humā* is a fabulous bird often mentioned in Eastern poetry. It is of the happiest augury ; every head that it overshadows will one day wear a crown. Another of its good traits is that it lives entirely upon bones, never hurting any living creature.

204 Their rills.

205 The petal of a rose is in shape somewhat like the human ear.

206 The strophes, consisting of seven rhyming couplets each. The meaning of the second last of these in this stanza is : "Should our eyes shed so many tears that the whole earth was turned by them into an ocean, still even in so vast a sea there would be no chance of the production of a pearl that could vie with thee."

207 It will be remembered that Sultan Suleymān I. died in his camp before Szigeth in Hungary.

208 The Sun.

209 *Tears* are sometimes compared to *babes*, being sprung from man ; perhaps from *merdumek*, "the manikin" of the eye (Note 155). Here those babes are to die and be buried ; *i.e.*, the unsympathising man is to have cause to saturate the ground with his bitter tears.

210 *Gāzī ve Shehīd*, "Muslim conqueror and martyr ;" both are alike pleasing to God ; whoever dies in battle, or in the field, against the infidels is crowned with martyrdom ; while the conqueror will be rewarded for his labours in the Next World. Prince Cantemir says : "The Turks are persuaded that he (Suleymān) was a great favourite of heaven, because he not only lost his life at the siege of Szigeth, and so became *Shehīd* (martyr), but was also *Gāzī*, two cities being taken under the command of his relics, and annexed to the Ottoman Empire."

211 This strophe is in honour of Sultan Selīm II., Suleymān's son and successor. The third line of this verse is incorrect, it ought to be :

The old Vezīr hath passed-away from th' Egypt of the world ;

The allusion is to Zuleykhā's first husband (95), the Grand Vezir of Egypt (*ʿAzīz-i Mīsr*) : Suleymān is of course meant, Selīm being Joseph. In the next couplet the dawning represents Suleymān and the Sun, Selīm ; and so on throughout the stanza.

212. Behrām (Varanes V.), fourteenth monarch of the Sāsānī dynasty of Persia, is chiefly remarkable for his love of the chase. He was particularly fond of hunting the *gur*, or wild-ass, on which account he is often called Behrām-i Gūr, "Behrām of the Wild-Ass." This passion eventually cost him his life, for while pursuing one of these creatures, his horse plunged with him into a deep morass, and he was seen no more. *Gūr* means "tomb," in Persian, as well as "wild-ass," thus giving an opportunity for an excellent equivoque, of which the poets are not slow to avail themselves ; thus Bāqī says here : "This chase (life) at length caused the Behrām of the age (Sultan Suleymān) to reach the *gur* (the tomb and the wild-ass)."

Erdeshīr is the Persian name that is corrupted into Artaxerxes and Ahasuerus. The Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther was not, however, a Sāsānī, but a Keyānī monarch : perhaps Erdeshīr-i Dirāz-Dest (Artaxerxes Longimanus), sixth sovereign of that race ; but his is by no means certain. Behrām here represents Suleymān ; Erdeshīr, Selīm.

213 The Peacock plays a conspicuous part in the story of Eden and Adam and Eve ; before the Fall he was the most beautiful bird in Paradise, his plumage shone like pearl and emerald, and his voice was so melodious that he was appointed to sing the praises of God daily in the streets of heaven.

214 *Nev-Rūz*, "the New Day," the first day of the new year with the ancient Persians, is the "New Year's Day" of the Muslim poets. It is the day when the Sun enters Aries.

215 Death, as succeeding life, is sometimes compared to the end of a banquet, when the guests are gone and the lights put out.

216 According to Brown's *Dervishes*, the Qalenderī Order of Dervishes was founded by Yūsuf-i Endelūsī (Yūsuf of Andalusia, in Spain), a contemporary of Hājī Bektāsh. They are under the obligation of perpetually travelling about, and are compelled to live wholly upon alms. A wandering dervish of any order is, by extension, called a Qalender. The members of the real Qalenderī Order shave their beards and eyebrows.

217 *Iflātūn* (Plato) is a type of wisdom.

218 Or : "Flood the world with thy splendour, and still remain without ostentation." When the Sun sinks it seems to rub its face in the dust.

219 This poem, with the following, its reply, forms, perhaps, the only instance of a war-correspondence conducted in *gazels*. The Grand Vezir Hâfiz Pasha, having failed to recover Bagdâd from the Persians, sent this *gazel*, begging for reinforcements, to his master, Murâd IV., at Stamboul.

220 Here again we have the equivoques on *rukh*, meaning at once the "Rook" at Chess, and the "Check," thus *rukh-be-rukh* is both "Rook to Rook" and "Face to Face;" and on *at* for the "Knight" and the "Horse" (193). The allusions to Chess in these lines, as well as those near the beginning of the Pâdishâh's rejoinder, remind us of the famous letter of Nicephorus to Hârûnu-'r-Reshîd, which called forth from that Khalifa his yet more famous reply. The *Queen* presents a difficulty in these Turkish poems: to make an Oriental talk of a queen, not only as taking part in a battle (for the chess-board represents a battle-field), but as being the strongest combatant, is absurd. The piece which we in the West misname the "Queen" is in the East called *Ferz* or *Ferzân*, a Persian word meaning "counsellor" or "minister"—a much more appropriate title, in fact the correct one, for Chess is an Oriental game. Some derive our Queen from the Eastern *Ferz*, through the following corruptions and translations: Chess, it is contended, was introduced by the Arabs into Spain and France; the French, on learning the game, adopted some of the Oriental terms and translated others; of the former was the *Ferz*, written in old French books *Fierce*, this in time became *Vierge*, thence *Dame*, *Queen*. Till the fifteenth century this piece was, both in Asia and Europe, one of the weakest on the board, being allowed to move diagonally only, and but one square at a time. It is clear, however, that long before these two poems were written, the *Ferz* had attained, if not the entire power it now possesses, at least a greatly extended range, for Selîm I. (who died in 1520) speaks of it as though it were a very strong piece.

221 The Râfizis are the Shî'is, the adherents of the heretical sect of Islâm that holds in Persia.

222 Ebû-Ilanîta, founder of that one of the four great sects of orthodox Islâm to which the Turks belong, lies buried in Bagdâd.

223 A *Lugaz*, as stated in the Introduction (Sec. II.), is an "enigma," in which the essence of a thing (not the letters of its name, as is the case in a *Mu'ammā*) forms the subject of the riddle. Enderûnî Khazînelî Jihâdî Beg, one of Sultan Murâd's courtiers, gave the following solution to this puzzle:

" My King, a lamp 's the castle; the oil therein, the main;  
The wick is yonder fish too that there its home hath ta'en;



The flame 's the shining jewel it holdeth in its mouth,  
That burns the fish as long as it therein doth remain.  
Thou promisedst, O Monarch, the s-lver to reward :  
A fief JIHĀBĪ seeketh and sergeantship to gain.

224 These verses of 'Azīzī, which possess no beauty, are inserted merely to serve as an example of that style of poem known as *shehr-enjīz*, "city-disturbing." As mentioned in the Second Section of the Introduction, the subject of these compositions is the description of certain persons who, through their beauty, are supposed to disturb the town. The ladies in whose honour these verses were written were, no doubt, the Phrynes and Laïses of seventeenth century Stamboul. Some, at least, of the names appear to be sobriquets. The only literary merit which the lines possess consists in equivoques on the names of the courtezans described; these I have indicated by translating the names and printing in italics the supposed *bon-mots*. The verses here translated are selected from a number cited in the fifth volume of the *Mines de l'Orient*.

225 *Merjān Du'āsī*, "Coral Prayer;" I do not know what this is; I never saw the expression anywhere else, nor is it given in the dictionaries. Von Hammer says in a note: "Ein berühmtes Gebeth von Rubinengraber," and that is all I have been able to learn.

226 Literally: *qatād*, "the tragacanth" or "goatsthorn."

227 This poem is called a *Munājāt*, a "Prayer;" a number of such are usually found in the *Dīwān* after the verses in praise of God and the Prophet.

228 Manuscript copies of the *Shāh-Nāma* are usually decorated with miniatures, representing the progress of the history.

229 "Lights Twain" are the Sun and Moon: the world is like a mirror, where the influences of the planets are reflected.

230 "We have indeed created man in the best of symmetry." (Qur'ān xcvi. 4.)

231 Literally: "Founded on the product of vileness is Thy Glory:" sin is vile; man is vile; Thou forgivest; thence Thy Glory.

232 Helāgū, the grandson of Jengīz Khār, levelled the beautiful city of Bagdad with the ground, and ruthlessly massacred its inhabitants.

233 The *fez* is the red cap of the Turks; it is commonly, but erroneously, written and pronounced *fez* in Europe: the *s* is sharp like *ss* in our word "fosse."

234 That is, the Bridge of Sirât, "narrower than a hair, sharper than a razor," that leads to Paradise, spanning the Abyss of Hell. Across this, they say, must all pass to the Abode of Bliss.

235 Hayder, "the Lion," is a surname of 'Alî, the Prophet's son-in-law; Duldul was the name of his celebrated mule.

236 Referring to the rapid, vibrating motion peculiar to Eastern dancing.

237 A beautiful girl is sometimes styled "an Idol."

238 The needle formerly used in Turkey and other Eastern countries for blinding state prisoners is here referred to. The meaning of this distich is: "My verses are so obscure and involved that to the uneducated they are enemies to clear perception (*i.e.* they are incomprehensible), just as the blinding-needle is the enemy to clear sight, as know the blinded."

239 Referring to the shape of the head-dress, modelled after the tiara of the ancient Kings of Persia, introduced by Selim I., and worn, with certain modifications, by all his successors till changed by Muhammed IV. This head-dress, which was worn by the Sultan alone, if turned upside down, would somewhat resemble in shape the alms-bowl carried by beggars in Turkey. The form of the royal tiara may be seen in the portraits of Selim I., Suleymân I., and Murâd IV.

240 Her hair-slim waist is so slight that it is said by hyperbole to exist not; if it exists not, of course it cannot be embraced; thus the truthfulness of the rival's boast is itself as slender as a hair.

241 Nimrod, by his cruel persecution of Abraham, and arrogant insolence in building the Tower of Babel, to wage war with God, drew upon himself the Divine wrath. To punish his pride the Lord chose the meanest of His creatures, the gnat, as the instrument of His vengeance. A vast army of these insects was sent against the tyrant's men, whom they compelled to flee, for they consumed their flesh, and picked their eyes out of their heads. Nimrod himself fled to a thick-walled tower, but a gnat entered with him and worked its way through his nostril into his brain, which it commenced to devour. The pain it caused was so great that Nimrod could find no relief save by dashing his head against the wall, or getting some one to strike his forehead with a hammer. But the gnat grew continually larger till, on the fortieth day after its entrance, Nimrod's head burst open, and the insect, which had attained the size of a pigeon, flew out.

242 Sāmî here compares the eight *bayts*, or distichs, of his *gazal*, blooming with flowers of rhetoric, to the Eight Mansions of Paradise. (Note 28.)

243 What we call to "smoke" tobacco is expressed in Turkish, as it was formerly in England, by to "drink" tobacco. The *nargila*, or bowl of the water-pipe (commonly called *hookah* in English) represents the beaker; the *lula*, or little red clay bowl, of the long *choug* is called a *sumbul*, or hyacinth; this must refer to the curling smoke-wreaths ascending from the *lula*.

244 Edima is the Turkish name of Adrianople; apparently the lady dwelt in Istanbul (Constantinople), for the meaning of these lines is: "The inhabitants of Adrianople, when turning to the Ka'ba at Mekka in worship, bow towards Constantinople, which, like the Sacred City, lies to the south."

245 In Persia wine was formerly chiefly sold by Magians; hence the word Magian is used in poetry to signify a vintner or tavern-keeper; but mystically, a learned and holy teacher.

246 *Dârü's-Selâm*, "The Home of Peace," is the sobriquet of Bagdad and Damascus; here the latter is meant, *Shâm* being "Syria;" *Shâm* means a "mole" in Arabic, which gives an untranslatable equivoque in the line. *Der-i Sa'âdet*, "The Gate of Felicity," is the style of Constantinople.

247 The original of this *Gazel*, written most ingeniously in the shape of a sort of wheel, forms the Frontispiece of the present volume. It appeared in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society (vol. xviii, 1861), accompanied by a prose translation, and an interesting account of the poet and his family, from the pen of Mr. Redhouse. It is to this article that I am indebted for the particulars in my notice of the author.

248 The reed of which the flute is made has to be pierced before it gives forth sound.

249 "As the sun draws up the dew-drops so doth thy bright face draw forth my tears."

250 Queen Humây was a Persian sovereign of the Keyâni dynasty; her reign is detailed in the *Shâh-Nâma*.

251 "If the caviller questioned the beauty of thy face like the sun, the sight of thy lover hovering like a mote in its beams ought to convince him."

252 *Husu u 'Ishq*, "Beauty and Love," is an allegorical romance of the nature of *Fesh u Gul u Bulbul*. Love, the hero, becomes enamoured of Beauty, the heroine; the chiefs of the tribe, however, demand as her dowry the Philosopher's Stone, which can only be found in the City called Heart. The road thither is known to abound with fearful perils, and to be haunted by gûls and demons. Love, nothing daunted, sets forth accompanied by a friend, Zeal; and their adventures form the subject of the greater part of the poem. They pass

through a dreary wilderness, where they encounter all manner of evil spirits, then through a waste of snow, where utter darkness reigns, then across a sea of fire, and so on through many terrors till Love at length reaches the City of the Heart, where he finds Beauty awaiting him. The first extract is the lullaby which Love's nurse sings over his cradle; the second, a song called forth by the recollection of past happiness, that the hero sings on reaching a beautiful country after crossing the sea of fire.

253 It is common in Eastern gardens to plant cypresses near the edge of a stream.

254 The headings of chapters, etc., in Oriental MSS. are usually written in red ink; so a page shows the colours black and red on white paper.

255 *Kengīn*, "coloured," is the Eastern equivalent to our "flowery," applied to poetry.

256 In the *Zenān-Nāma*, "Book of Women," Fāzil Beg passes in review the women of the principal nations of Asia, Europe, and North Africa, praising what he conceives to be their good qualities both of mind and body, and criticising what he fancies to be their defects. The author displays considerable ingenuity, not only in the equivoques which abound in his work, but in his satirical allusions to the peculiarities of the different races; he, however, occasionally commits himself to remarks that would be offensive to European taste.

257 This is in feeble imitation of an equivoque in the original; the black heart of the tulip is likened to a burn.

258 *Pāk-dāmen*, "pure of skirt," is a favourite expression for "virtuous."

259 *Rūm*, as already said (64), this word is "Roman," not "Greek;" I retain the word "Greek" in the translation, not because it is correct, but because it is the term in common use in Europe. Concerning the mongrel race, dignified in the West with the name of "Greek," but called *Rūm*, *Rūmī*, or *Urūm* in the Levant and throughout Asia and North Africa, Mr Redhouse says: "Their local name, now, as ever since the Christian era, is *Rūm*, 'Roman,' not 'Greek.' This remark applies to all the so-called 'Greek' population of Turkey, in Europe as in Asia. From the time of the Roman conquest they, natives and intruders, all learned to call themselves Romans. There is really very little, if any, properly Greek-descended population in Turkey, or out of it. The race, never numerous, was killed out or dispersed and lost long ago, though a remnant of the old Greek language survives locally as a colloquial patois, round the coasts and here and there in the interior. This has latterly been dressed up anew to serve as a written tongue in commerce and literature. The common name of *Rūm*, the use of the Roman-Frankish Greek patois, and the liturgy of the Eastern Church, are the links that unite a very heterogeneous lower Roman mass of three o

four millions, when all told, in the Hellenic Kingdom, in Turkey, and scattered elsewhere, which Europe has been led to call 'Greeks!' \* In another place writes the same distinguished scholar: "After the conversion of Constantine to Christianity, and the translation of the seat of empire to New Rome, Constantinople, the Greek language, already battered and by the conflux of a hundred different races into the capital and provinces, acquired a new importance as the language of the Eastern Church. But as massacres were continual and fresh hordes from all quarters were frequently pouring in, the language of the church before long became unintelligible to the masses, who all styled themselves Romans, and the result was the modern jargon called by those mixed natives themselves the Roman language, the *Romaic*, but which has been fondly styled 'Greek' by the rest of Europe." †

260 This is simply an address to the friend at whose request Fâzil says he wrote the book; it is couched in these terms because he is about to describe Christians.

261 They are of easy virtue.

262 This also is in imitation of an equivoque in the original.

263 *Qush dili*, "bird language," is the Turkish term for the imitative language of children. All this passage refers to the imperfect way in which the "Greeks" speak Turkish.

264 For: The wine, O noble lord, wilt thou not sip? in imitation of the original, which has *Hazretin, bade içersin, seçibi?* for *Hazretin, bade içersen, çeşibi?* They cannot pronounce some of the Turkish letters. The three following lines are in correct Turkish.

265 Easterns drink to the *lotz*, not the *health*, of another.

266 She walks so lightly.

267 *Kokona* is the Romaic for a "lady;" *yoğu ne* (Turkish), "what a perfume!" occurs in the next line, thus giving an untranslatable equivoque.

268 A *peri* is a fairy.

269 'Imân is the name given in the Qur'an to the father of the Virgin Mary.

270 Alluding to the eggs dyed red with logwood, and eaten hard-boiled by the Eastern Christians at Easter.

\* *On the Significations of the Term "The Turks"* (reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. xi, Part iii, New Series), page 9.

† *A Theory of the Chief Human Races* (reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. xii, Part ii, 1880), page 14.

271 "Genus" and "genius" are in imitation of an equivoque in the original: *jinnin*, "thy genus," and *jinn sin*, "thou art a jinn," genie, genius.

272 The last strophe of this poem in honour of Qapudan (Admiral) Huseyn Pasha, one of the Ottoman officers who served against Napoleon in Egypt, is a chronogram; but as it simply consists of a series of quite untranslatable verbal quibbles, I have not attempted to reproduce it.

273 Nirem, or Neiṁān, and Sām are two old Persian heroes who performed many marvellous exploits in the days of the Pīshdādī Kings; the latter was grandfather of the celebrated Rustem. Their adventures are told in the *Shāh-Nāma*.

274 The 'Arsh is the highest heaven (S4). The line means: "Hang up thy sword in the sky, as a constellation."

275 *Ummu'l-Bilād* or *Umm-i Dunyā*, "Mother of Cities," or "Mother of the World," a title of Cairo.

276 Nef'i, the most famous poet of the time of Sultan Murād IV., one of whose *gazels* is translated on page 102. He wrote a *qasīda* the opening couplet of which is used by Wāṣif as the refrain for this poem.

277 Jem is a shorter form of Jemshīd (63).

278 An "Egyptian horse" was an Arab blood-horse, such as was then esteemed and used by the chivalrous Memlūks of Egypt, for war purposes and tournaments. They are now called 'Arab, *Nejdī*, or 'Anezi.

279 A *sharqī*, as stated in the Introduction, is a song for singing.

280 The "Scio Rose" is a choice variety of rose. Wāṣif would seem to have had a favourite *odalīq* who came from that island, in whose honour this and several others of his verses were written; as he frequently speaks of his "Scio Rose."

281 "Say, 'O my servants! who have wronged their own souls!' do not despair of the mercy of God; verily God forgiveth sins, all of them; verily He is forgiving, merciful." (Qur'ān, xxxix., 54.) I doubt if this poem can be correctly called a *gazel*; it is in form similar to a strophe of a *Tarjīh-Bend*.

282 The *Mihnet Keshān* is a long poem of about 7,000 couplets. The name may be read "The Sufferer," "The Sufferers," or "The Suffering of (at) Keshān." The town of Keshān was the scene of the author's banishment.

283 The seed, or grain of the heart, the heart's core—said to be the principle of life, or the sign of original sin.

284 *Ban* is a Slavonic title, meaning "governor" or "ruler." The wardens of the eastern marches of Hungary were thus styled. Many Slavonic, Hungarian, Romic, and Frankish words have been adopted into the Ottoman language.

285 This *Qit'a* is a *Tārīkh* "Chronogram" on the death of 'Andelib Khānim, "Lady Fightingale," an adopted sister of Sultan Mahmūd II. In the original the *menjūt* or "blotted" letters, occurring in the last line, give on addition the date 1252 (1836), the year of the lady's death. I have preserved the conceit by using Roman letters which have a numerical value, such as C, D, I, etc., to make up the same amount—1252.

286 "O thou comforted soul! return unto thy Lord, well pleased and well pleased with!" (Qur'ān, lxxxix, 28.)

287 For a description of the variety of composition styled *Takhmīs*, see Introduction, c. II. Bāqī's *gazal* is here printed in italics.

288 For this war-song, which was composed on the occasion of the last Russian attack on Turkey, I am indebted to Mr. H. A. Homes, of New York, the translator of Gazālī's *imiyā-yi Sa'ādāt*.

289 The banner of the Janissaries displayed the *Zū'-l-Fīrās*, the double-pointed sword of the Khalifa 'Alī.

290 *Tiyatro-Khāna*, perhaps the first mention of a "theatre" in Oriental poetry.

291 Key means any King of the Keyāni Dynasty.





I N D E X.

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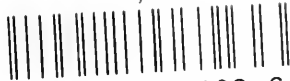
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